

# PHOTOPLAY

combined with

# MIRROR

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JULY



BUY WAR BONDS

JUDY GARLAND  
CROP CORPS GIRL  
BY PAUL HESSE



8 New Color Portraits Of Stars—including BATHING SUIT BEAUTY PARADE  
WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT ALAN LADD'S MARRIAGE



# A Lovely Skin is a Call to Arms—



See how soon the  
**Camay Mild-Soap Diet**  
gives you new loveliness

To win and hold the heart of one you love—make this pledge to yourself—a *pledge that new loveliness shall be yours!* Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—tonight!

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. Yes, Camay gives your skin the *mild* cleansing that these specialists say actually helps your skin to new beauty! *So start tonight!* Give up improper cleansing methods—and change to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Be faithful. Day-by-day, Camay helps your skin look fresher, and clearer—till new beauty is yours!

**Tonight** —go on the  
**CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!**



Watch your skin  
look smoother, softer-  
textured . . . day-by-day!  
Dry flakiness  
smoothes away . . .  
Oiliness is reduced!

## TONIGHT DO THIS:

CREAM CAMAY'S LATHER  
ON—ESPECIALLY  
OVER NOSE, CHIN.  
RINSE WARM—IF  
YOUR SKIN'S OILY,  
SPASH COLD!



## NEXT MORNING:

A CAMAY QUICKEE  
MAKES SKIN GLOW!  
CAMAY'S MILD  
CARE TWICE A DAY  
MAKES SKIN  
PRETTIER!



*America's Loveliest Brides are on the Mild-Soap Diet!*



# Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

## hearts rule heads if a smile is lovely!



**Put a bright sparkle in your smile. Make it your winning charm—with the help of Ipana and Massage.**

**H**ERE'S TO YOU, Plain Girl! Here's to your success in winning friends, romance—your heart's desire. Yes, you can do it—if *your smile is right*. For the girl with a lovely, flashing smile has a radiant and appealing charm!

So smile, plain girl, smile. But remember, for the kind of smile that wins at-

tention you need bright, sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

### **Never ignore "pink tooth brush!"**

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth

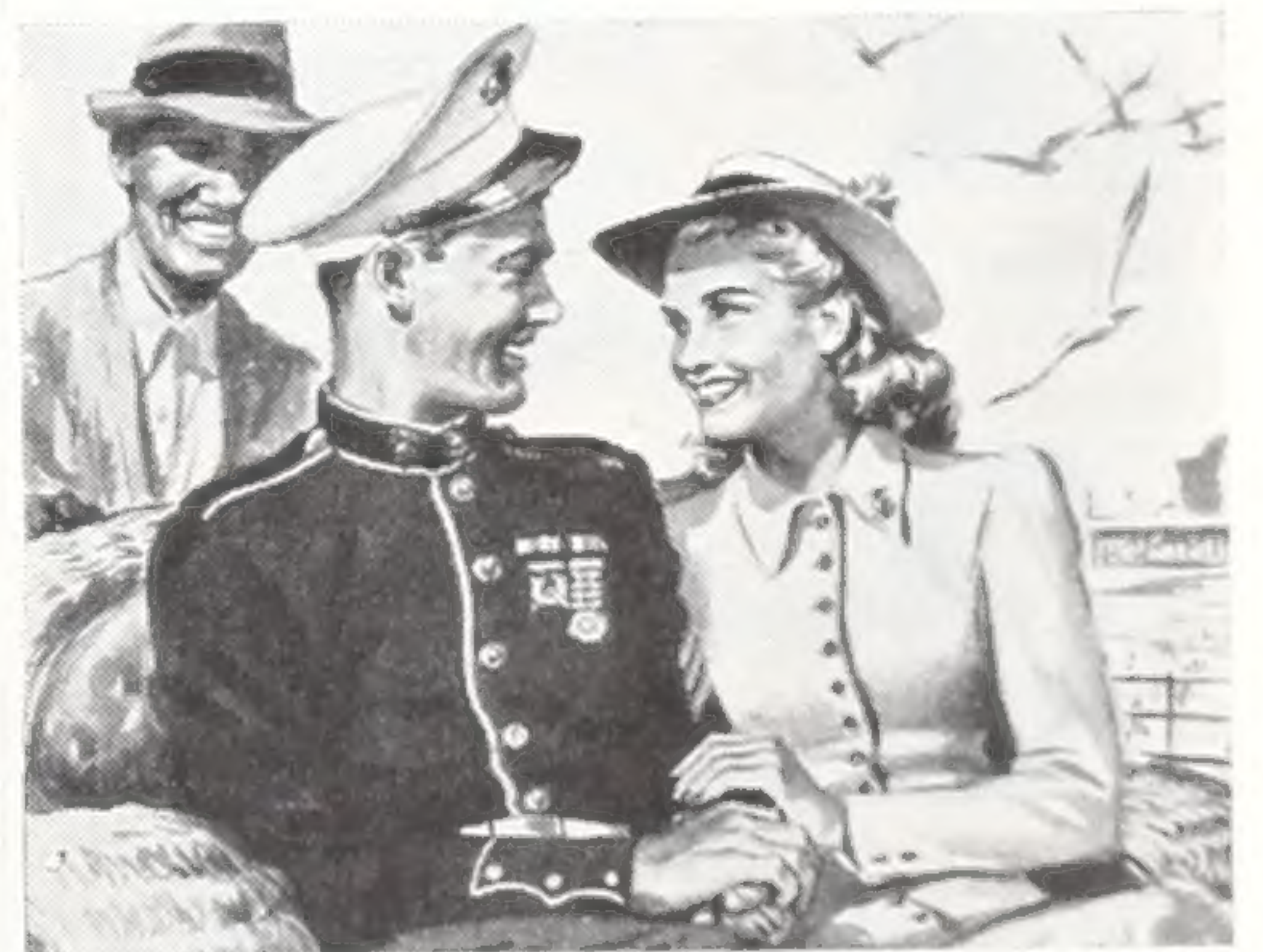
but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



Product of  
Bristol-Myers

*Start today with*  
**IPANA and MASSAGE**



**Beau-catching Charm** — see how a sparkling smile can add to the fun in your life. Enlist the beauty aid of Ipana and massage.



Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

Shortly you will hear about and see a great heroic production entitled significantly "Bataan." This will go down through the years as a great contribution to American motion pictures.

A future column will be devoted exclusively to "Bataan." For the present we wish to tell you about a comedy—a delightful, young comedy that features great stars and virtually stars the great Virginia Weidler.



Do you know Virginia? She's the young lady you may have seen in "The Philadelphia Story"—the nuisance, the thorn in Katharine Hepburn's side.

Like Judy Garland (whose "Presenting Lily Mars" is now hitting the boards and proving its entertainment merit) Miss Weidler has come of age.

Well—almost of age. For she plays the part of the president of an autograph club in "The Youngest Profession." This uproarious picture was instantly booked by the world's largest theatre, New York's Radio City Music Hall.

Cleverly introduced in well-written and well-played scenes are the great guest stars Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor and William Powell.

Edward Arnold, John Carroll and infectious Jean Porter join Virginia Weidler in a production of which director Edward Buzzell can be proud.



As for the guests. Lana Turner is herself in this one—and a nice self too.

Greer Garson again reveals the charm that made "Random Harvest" a buy-word.



Walter Pidgeon does a scene that imparts his true human sympathies.

Robert Taylor just knocks 'em dead.



And William Powell's presence alone makes a fade-out situation that provides laughter in the theatre and on the way back home.

The youngest art well-comes the cleverness of "The Youngest Profession."

—Leo, The Youngest Lion



# PHOTOPLAY

combined with

## MOVIE MIRROR

JULY, 1943

VOL. 23, NO. 2

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COVER: Judy Garland, star of M-G-M's "Girl Crazy"  
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse  
Miss Garland's blouse by Saks Fifth Ave.

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. General business, advertising and editorial offices: 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Executive Vice-President; Harold A. Wise, Vice-President; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Chicago office: 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year; price per copy, United States and Canada, 15c. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, \$2.50 a year; in other countries \$3.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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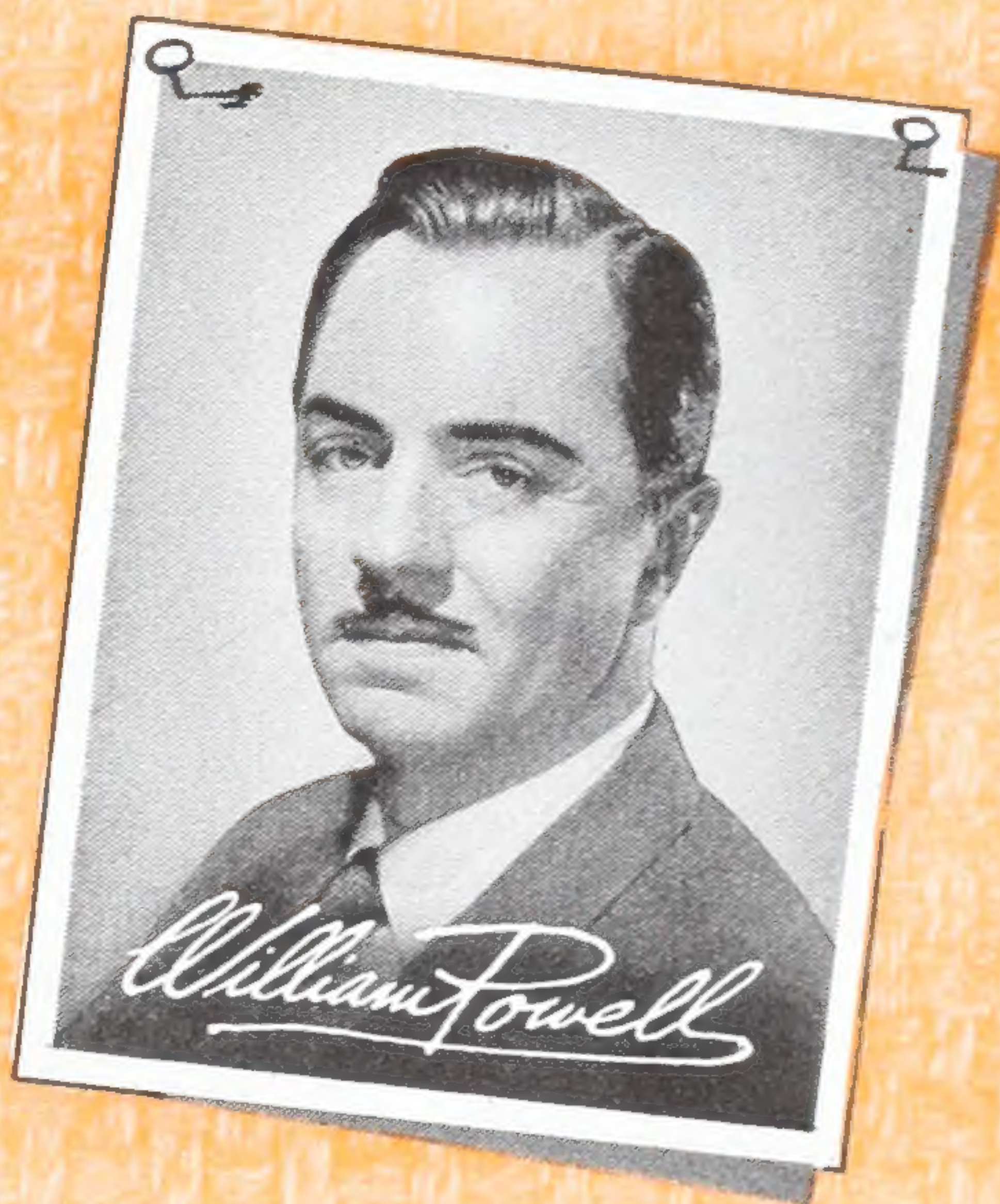
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# She gets their autographs!



These are the  
"guest stars"  
(in the order of  
their appearance)  
in M-G-M's new  
comedy hit  
"The Youngest  
Profession"



**IT'S DIFFERENT!**

*The most refreshing picture to  
come out of Hollywood in years!*

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S**

## *The* **YOUNGEST PROFESSION**

with

**VIRGINIA WEIDLER • EDWARD ARNOLD  
JOHN CARROLL • JEAN PORTER**

Screen Play by George Oppenheimer, Charles Lederer  
and Leonard Spigelgass • Based Upon the Book by  
Lillian Day • Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL • Produced  
by B. F. ZEIDMAN • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



# Inside Stuff

## CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK

A look-and-look again picture of Lana Turner whose back-to-natural hair startled Hollywood almost as much as her remarriage to Steve Crane



**It's True L-o-v-e:** When Lana Turner discovered her marriage to Steve Crane was illegal, due to the fact his divorce from Carol Kurtz was not final, she had her marriage annulled even though she was to become a mother.

"Well," said Hollywood, "that's that. Lana was probably glad to get out of it all."

But they reckoned without love. After several attempts at a reconciliation, Steve and Lana finally slipped across the border to Mexico and, without telling a soul, were remarried under their own names of Joe Crane and Julia Turner.

"I loved him," was Lana's simple but drama-packed explanation. "We can't live apart and that's that. In spite of unhappy things beyond our control that have followed us, we have always been so congenial together—and so happy. Steve is now in the Army and I wanted him to go knowing I will be waiting for him when he comes back."

**See Here, Private Jones:** In order to save gas Bing Crosby moved to a Hollywood apartment while completing his movie "Dixie." One morning Bing was hoofing along Melrose Avenue toward the studio when a soldier drove up in a flivver.

"Wanna ride, buddy?" he called to Bing who was panting with exertion. "Sure do," Bing said and hopped in.

After a few minutes, the soldier asked Bing what he did out in Hollywood.

"I stand in for Bing Crosby," said the Groaner, dead-pan.

"That so? Say, you do look something like Bing at that. Well, I sure wish you luck."

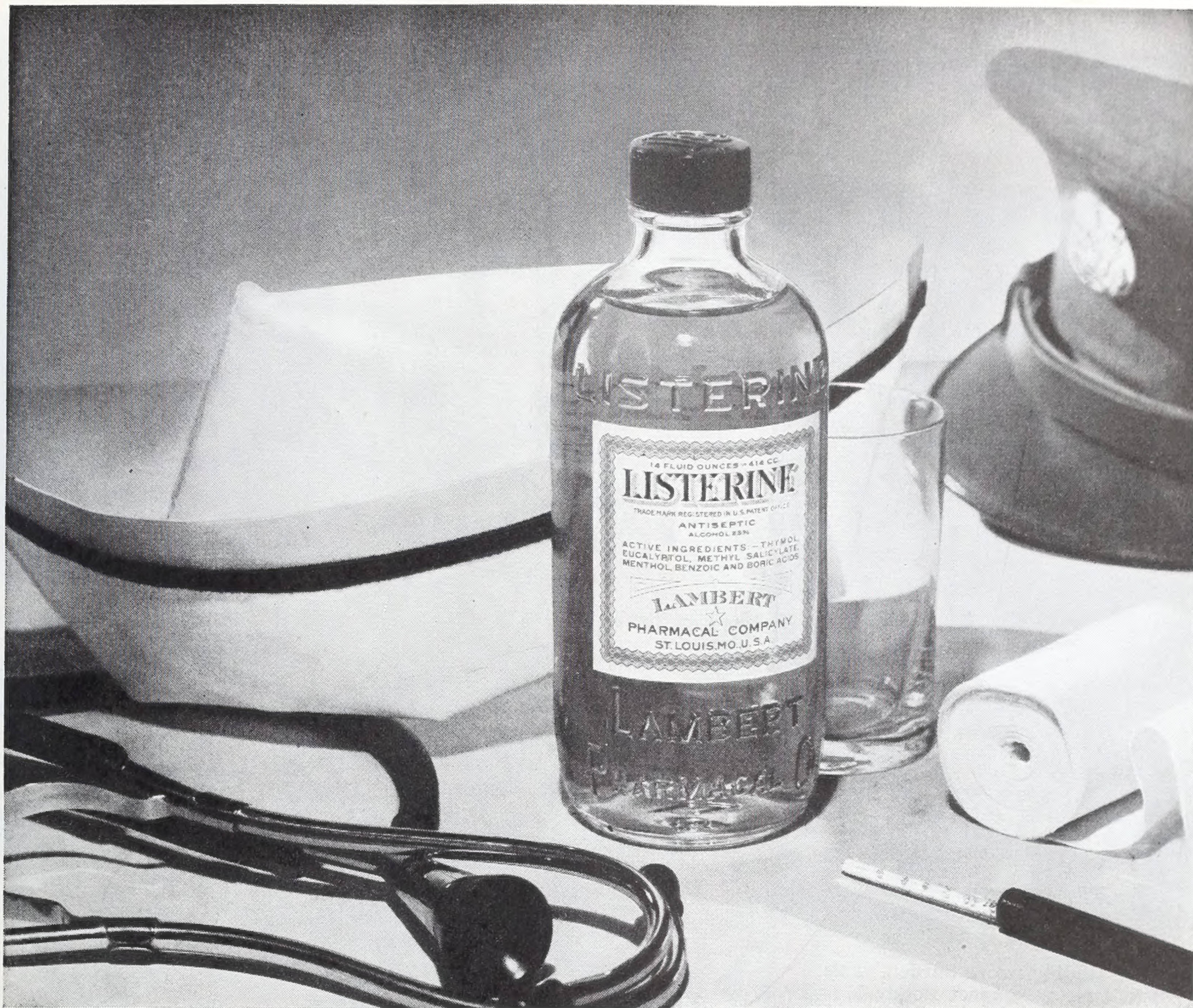
At the studio corner just before his friend drove off Bing had the notion to give him the surprise of his life. So there on the corner, at eight in the morning, Bing started to warble.

The soldier looked at him. "Pretty good, kid, but you better stick to your stand-in job and let Crosby do the singing. Brother, you ain't so good!"

**This Month in Hollywood:** Kay Kyser, the object of much arguing back and forth between Elmer Davis, O. W. I. director, and a North Carolina draft board, remains out of active service—turned down by the Army due to physical unfitness. Mr. Davis, aware of Kyser's untiring efforts to entertain our boys day and night in any spot he was needed, attempted to explain to Mr. Kyser's home state draft board the need for Kay, now thirty-eight, to remain where he was. Like most draft boards, they refused to listen . . . Hollywood actors know the cards are stacked against them either way, but can say or do nothing about it. Several draft boards have openly boasted they'd get such and such a star if it was the last thing they ever did. Doesn't sound very democratic to us.

In the meantime the hero situation has boiled down to a slow bubble. John Wayne, Errol Flynn, Paul Henreid, Fred MacMurray, Joel McCrea and Cary Grant are carrying the main por-





## *Trustworthy in a hundred little emergencies*

Looking back into your childhood many of you can remember your first cut finger, your first scratched foot, your first sore throat . . . and the speed with which Mother brought out the Listerine Antiseptic bottle.

In the decades that followed the discovery of antiseptic surgery, fathered by Lord Lister for

whom Listerine Antiseptic was named, this safe antiseptic became a trusted first-aid in countless little emergencies. Its bright amber liquid gleamed from the white shelf of the medicine cabinet and from the black bag of the family physician.

And with medicine making magnificent strides, and research

uncovering new truths each day, Listerine Antiseptic continues to hold first place in the esteem of critical millions who demand of their antiseptic rapid germ-killing action combined with absolute safety.

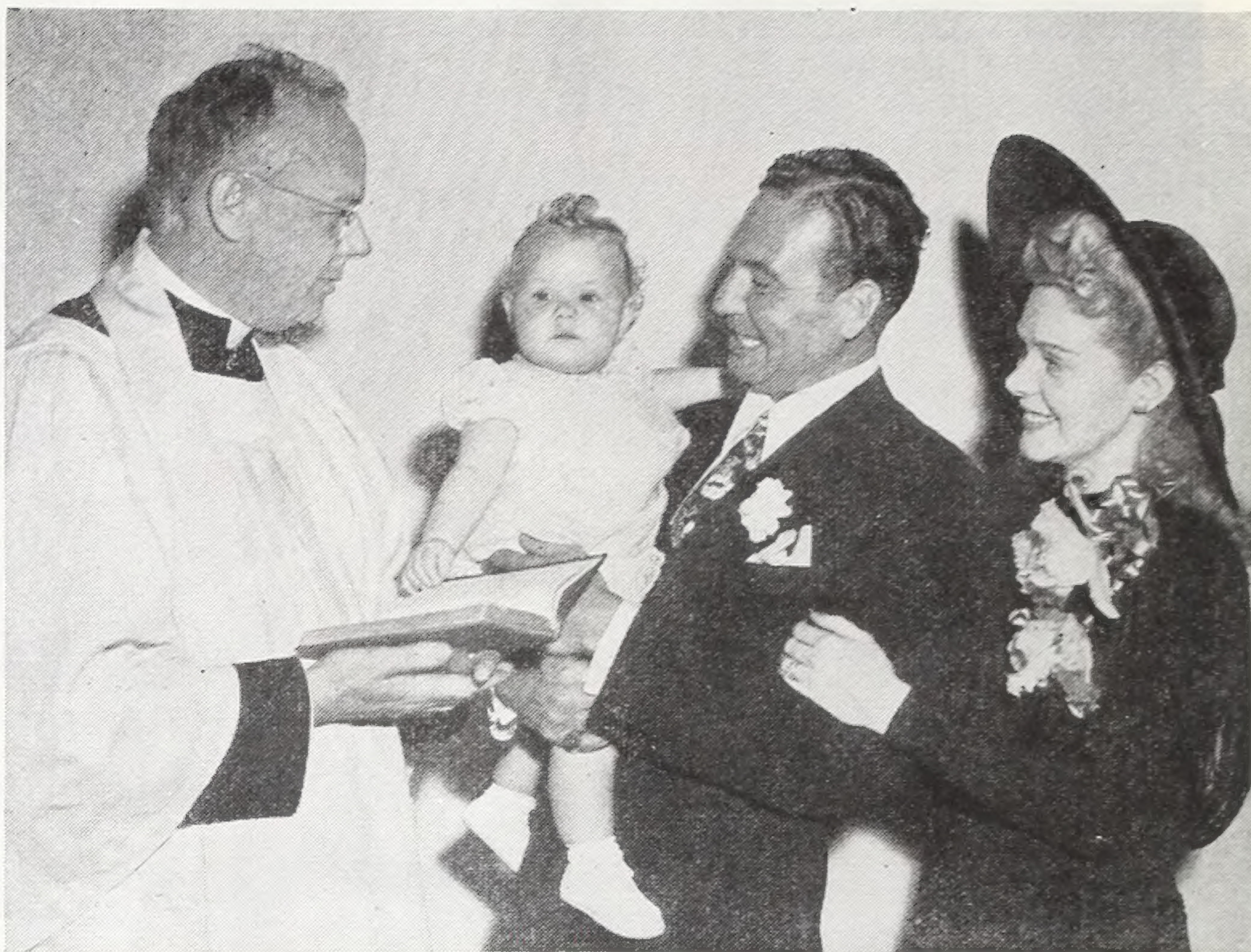
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

*IN SERVICE MORE THAN 60 YEARS*

**LISTERINE  
ANTISEPTIC**

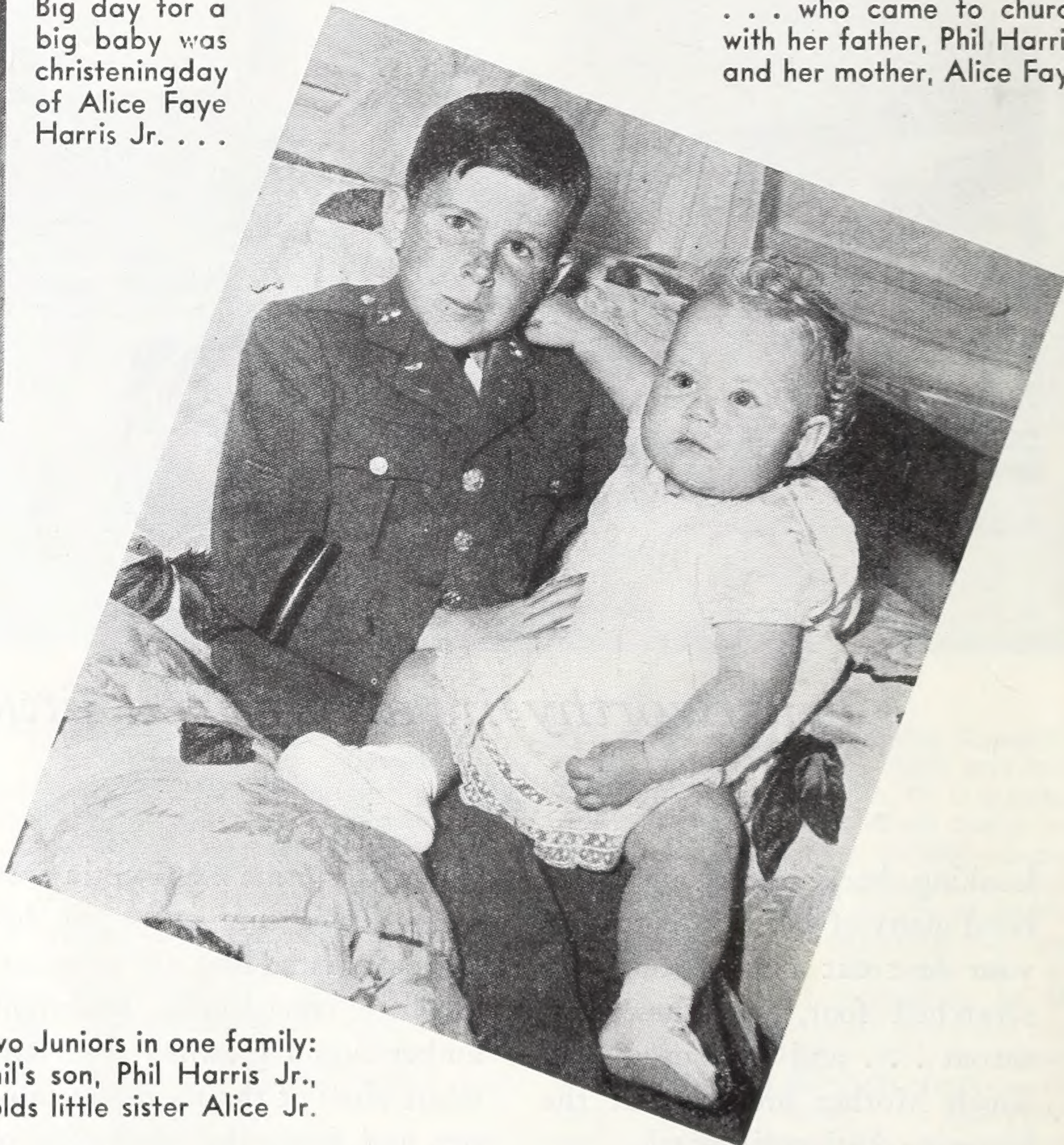
*the safe antiseptic and germicide*





Big day for a big baby was christening day of Alice Faye Harris Jr. . . .

. . . who came to church with her father, Phil Harris, and her mother, Alice Faye



Two Juniors in one family: Phil's son, Phil Harris Jr., holds little sister Alice Jr.

tion of the leading man's burden. This time next year we expect Roddy McDowall to be carrying on like mad opposite Irene Dunne.

Captain Gene Raymond, after a year in London, arrived in Hollywood to spend a week alone in his Hollywood home. Wife Jeanette MacDonald was in New York rehearsing for her debut in grand opera. Gene, who looked a bit peaked, drank in the familiar scenes of Hollywood like a thirsty man. He joined Jeanette for a whirl in New York before returning to his post in London.

The old Troc got its face lifted with a brand-new coat of green paint trimmed in white, preparatory to its opening. The night clubs, oddly enough, are crowded these nights, but not with movie people, who are in a noticeable minority. But what swains, except George Raft, are left to attend night clubs?

The town greeted both Lt. Commander Robert Montgomery and Lt. Commander Gene Markey, back from a year in the Guadalcanal zone and both looking it. George Montgomery's gracious gesture in calling on every member of his studio publicity department, from mail boy to unit workers, to say good-bye the day he left for the Army drew a lot of favorable comment. Georgie even gave old Cal's phone a jingle to say farewell. Nice boy, George. Best girl Dinah Shore gave him a young

calf as a going-away present and George shipped it up to his dad's ranch in Montana.

The town was glad to hear Myrna Loy was coming back to Hollywood to make more "Thin Man" stories. Remember how Myrna Loy was the butt of every radio comic's quip in the old days when they wanted to speak of the tops in dames? Today it's Hedy Lamarr. One can almost judge a star's popularity by the number of times the

radio comics refer to her pulchritude. Whoever heard anyone over the air brag of kissing Connie Bennett, for instance?

The shortage of houses and apartments is haunting those stars who want to close up their out-of-the-A book-area homes and can't. One little starlet, whose dog stood in the way of her subletting an apartment, solved the problem by having an enormous dog collar made upon which was engraved "To



*It never rains but it pours...*

**RHYTHM, SONG  
AND ROMANCE!**

Bursting with the most fun  
you've ever had! Get hep...to  
the happiest time of your life!

# STORMY WEATHER

with  
**LENA HORNE • BILL ROBINSON  
CAB CALLOWAY AND HIS BAND**

and **KATHERINE DUNHAM and HER TROUPE  
FATS WALLER • NICHOLAS BROTHERS**

Directed by Andrew Stone • Produced by William LeBaron  
Screen Play by Frederick Jackson and Ted Koehler • Adaptation by H. S. Kraft

A  
sensational  
cavalcade of  
rhythm from  
ragtime to  
swing!

**20<sup>th</sup>**  
CENTURY-FOX  
PICTURE

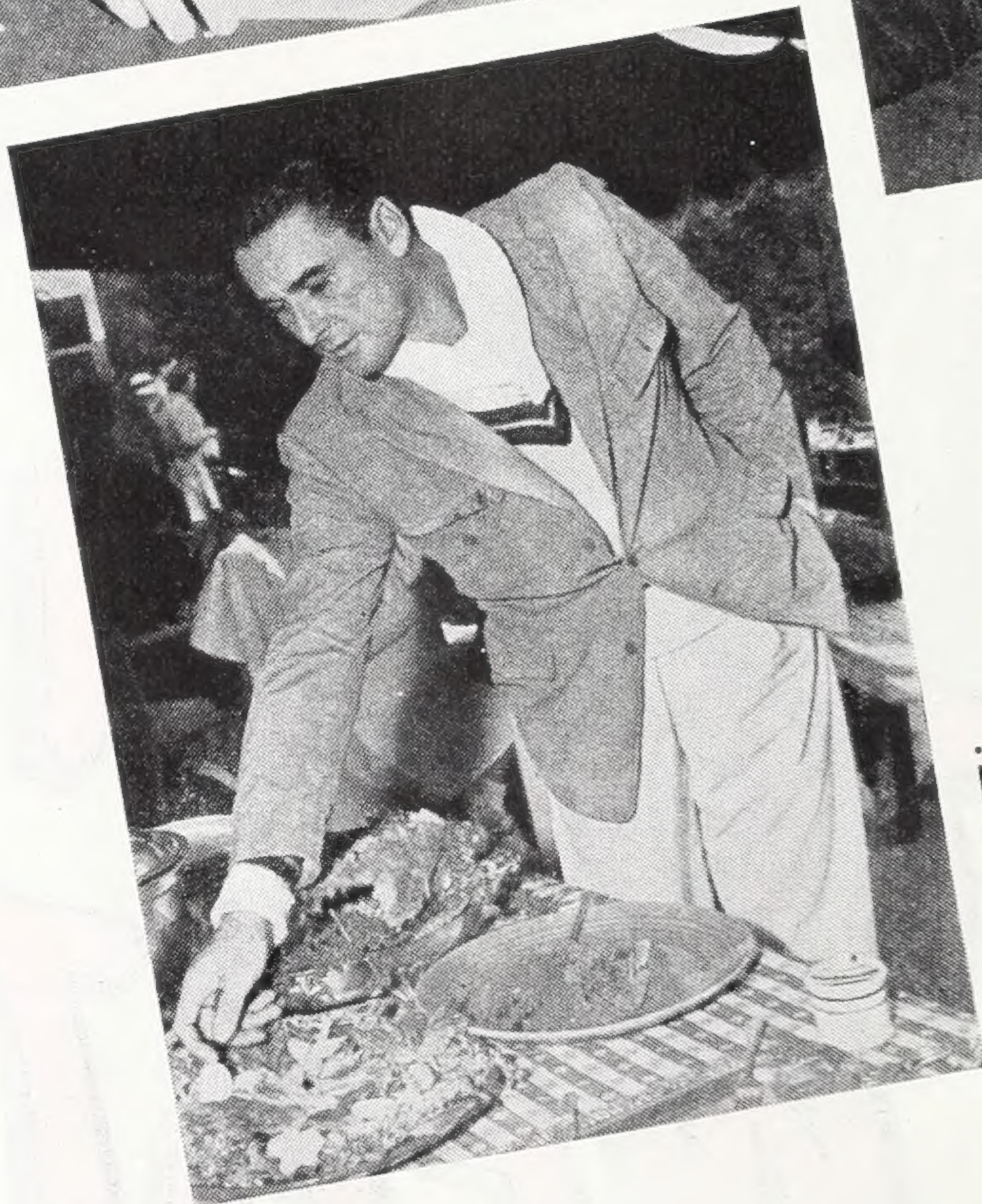




A trio of "seldom sees". Left: Katharine Hepburn and Spence Tracy, rarely camera-caught . . .



. . . Gene Raymond (above), a seldom-seen guy in Hollywood, on a leave-visit after flying in from the overseas fight . . .



. . . Errol Flynn (left), who's been much in the news but not much before the candid camera, makes a gay comeback

Buster From Greta Garbo With All My Love." She had her choice of three apartments the next day. The collar did the trick.

The public, who are growing so impatient with the endless trail of war pictures, should know how the studios are stuck with even more of them because, it is said, our Government wants them. And, wonders Hollywood, could there be a softening up of Nazi character on the screen due to the fact they expect beaten Naziland to proffer early peace measures and they want we shouldn't be so mad as we once were? Some people are crazy enough to think so.

The steady stream of publicity men and workers from every department of every studio is leaving the town facing a famine of news and famine of newsmakers and news-givers. But trust old Cal to dig up every smidgeon of gossip he can. And you don't need point rationing for our news. It's all yours 'cause we love you. Honest.

**Friendship:** They met, for the first time in a year, in a Beverly Hills shop—Lt. Clark Gable who was on leave and Virginia Bruce. A hearty handshake was followed by an invitation to dinner and so began a renewed friendship between two people who had suffered grievous loss. It was several months ago that Virginia's husband, producer J. Walter Rubin, passed away, leaving behind his own child and his stepdaughter, whose father was the late Jack Gilbert.

Their mutual loss and sorrow seemed to draw together these two splendid people and Gable spent many happy hours in the home of Virginia and her children before he returned to camp.

Recently a Los Angeles newspaper

editor was startled by a wire from a Colorado girl announcing her engagement to Gable. It turned out that on a two-day leave, Gable, like any lonely soldier, had gone to an ice rink in Colorado Springs and invited the young lady to skate. That was enough to send her pellmell to a telegraph station.

So it's no wonder that during his leave the embittered man found solace in the quiet dignity of the home of his friend Virginia Bruce.

**Close Ups and Long Shots:** The whipping post law was passed in California to take care of husbands or fathers who beat their wives or children. But oddly enough the worst "whipping post" punishment of the month was inflicted by certain film stars upon their own fellow actors. Hollywood has never seen or heard anything like it.

The Actors Guild meeting was crowd-

ed with practically every performer in town when President James Cagney took the stand and explained the meeting had been called to chasten the members among them who had failed to respond to the Victory Committee's pleas to entertain our boys. Fur, mostly mink, flew in every direction.

Then Kay Kyser took the platform. "You," he stormed, pointing to several big name glamour girls, "with your mink coats and fine cars. Who bought those for you but the very boys out there who are dying for some kind of entertainment? You," he pointed again, "who refused to go on camp tours because you didn't like your spot on the bill. And you, who sulked and stayed home because you couldn't take your own hairdresser. And you who gave as an excuse the fact you didn't like the publicity man who was going!"

All about were the wide smiles of





# Keeping in Condition

## by Bob Hope



**1. A few simple** home exercises will help you to keep fit. First, the minute you wake up, throw the covers off, jump out of bed, run to the open window. Then fill your lungs with that fresh morning air, touch your toes briskly ten times . . . say . . . this sounds interesting . . . I must remember to try it sometime!

**2. Maybe you won't** believe it, but I once posed for health magazines. Remember the ads that said "Before" and "After"? Well, I posed for one that said "Heaven forbid." But you don't need bulging muscles to make you look fit. Pepsodent . . . that cool-tasting Pepsodent . . . does that by making your teeth and smile look like a million.

**3. I'm the only guy** who ever gets thin from over-eating. Every time I come home my relatives are over, eating! Of course, that wouldn't be so bad, but they use up all my Pepsodent, too! Imagine them in front of the theaters, picketing my previews, yelling: "Remember, folks, nothing beats Irium for removing the film!"



**4. It's a good idea** to exercise. One good way is to grasp your toothbrush firmly, squirt a little Pepsodent on it and brush your teeth vigorously. This develops the "saluting" muscles in your arm in case your draft board makes you class 1-A. It also gives your teeth plenty of class and makes your smile A-1.

**5. Above all, don't worry.** I once thought I had high blood pressure. But my doctor cured it in two minutes. He sent the nurse out of the room. Of course, I'm luckier with my dentist's nurse. She gave me a couple of dates . . . you know . . . Use Pepsodent twice a day . . . see your dentist twice a year!



### How Irium in Pepsodent uncovers your bright smile



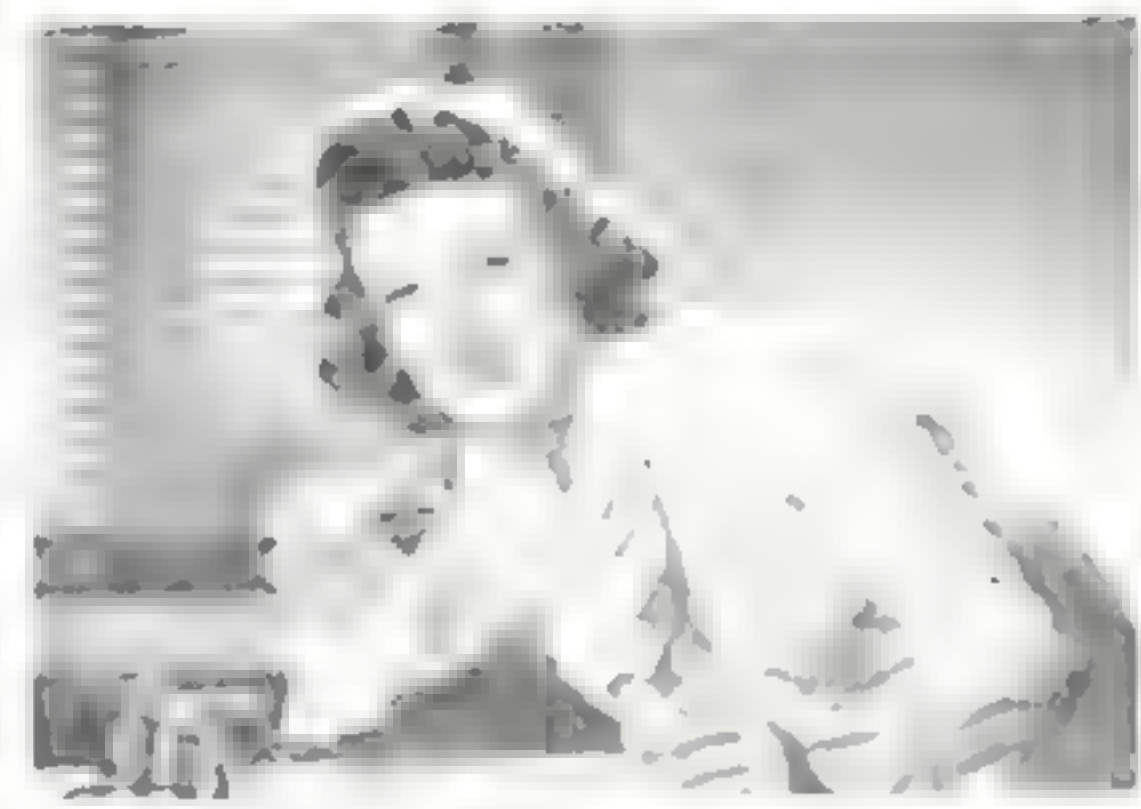
Beware of unsightly film on your teeth. You can feel it. Others can see it. Film collects stains, makes teeth look dull—hides the true brightness of your smile.



Film clings, is hard to remove. This film-coated mirror shows that soap, used in many dentifrices, can't be counted on. Even fine soap leaves a film of its own.



But look what Irium can do! The same film-coated mirror . . . but Irium has loosened, removed the film, floated it away, left the surface clean and bright.



That's how thoroughly Pepsodent with Irium removes film from teeth . . . safely, gently. That's how easily it uncovers the natural, cheery brightness of your smile.





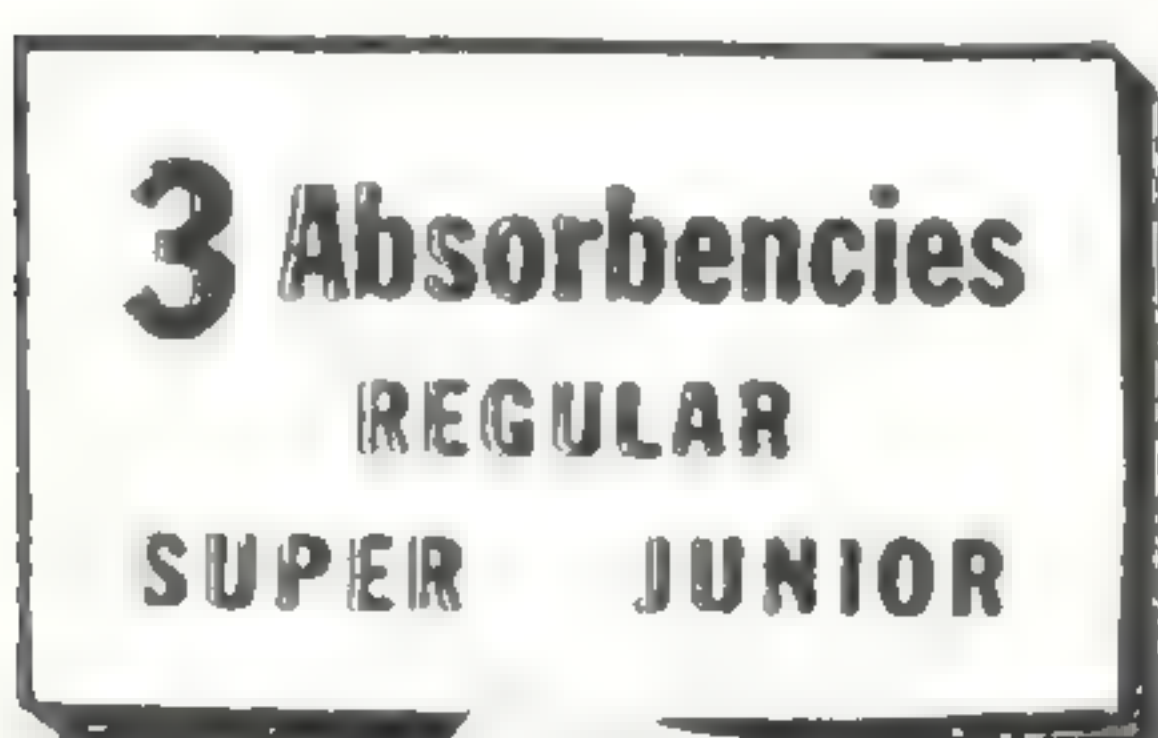
(Tampax cannot chafe!)

**NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR**

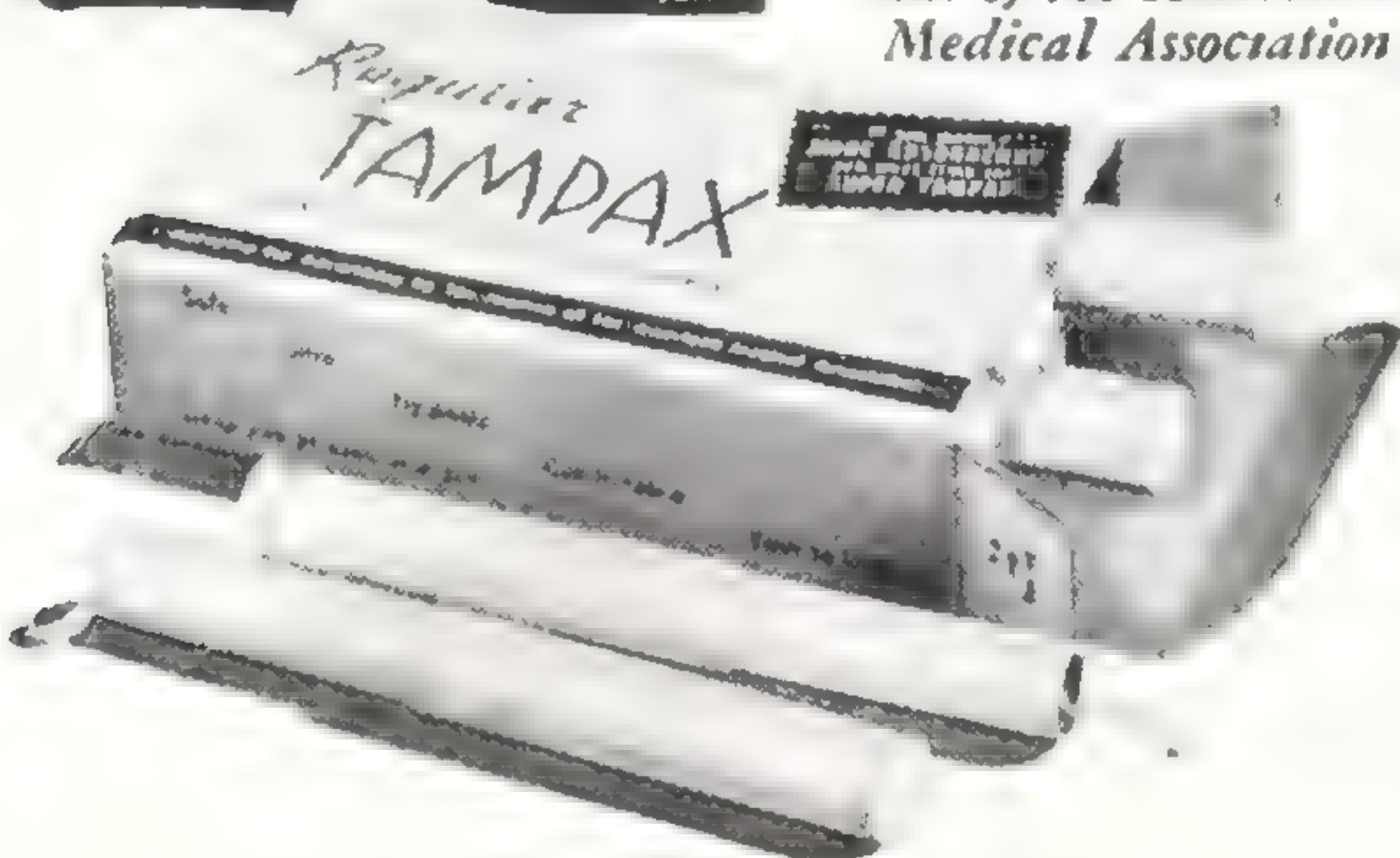
Work or play, summer is a trying season from the standpoint of monthly sanitary protection . . . And Tampax helps a lot at such times because it is *worn internally* and cannot produce chafing, wrinkling or bulging. No pins, belts or pads—*no odor* can form! Tampax is easy to carry, quick to change.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and is made of pure surgical cotton, extremely absorbent but compressed to a dainty size. Each Tampax comes in a patented one-time-use applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. And the whole thing is so compact there is no disposal problem.

Sold in three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) providing a *variety of absorbencies*—at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package gives you a real bargain and lasts 4 months, average. Tampax-Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



It's love and she likes it: Dot Lamour gets an after-marriage kiss from husband Bill Howard

those loyal hundreds who had given and given and given of their time: Joan Blondell, Rita Hayworth, Linda Darnell, Ann Miller, Red Skelton, Bob Hope, Frances Langford, Martha Raye, Carole Landis, Kay Francis, Lynn Bari, Betty Grable, George Raft, Grace McDonald, Smiley Burnette, Roy Rogers, Dorothy Lamour, Walter Pidgeon, Jinx Falkenburg, Juanita Stark, Fay McKenzie, Billy Gilbert and so many, many others.

"Now see here," protested one well-known character actor whose participation in a certain serial has kept him going, "I'm tired of having members of my profession abused. I'm on the side of the actor. What could I do to entertain anyone? I can't sing. I can't dance."

"Hey, Mr. —," interrupted comedian Phil Silvers. "You don't have to. Right here in my pocket is a sketch that would knock the fellows cold."

The silence was more embarrassing than golden.

Carole Landis mounted the platform. "It isn't necessary, as so many of you seem to think, to sing or dance or act or perform. Just letting the boys see you, being among them and having them know you care enough to be there is pleasure enough for them." And then Carole told how our boys in Africa begged her just to stand on the platform to let them look at her—an American girl who had come all that way to be with them.

"It isn't an easy thing," Bob Hope explained, "to tour the camps, especially if you're a fellow. I know how it is. On our Alaskan tour, the day after I came so near to death up there that I don't want to think about it, some boy

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



It's phony but it's fun: The bride submits to a congratulatory osculation from Ski-Nose Hope

from the audience heckled, 'Yeah, you'd be funnier, fellow, if you were in a uniform.' It hurt. And, what's more, you can't explain about age or family or why you're not in—mostly because the Government says No. You gotta take it. But that's only one fellow among thousands who will never forget what you've tried to do. So please, please, friends, forget self and pride and inconvenience and get out there and do your stuff."

Another star who won an Academy Award was flayed because her studio sent her to the Canteen for publicity pictures and the minute the pictures were shot the actress walked out cold.

Hollywood won't put up with these things. And no one can be harder on its own than just Hollywood. For example, after the meeting, Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy joshed with President Cagney. "Hey, you're supposed to be our best friend," they said, "and this meeting seemed to be called for our benefit."

Cagney looked at them.

"Maybe it was," he said quietly.

So perhaps those hundreds who have worn themselves out in the cause will be given a little respite and the shirkers will take up their duties. If not, just sit back and relax, friends, for Hollywood will take care of its own as only it can.

**Stand-in for Romance:** With her hair piled atop her head in an exact replica of Betty Grable's coiffure and looking as much like her as possible (as you can see by Hymie Fink's picture) Vir-



ginia Maples has been stepping out practically every night with George Raft since his quarrel with Betty.

But when Betty was rushed to a local hospital for an operation, due to too much strenuous dancing, it took three nurses and two internes to carry in the flowers George sent. However, that same night, looking a little grim and set around the mouth, George was dancing as usual with Miss Maples.

Few people know of Betty's experience. It seems the operation took much longer than the doctors expected and the effect of the spinal anesthetic wore off while Betty was still on the table. The surgeon could not stop for another injection and the operation had to be finished under those painful conditions.

One night recently Virginia Peine, who really loved George and who, according to her friends, was so unhappy after their break-up, met her former suitor at the Mocambo. Result—he asked for a dance and Virginia, now Mrs. Quentin Reynolds, said yes. And so reclosed an already closed chapter.

The funniest aftermath of the whole Raft-Grable business followed a story written by Louella Parsons in which she quoted Betty as saying she felt a romance with a married man, who had no divorce in sight, was a futile and hopeless thing and while she loved George she was, nevertheless, giving him up. Next day a well-known foreign star telephoned Miss Parsons and told how greatly impressed she was with the story. "I geeve my boy friend the air, too, after I read your story," she said. "I'm like Betty, I feel it's so useless."

And so another three-way romance bit the dust.

But the pay-off is, George knows where Betty's heart really belongs—with Harry James (we're told) and that's what hurts so deeply.

Oh well, this love is a great thing. Nothing like it for a first-class heart-ache all the way 'round.

**Howdy, Howard!:** Ensign John Howard, back in Hollywood for a few days after a training period at Cornell University, dated Sally Yarnell and seemed entirely happy despite the fact his former girl friend Hedy Lamarr had gotten herself engaged to John Loder. The happiness may have arisen from the fact that John gets his fondest wish—to take command of a mine sweeper at Norfolk. And then, Sally Yarnell's cuteness may have had something to do with it, too.

**We've Been Thinking:** For some reason RKO, the coziest studio of them all with the grandest publicity personnel, has the toughest luck in its star roster. Ginger Rogers, Jean Arthur, Katharine Hepburn, George Sanders, Charles Laughton and Fred Astaire are among the hardest-to-handle and most unsympathetic-to-the-press stars in all Hollywood. Yet this little studio at one time or another has drawn them all. No wonder they cheer up and down the studio streets when Cary Grant comes to this studio to fulfill his commitments. If ever there was a grand guy it's that

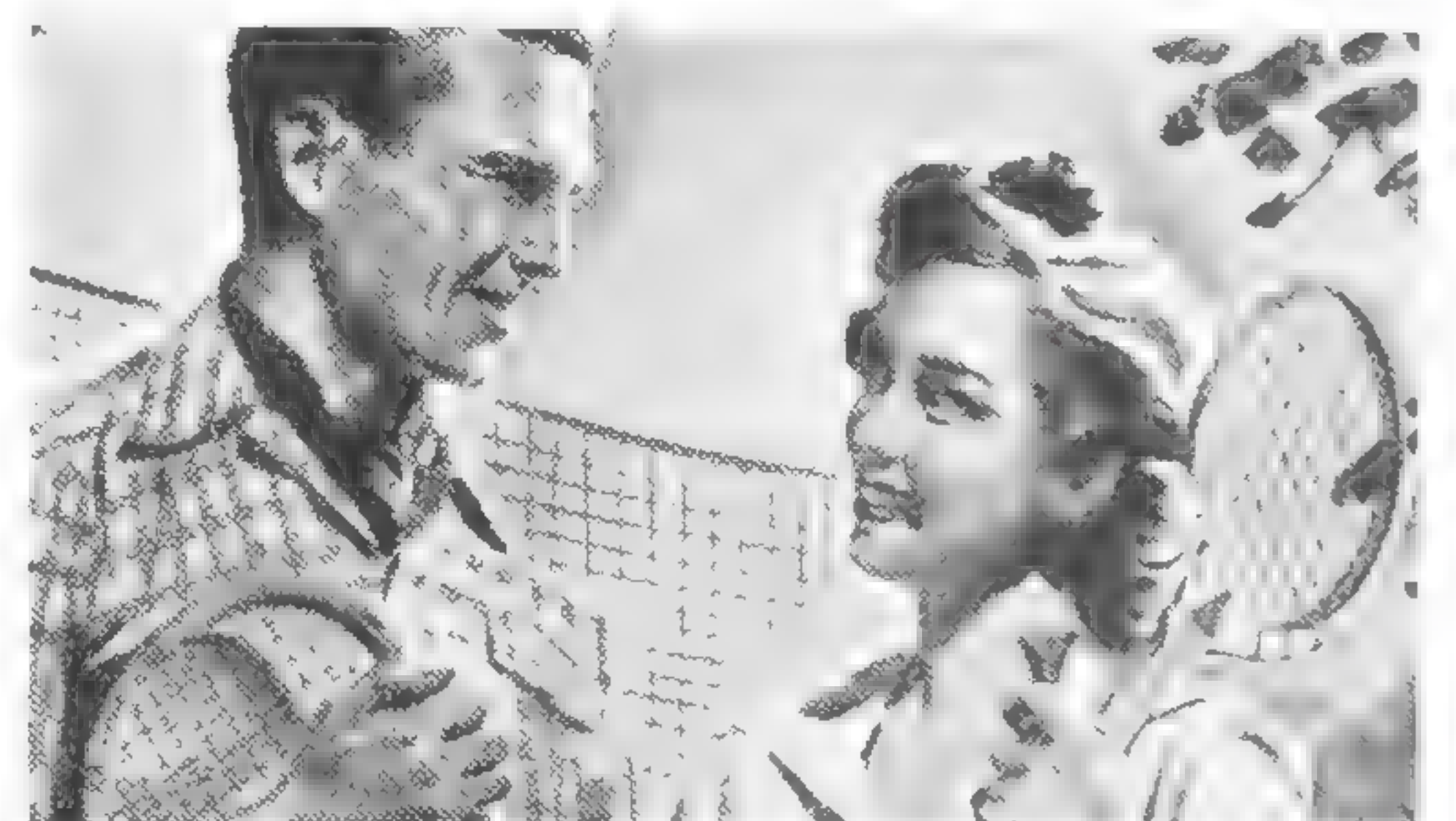
# Summer is the Open Season for Underarm Odor!



**Avoid the offense men hate! Every day use speedy, gentle, dependable Mum!**



**Business or shopping** is a test of summer daintiness. So start each day with Mum! It takes 30 seconds to use Mum, and guard daintiness for hours *to come!* Mum gives charm a future!



**Play fair with charm!** Don't spoil your fun wondering "IF." Mum is *sure*—it prevents odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes! Mum is *gentle!*



**Summer friendships** can chill at even a hint of underarm odor. Always use a deodorant you can trust! Millions of women know they're safe from offending when Mum guards charm!



**Romantic nights**, silvery moonlight can weave a spell. Don't ruin it with carelessness about underarm odor! After hours of dancing, dependable Mum keeps you bath-fresh, charming!

**QUICK, SAFE, SURE**—that's Mum—a deodorant preferred by millions of popular girls and charming women.

Every day, after every bath, follow the Mum rule for underarm daintiness. Remember, your bath isn't meant to prevent future odor. That job belongs to Mum!

Women everywhere praise Mum for its dependability, its gentleness, its speed and convenience. Let Mum guard *your* charm. Ask your druggist for Mum today!

**For Sanitary Napkins**—Gentle, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant. That's why so many women use Mum this way, too.

## Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

*Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers*



# "Follow Me"

(SUIVEZ MOI)



If you're the girl who leads the way, who starts the trends that others follow—you'll take to Varva's "Follow Me" as your very own fragrance!

Parfum, \$1 to 15. Eau de Toilette, \$1 to 4.50

Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, \$1

Bath Powder, \$1

Bubble Foam, \$1



"Follow Me" by

## VARVA

THE FRAGRANCE THAT LEADS AND LASTS

Varva, Inc., 19 W. 18th Street, New York City

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Romantic re-bounds? Alan Curtis is divorced from Ilona Massey; now he dates her look-alike Eva Gabor. Their Mocambo pal is Alex D'Arcy . . .



. . . George Raft used to like (and love!) Betty Grable. Now his *Ciro's* playmate is her spittin' image Virginia Maples

Grant . . . It was nice of M-G-M to hold up the picture "A Guy Named Joe" for Van Johnson's recovery from the automobile accident that almost cost him his life. It may have had a lot to do with his miraculous comeback . . . The sudden death of Conrad Veidt shocked all Hollywood and left his beautiful wife inconsolable . . . The woman star who is beginning to look soooo old on the screen and really isn't should pay more attention to her diet, liquid and otherwise . . . If that certain star really goes into the Army everyone will be amazed, seeing his sister has been publicized as being married to a high-ranking Nazi official . . . Comical the way Jim Brown, an unknown who isn't even a Warners player, stole "Air Force" from under the noses of a whole crew of Warners actors. Not since Alan Ladd have the girls gone all out for a lad as they have for Brown . . .

**Our Salute of the Month:** This month we applaud a man named Brown—Joe

E., wide-mouthed comedian of the films whose beloved son Don died in an air crash while on duty near Palm Springs.

Brown was the first man to fly to Alaska and the Aleutians, bringing the first contact from home to thousands of our boys.

Since January eleventh of this year, Brown has given over 300 one-man performances in every base in the Pacific, far in the interior of New Guinea where some Japs are still lingering and where no one else would choose to go.

He has twisted his body into comical gyrations, recited his "Little Mousey" story, laughed and kidded and left the boys happy.

In fact, when there are more horrible holes than the malaria-ridden North Papua, where Brown has visited, you can expect to find him there.

God bless him, says Cal. We need more like him.

**Old Love is Best:** Jane Russell, the gal who garnered more magazine covers



than a professional before she appeared in a single picture, has married her old beau Bob Waterfield, quarterback of UCLA's football team.

There's an amusing story behind this romance of Jane's and Bob's. When John Payne stepped in to court Jane, Bob, who had been her steady suitor, was crestfallen—so much so, in fact, the famous quarterback began fumbling the ball and the proud eleven began biting the dust.

Finally a group of UCLA buddies got together and went to a famous newspaper columnist to see if something couldn't be done. "Maybe you could use your influence to get Jane back with Bob. We're not going to make the Rose Bowl this year if something isn't done!" they explained.

Well, Cupid took care of things in his own way. The two were reunited and Jane, whose picture "The Outlaw" is sweeping the country, became the wife of Private Bob Waterfield. So everything's all right now.

**Remembering With Bob:** We went down to the "Russia" set to say good-bye to our old friend Bob Taylor who is awaiting his call to the Navy Air Force.

We picked up two books Bob had been reading, "Practical Air Navigation" and a book on physics. Marks and notations showed how well the books had been studied between scenes.

"I may never come back to pictures," Bob said very matter-of-factly. "I like flying and I may just stay in it. It isn't that I don't like pictures. But I've got everything out of this business but good pictures. I've made friends, money and had fun. If I do come back, it will be under a different understanding about the kind of pictures I do."

He has no vanity. We were impressed with this fact again as Bob popped out of his dressing room, where we sat, to do scene after scene without one glance in the mirror. In fact, the regularness of the fellow came over us again in a flood of memory and, remembering some of the bad deals he had undeservedly received, we suddenly got mad.

We asked him just what pictures he considered his best. He mentioned "The Magnificent Obsession" and "Waterloo Bridge."

To our questions of what he considered the highlights of his career since he invaded Hollywood, a kid right out of Pomona College, he answered:

"Going to New York and Europe the first time. Also, the first time the studio tore up my contract and gave me a new one."

"And what about playing with Garbo in 'Camille'?"

"No. I never wanted to play in that movie. That stuff is not for me. One of the worst disappointments of my career," Bob said, "was in never having a chance to play with Spencer Tracy or Clark Gable on the screen. I'd have given my eye teeth to play with those fellows. Also, all that 'pretty boy' publicity was hard to take."

Hard to take, we thought, but boy, how he took it like a man!

Now he'll be off to war, his heart and mind seriously set on the job he has

10,000 TIMES  
STRANGER—  
10,000 TIMES  
STRONGER—  
Than Fiction!

THE STORY OF  
ONE AMERICAN'S  
JOURNEY INTO  
THE TRUTH!

THE THRILLING STORY OF  
FORMER U. S. AMBASSADOR

JOSEPH E. DAVIES

# MISSION TO MOSCOW

PRESENTED BY

WARNER BROS.



starring

WALTER HUSTON • ANN HARDING

George Tobias • Oscar Homolka • Gene Lockhart

Helmut Dantine • Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Screen Play by Howard

• from the

• by





## Her Romance Began with Glamorous Hair

YES, it was Joan's lovely hair that Bob first noticed. I remember the day he confided to me—"I must meet her—that girl with the glorious hair! Have you ever seen such sparkling hair? It seems so alive, so soft, so . . ." He stopped confused and I chuckled, for—



IT WASN'T SO LONG AGO that Joan's hair was as dull and drab as a blue Monday. Then Mary, the girl at the beauty shop, recommended Colorinse for adding richer color and brighter highlights to the hair—for making it silkier, softer and so much easier to manage. Well—



IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM. Today Joan's hair is as lovely as any girl could hope for. And a happy bride says "thanks" to Nestle Colorinse. Joan also uses Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing. Why don't you try it, too?

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK FOR A NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE.

# Nestle

## COLORINSE



2 rinses for 10¢  
5 rinses for 25¢  
At 5 and 10¢ stores  
and beauty counters



REAL YORK'S  
*Inside Stuff*

Two threes make six wide-open faces. Left: Dick Powell, Judy Garland and Gene Kelly . . .

to do in the branch of service he has chosen. Every night, into the small hours, his light burns as he pours over his books on navigation. There's no taking it lightly for Bob. And he'll do his job uncomplainingly as he's done every job in the past. A true American, a fine lad, a good scout.

**Father's Day:** The day children, young and old, pay tribute to their fathers has rolled around again and this year it takes on greater significance with thousands of brave fathers fighting on some far front for their homes and their country.

In Hollywood the children of Robert Montgomery are looking upon their dad with new and adoring eyes. The children realize their father, home for a month's leave from the South Pacific, has exchanged his role of actor for hero. Lt. Commander Montgomery has returned to his base with a deeper meaning of fatherhood and the need to assure America's children of lasting peace and happiness entrenched in his heart.

When the Bob Hopes decided to adopt a brother for their little Linda, Bob and Mrs. Hope looked over several babies. Coming upon a little fellow, Bob stopped, stared and lifted him up. "Look at that profile," he grinned. "A nose like mine. This one's for me."

And so little Tony, now three and a half, and Linda, four and a half, have become Daddy's test audience. "Thinking up gags that will win their approval is my greatest job as a father," Bob told us. "They're so darned particular. Getting one little laugh from those two is all the reward I ever want."

Don Ameche and Bing Crosby, both fathers of four boys, meet occasionally in the halls of the N.B.C. Studio and talk things over. "Ah, I tell you, Don," Bing says, "separately they're good kids. Together—"

And the stars shake their heads in unison.

"If ever Dominick Amici (Don's father) and Mr. Crosby (Bing's dad) met in the halls there would be stories exchanged that would curl the hair of Bing and Don," a mutual friend said.

Like father, like all eight sons. Those two boys should talk!

Out somewhere in the Atlantic is the father of little Roddy McDowall. An officer in the British Merchant Marine, he occasionally gets to Hollywood to see the son he adores and who adores him.

As a gift to her father, Eduardo Canino, Rita Hayworth sent the necessary funds to bring on to Los Angeles her brother Vernon from an Eastern camp during his furlough. And what a

. . . Herbert Marshall, Virginia Bruce and Alan Mowbray rehearse for the Screen Guild Players show





Father's Day present that was. Rita, who danced with her famous father as a child and young woman as a part of the famous Cansino dancing act, is very close to the parent she adores.

On this Father's Day Brenda Marshall's heart aches for the father she loves, now a prisoner of the Japanese. Brenda's father was a plantation owner in the Philippines.

#### Private Wachsman Reports to Cal:

"Some of the newspapers rate the films by stars. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards Oscars. Fidler gives 'em the one-two-three-or-four-bell treatment, but the GI (soldier slang for soldier—coming from the term 'Government Issue') bestows the whistle. It works like this: No whistle means there's something wrong with the picture. Faint whistle, and it's but fair fare. Loud whistle, it's good. But a loud and long whistle means the verdict is "tops."

Here at Gardner Field I know of some ten rugged GIs in my barracks alone who sweated out the line a second time so they could whistle at Rita Hayworth again in "You Were Never Lovelier." That happens with Betty Grable, Gene Tierney and Veronica Lake, too.

Crosby, Hope, Abbott and Costello, Jack Benny are hot favorites. Spectacles go over big, like "Gone With The Wind." So do shows like "Holiday Inn" and "Hellzapoppin'."

They mixed "whisalutes" and laughter came up like thunder when "Priorities On Parade" played the Post. Ann Miller's long silken-clad gams and Betty Rhodes's upper torso contours rated the former and Jerry Colonna and Vera Vague brought forth the whoops. Musicals have a lasting effect on the Post. The day following a performance you can hear the GIs humming the tunes. Right now it's nip and tuck between "Mary," "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "For Me And My Gal," although "White Christmas," "Old Fashioned" and "You Were Never Lovelier" are still heard.

The GIs feel strong for Gable, Cary Grant, Fonda, George Montgomery, because they know these actors are either in, or soon to enter, service.

Other than the glamour-queens mentioned above, the GIs like Judy Garland, Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sheridan, Deanna Durbin, Joan Bennett, Ginger Rogers, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner and Janet Blair. It was a noisy night when "The Black Swan" was shown, because Maureen O'Hara was the object of some marathon whistling. And how they kept advising Tyrone Power in his wooing!

Monty Woolley is a surprise pet of the army of Army movie fiends. They yelp with joy when he reads a funny line. Another surprise was the reverse reaction to Hedy Lamarr in "White Cargo." They hated the picture. But they still love the gal. She's sort of a symbol for top-drawer glamour.

But there are three who are tops with the GIs, at least at Gardner. You guessed it. They are Donald Duck, Porky Pig and Oswald (What you got in the box, doc) the Rabbit!"



**"BEFOREHAND" LOTION FOR BUSY HANDS!**

# TOUSHAY

**guards hands, even in hot, soapy water**

It's maidless summer! You're washing undies, doing dishes ...work that's hard on soft hands. So *before* you tackle any soap-and-water job, smooth on Toushay! Used *beforehand*, this fragrant lotion guards hands from the roughening effects of hot, soapy water. Inexpensive, too. Get Toushay at your druggist's.



Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers



It's a  
**BIG PICTURE**

HEAR THE YEAR'S  
TOP SONG HIT!

**"I'VE HEARD  
THAT SONG  
BEFORE"**

Sung by

**MARY LEE**



The Year's Top Screen  
Discovery in Her First  
Starring Role . . .

You discovered her  
in the Gene Autry  
hits — and you de-  
manded that she be  
given stardom! So  
here she is in

**SHANTYTOWN**

A heart-warming, laugh-  
filled, music-crowded  
romance with

**John Archer**

**Marjorie Lord**

**Harry Davenport**

**Billy Gilbert**

**Anne Revere**

**Frank Jenks**

**Cliff Nazarro**

**Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer** and

**Matty Malneck and his**

**orchestra**

**MORE  
GREAT SONGS!**

"On the Corner  
of Sunshine and  
Main"

"When You're  
Smiling"

Buy War Bonds  
and Stamps

It's a  
**REPUBLIC PICTURE**

**Speak**

**FOR YOURSELF**



Ginger Rog-  
ers's marriage  
to Jack Briggs  
annoyed one  
reader; she  
gets a five-dol-  
lar answer  
right back

**\$10.00 PRIZE**  
**Salute from Skeezi**

I AM not writing this letter to enter your  
contest but for a reason I will now  
explain.

Last December on the boat on which I  
came across one of the sailors who was a  
transport gunner with me gave me your  
magazine. I took it and put it in my bar-  
racks bag. Today, in the month of March,  
I took it out.

What I'm trying to say is that your mag-  
azine brought a lot of joy to my buddies  
and me. Out here in the Middle East where  
there isn't anything civilized we appreciate  
magazines. When I opened Photoplay, it  
was actually the first time I saw a white  
woman's picture in a long time. I have been  
waiting for my girl friend's portrait since  
December.

You can tell the folks back home that  
we're okay. The one thing we care for  
out here is mail—tell them to write more.

By the way, I'm one of those guys who  
come from Brooklyn and who is proud  
of it.

Have to be closing now, there isn't such  
a thing as time off here. We work seven  
days a week and twenty-four hours if we  
have to.

"Skeezi,"

Pvt. Sol Teplitsky,  
c/o Postmaster,  
New York City.

**\$5.00 PRIZE**  
**That Rogers-Marriage Quarrel**

FICKLENESS, thy name is movie fan! Or  
so it would seem. Really now, Photo-  
play, was that an honest-to-goodness "fan"  
letter in the May issue, lambasting Ginger  
Rogers all over the place, or just a  
dummy? I can't imagine a real fan be-  
coming so incensed against her favorite  
(or should I say former favorite?) that  
she would make the statement—"I am  
through," etc., etc.

On first reading that Ginger (who her-  
self is certainly a grand "kid" at heart)  
had married someone much younger than  
herself I admit I felt a slight, selfish dis-  
appointment, but not for long. Too many  
memories rushed back to me of all the

wonderful parts Ginger has portrayed for  
our enjoyment—as a charming youngster  
and lovely young woman, dancer (oh,  
happy days!), as a clever yet natural  
comedienne, and so much more, so very  
much. Your letter writer was right in  
one respect—private lives are a person's  
own business and any so-called "debt" is  
paid in full by the various stars. Certainly  
for all the happy hours Ginger has fur-  
nished her fans (is it too much to ven-  
ture "friends"? in the past she is entitled  
to no such harsh words as "never again."

Ginger Rogers still holds a large portion  
of my entertainment world heart. I sin-  
cerely hope her many other fans in the  
past will be grateful enough to come  
through for her now. She deserves that  
kind of treatment at any time.

Miriam Barr,  
Tucson, Ariz.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Seeing the Movie Light**

IN THE last three months I have discov-  
ered that I owe the movies an apology  
and I offer it forthwith, a little shame-  
facedly, but sincerely.

During my years in college our little  
group of supersophisticates, as we liked to  
think of ourselves, had only scorn for the  
motion picture. The plots were fantastic,  
the acting bad, the backgrounds were ri-  
diculous, we thought.

Since that time, however, I have changed  
my way of life. With the war I accepted  
a government job in Washington and  
was transferred to Cleveland. I came to  
this town as a stranger and, out of sheer  
loneliness and boredom, began to go to  
movies by myself in the evening. Then I  
discovered how wrong I had been. Of  
course, not all motion pictures are on the  
same level, but I learned that many of  
them are fine, sincere stories, well directed  
and authentic, and in many ways outdoing  
the stage. I found for the first time such  
splendid actors and actresses as Greer Gar-  
son, Ingrid Bergman, Glenn Ford, Richard  
Whorf, Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy. I  
am surprised myself at what a devoted fan  
I have become after all my previous nar-  
row ideas.

Anne Garden,  
Cleveland, O.



**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Hollywood Garden**

**S**HOULD I tell all? I think I should.  
Yes, posies grow in Hollywood.

Some tall, some short, some in between.  
You know them all! Here's what I mean:

Forget-me-not. Guess who? Give up?  
Why, Anna Lee, you stupid pup!

And now nasturtium (like her hair)  
Of course! You've got it. Janet Blair!

Calla lily. Know that one?  
It's Lana Turner. Now catch on?

The next one's easy—that for sure.  
Tropical orchid. Dot Lamour.

Last but not least—gardenia.  
Lamarr herself. Be seein' ya!  
Mrs. Ernest Vespi,  
Dolgeville, N. Y.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Watch Your Worries Away!**

**T**HERE were two bats flying around the theater; my new shoes hurt; I didn't care much for the leading man; we were seated after standing fifty minutes. Yet, as the picture unfolded my annoyances vanished; the leading man became my favorite; the leading woman outdid her best; I was lifted into another world completely. The plot was truly far-fetched, but I was entertained.

There is no word coined to describe Ronald Colman and Greer Garson in "Random Harvest." Just go to see it.

Virginia Mount,  
Sacramento, Cal.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**War-Wife Kick**

**W**AR! War! I'd like to register a war-wife kick! Must so many of our movies be about the war? We young war-wives try to be brave about giving up our husbands to the service of our country; we try to keep back our tears and do our part and some of us follow our men from town to town in this grand U. S. A., getting jobs where and when we can. When they go overseas, as mine has, a gunner on a large fighting fortress, we return home, giving up our lovely little apartment of which we were so proud—we live alone in one room and work—work—and wait for letters which come so seldom.

If we go to a movie we see soldiers, sailors, guns and planes; men wounded and shell-shocked—men who have lost memories as in "Random Harvest" and men shot to death. (Continued on page 108)

**PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR** awards \$10 first prize, \$5 second prize and \$1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movie in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York City.

# How my "30 Second" Secret keeps me *Fragrantly Dainty* all evening....



**"DID YOU** ever stop to think that loneliness and heartache might come to you, simply because you don't suspect yourself of—well—body staleness? It happened to me! But I learned a lucky secret... and now, in just 30 seconds, I make sure I'll be fragrantly dainty the whole evening through! Listen...



**"FIRST,** after my bath, I dry myself ever so gently! Just barely *patting* those "danger zones"—those places that might chafe!



**"THEN,** I treat my whole body with the soothing coolness of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Its silky-smooth caress delights my skin...quickly absorbs the tiny traces of moisture I missed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...knowing now why they call it—the *fragrance men love!*

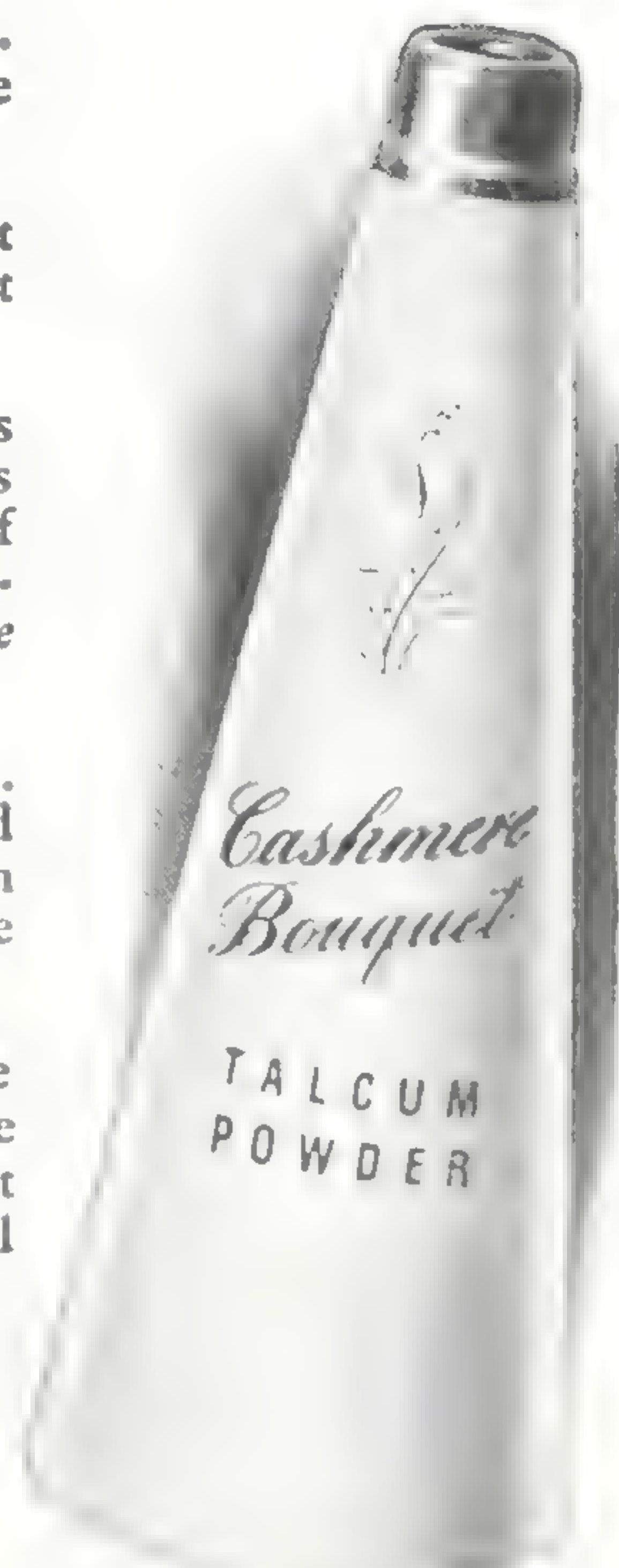


**"AND NOW,** to dress! How luxurious my clothes feel... no chafing or binding, now or later! I feel confident and carefree, for I know that Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection lasts all evening...and so does the fragrance men love!"

Discover for yourself this 30 second daintiness secret with Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! Learn why its superb quality, alluring fragrance and long-clinging softness have made Cashmere Bouquet the largest selling talcum in America! You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters.

## Cashmere Bouquet

THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE





Girls who live  
by the clock  
can't SUFFER  
by the  
CALENDAR!



NO need to tell you how valuable time is now! You *know*. Doing the work you have always done—cheerfully accepting new duties—wedging in time for service organization activity, you find that your months are woefully short.

Now, especially, the days you used to give grudgingly to menstruation's functional pain and depression are too precious to waste. And wasting them is very likely *needless*. For if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make these trying days as comfortably carefree as others!

But don't regard Midol as just another means of relief for "dreaded days headache". Its comfort goes farther. For while it is free from opiates, Midol helps lift your "blues"—and an *exclusive* ingredient speedily eases spasmodic muscular pain of the period.

Get Midol *now*. Have it when you need it. Large packages for economical regular use, and small packages to carry in purse or pocket. At your nearest drugstore.

**MIDOL**



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

# BRIEF REVIEWS



Red-letter fun day ahead: Ann Sothorn and James Craig in M-G-M's "Swing Shift Maisie"

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ *AIR FORCE*—Warners: One of the most exciting air pictures ever filmed, with suspense riding with the crew of the *Mary Ann*, an American bomber, from the moment it lifts into the air through the Jap attack at Pearl Harbor to Wake Island and Manila. John Garfield does an excellent job as the head gunner and Gig Young, Jim Brown, George Tobias and the rest of the cast deserve special mention. (April)

✓ *AIR RAID WARDENS*—M-G-M: You'll laugh steadily as you watch Laurel and Hardy try to enlist in every branch of the service, only to be turned down, until they return home to become air-raid wardens. Every possible blunder known to man is committed by the boys until, on their own, they finally round up a gang of saboteurs and emerge heroes. Stan and Ollie are in rare form. (June)

✓ *AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY, THE*—Universal: Deanna Durbin, daughter of a missionary to China, pretends she married Commodore Harry Davenport just before he went down with his torpedoed ship in order to get her eight war orphan companions in the U. S. Soon enough she finds herself in all sorts of difficulties and head over heels in love with Edmond O'Brien, grandson of the late *Commodore*. (April)

*APE MAN, THE*—Monogram: Another scary one, with Bela Lugosi as a crackpot scientist who in his experiments turns himself into an ape and then proceeds to trap human beings all over the place. (May)

✓ *ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY*—M-G-M: An interesting new personality, Pierre Aumont proves himself a hit as the Free French soldier who impersonates a native (pro-Nazi) of a Brittany village in order to locate a Nazi sub base for the English. His betrothed, Susan Peters, is fooled by the impersonation, but he's exposed by the flirtatious Signe Hasso. It's an exciting story. (June)

✓ *BEHIND PRISON WALLS*—P.R.C.: There's humor, satire and quite an impressive quality to this well-done little gem, with Alan Baxter as the over-idealistic son whose testimony sends his industrialist father, Tully Marshall, to prison. Gertrude Michael is the secretary and Edwin Maxwell the meanie. The direction by Steve Sekely is outstanding. (May)

*BUCKSKIN FRONTIER*—U. A.: This Western telling of the early fights for railway supremacy out West stars Richard Dix, who is fresh, believable and handsome. Lee Cobb is outstanding, Albert Dekker very good, and Jane Wyatt is a lovely heroine. The flow of wagon trains across the Western plains is beautifully photographed. (June)

✓✓ *CABIN IN THE SKY*—M-G-M: Ethel Waters and Rochester, in company with an all-Negro cast, bring to the screen a classic of Negro folklore. Lena Horne is the temptress trying to lure Rochester from his wife, Miss Waters, and such important entertainers as Rex Ingram, Willie Best, Kenneth Spencer and Louis Armstrong highlight the story. (May)

✓✓ *CHETNIKS!*—20th Century-Fox: A thrilling story right out of the headlines about Yugoslavian guerrillas who refused to be conquered by Hitler. Hiding in the hills, Mihailovitch, Philip Dorn, constantly besieges the Nazi-held town in which his wife and children live, until he recaptures it. (April)

✓✓ *CHINA*—Paramount: Alan Ladd is the oil agent in China who refuses to take sides in the life and death struggle between the Japs and Chinese until he comes face to face with the Japs' atrocities. Loretta Young is a schoolteacher who, with her brood of Chinese children, is rescued by Ladd, and Bill Bendix is Ladd's truck driver. All their performances are excellent. (June)

*CHINA GIRL*—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery, an unbelievably brash, reckless American newsreel cameraman in Mandalay, loses his job, gets involved with Japanese agents Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen, and falls in love with Chinese Gene Tierney. The story is hopelessly incredible and Miss Tierney has little to do but appear Oriental. (April)

## SHADOW STAGE

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**CINDERELLA SWINGS IT**—RKO-Radio: *Scattergood Baines*, the homey philosopher played by Guy Kibbee, puts on a U.S.O. show to help Gloria Warren win a place in a New York show, and he even guides her from classical to jive music. Leonid Kinskey plays the music teacher. (April)

**CORREGIDOR**—P. R. C.: Elissa Landi, a woman doctor, arrives on the island of Manoi to marry scientist Otto Kruger, but then Pearl Harbor is bombed and they make their way to Corregidor where Elissa meets her former fiance Donald Woods. Together they give all possible aid to the wounded under terrific bombings until Kruger is killed. (June)

✓**CRYSTAL BALL, THE**—Cinema Guild-U.A.: Soothsayer Gladys George helps Paulette Goddard join up with Cecil Kellaway in a shooting gallery. When Paulette sees Ray Milland, who accompanies Virginia Field to the crystal ball gazer, she determines to take him away from her. And does she! William Bendix as Ray's chauffeur is terrific and we foresee a good laugh coming to you. (April)

✓✓**DESERT VICTORY**—20th Century-Fox: The most superb factual picture to come out of the war thus far, this was filmed by the British during actual combat in Africa. Starting in El Alamein, it gives you a complete picture of how the Eighth Army routed Rommel and shows you the magnitude of the African effort. It makes your newspaper headlines come excitingly alive. (June)

✓**DESPERADOES, THE**—Columbia: Beautifully filmed in technicolor, this story tells of Glenn Ford, a bad man of the early 1860's, who rides into town to rob a bank but finds someone else has already done the job, so he stays in town to see more of Evelyn Keyes. When the town decides Ford is really guilty, Sheriff Randy Scott warns him and the result leads to a rousing climax. (June)

✓**EDGE OF DARKNESS**—Warner Brothers: Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan are Norwegian leaders of a revolution against their Nazi oppressors. When arms arrive from England, the revolt flares into action after rape and murder have made life unbearable for the Norwegians. Helmut Dantine is very good as the Nazi leader and the excellent cast includes Ruth Gordon, Nancy Coleman and Charles Dingle. (June)

**EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Universal: When police chief Richard Dix goes after hot car and tire racketeers they threaten to expose the fact that Dix himself has a prison record, so Wendy Barrie, his secretary, and Don Porter, special investigator, foil the crooks and clear Dix of the charges. Lon Chaney is a standout as Dix's faithful chauffeur. (April)

**FALCON STRIKES BACK, THE**—RKO-Radio: Tom Conway plays the amateur sleuth who becomes the victim of a brawl in a phony barroom, which leads to thieves using his car to effect a huge bond theft and leaving Conway in a fine spot. But with the help of Jane Randolph, reporter, and his stooge, Cliff Edwards, Conway digs in and solves the crime. (June)

✓✓**FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM**—RKO-Radio: A fine piece of storytelling about a woman who yearned to be a great flyer and achieved her purpose. Rosalind Russell is sincere and honest in the role so similar to the life role of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray is the brilliant flyer who wins her heart and then walks out on her. Herbert Marshall is the man who teaches her to fly and who wins her promise of marriage. (May)

✓✓**FOREVER AND A DAY**—RKO-Radio: This is the story of a London house and the generations who lived in it from its beginning in 1804 to an air raid in 1941. The brilliant cast includes Kent Smith, Ruth Warrick, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Ida Lupino, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland and many others. Admission paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town specifies. (April)

✓**FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN**—Universal: Lon Chaney Jr. is the *Wolf Man* released from his grave by robbers. When he seeks a recipe to eternal death he enters the ruins where the *Frankenstein* monster is supposed to have died, but the monster comes to life again and then comes horror. Ilona Massey gets mixed up in the proceedings. It's a chiller-diller, all right. (May)

✓✓**HANGMEN ALSO DIE!**—Arnold Pressburger: Suspense rides high throughout this powerful picture of revenge upon the Czechoslovakians for the death of the German hangman, Heydrich. Brian Donlevy is the real murderer who seeks refuge with Walter Brennan and his family, who became embroiled with the Gestapo, while the underground carefully pins the murder on traitorous Gene Lockhart. (May)

**HARRIGAN'S KID**—M-G-M: Bobby Readick looks like a good bet in his cinema debut as a young jockey trained in arrogance and dishonesty by ex-jockey Bill Gargan. Gargan, as always, is splendid in his role, and J. Carrol Naish and Frank Craven lend a lot to this little racetrack tale. (June)

**HE HIRED THE BOSS**—20th Century-Fox: There's an appealing, homey quality in this story about an office worker, Stuart Erwin, who plods along year after year getting nowhere, until, finally, through a property deal, Stuart takes over the business and hires his boss to work for him. Evelyn Venable is Stuart's girl, Thurston Hall the boss, and William Orr the boss's son. (June)

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✓**HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO**—20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye is lovelier than ever in this Gay Nineties musical as the singer in love with John Payne, who can't resist the Nob Hill lovely, Lynn Bari. Jack Oakie, with his inimitable singing and strutting, and June Havoc are also entertainers. The music will evoke nostalgic memories and if you miss this you'll be sorry. (June)

✓**HE'S MY GUY**—Universal: The ribald clowning of talented Joan Davis does much to make this picture a hit. Dick Foran and Irene Hervey, as the estranged couple who are reunited through a defense plant show, sing several songs delightfully and Gertrude Niesen puts across her numbers in wonderful style. The Miles Brothers and Fuzzy Knight contribute a lot of entertainment. (June)

**HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR**—Paramount: When Henry, played as usual by Jimmy Lydon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he meets movie star Frances Gifford, he returns home to find himself a sought-after glamour boy. John Littel is Henry's harassed father, Charles Smith is Dizzy, and Gail Russell is the town belle. (April)

**HI, BUDDY**—Universal: When the big fellows march off to war the going gets tough for the Hi Buddy club of East Side kids sponsored by the older boys. But "big brother" Robert Paige makes a hit singing with a girls' orchestra and finally returns to straighten out the club's financial matters. With Marjorie Lord, Harriet Hilliard and Dick Foran (May)

**HI YA, CHUM**—Universal: Trekking westward is a merry little party of small-time vaudevillians, the Ritz Brothers and a sister team, Jane Frazee and June Clyde. The girls keep on helping the Ritz fits out of the trouble they always get into. Robert Paige is the romantic lead. (May)

**HIGH EXPLOSIVE**—Paramount: Chester Morris, an expert in handling high explosives and also at casting big eyes at Jean Parker, takes on the perilous job of driving a truck loaded with nitroglycerine. When Jean's brother, Rand Brooks, is killed in a truck explosion, Chester is blamed and only redeems himself by his own bravery. It's a fast-moving little picture. (June)

✓**HIT PARADE OF 1943**—Republic: Susan Hayward, songwriter, is out to seek revenge on John Carroll, who has deliberately stolen one of her numbers, but you know what happens then. Love. Eve Arden is swell with her smart-dame chatter and Gail Patrick is the jealous female. The tunes are so tuneful and Susan does a swell job of singing. (June)

**HOPPY SERVES A WRIT**—U. A.: Brave and handsome Hopalong, played as usual by William Boyd, leads the pursuit of brigands who manage to cross the state border. But Hopalong, using a disguise, follows them and traps them back over the border. A fight to a finish between Boyd and Victor Jory, the robber, is a lulu. (June)

**HOW'S ABOUT IT**—Universal: The Andrews sisters play elevator operators who yearn to be heard before an audience—and need we say all their yearns come true? Another little plot involving a suit against songwriter Robert Paige by Grace McDonald wanders around among the Andrews. Buddy Rich's band plays sweet music and Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary. (May)

✓**HUMAN COMEDY, THE**—M-G-M: One of the finest human documents ever to appear on the screen is this picture showing the effects of war on a small-town community. Mickey Rooney takes on the job of night telegraph boy to help his family when his older brother, Van Johnson, is called to arms. John Craven, James Craig, Jack Jenkins, Frank Morgan and the whole cast do wonderful work. (May)

✓**I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE**—RKO-Radio: Frances Dee is the nurse who goes to the Caribbean where she discovers her patient is insane. The natives proclaim the woman a zombie and in order to help restore her to normalcy, the nurse becomes involved in weird voodoo hoodoo. Tom Conway is the husband, Jimmy Ellison his younger brother, and Sir Lancelot and Edith Barrett complete the cast. (June)

✓**IDAHO**—Republic: We think you'll enjoy this Western about a reformed judge who is framed because he tries to rid his community of vice and gambling. Ona Munson runs the gambling house, and Roy Rogers is the hero who is engaged to Virginia Grey, the judge's daughter, and foils villains Dick Purcell and Arthur Hohl in fine style. Smiley Burnette provides the comic relief. (May)

✓**IMMORTAL SERGEANT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: The quiet heroism of a group of British soldiers lost in the Libyan desert is beautifully told in this heart-piercing story with Henry Fonda as the bewildered shy young corporal who upon the death of his hard-bitten sergeant, Thomas Mitchell, leads his little band back to safety after victory. (April)

**ISLE OF ROMANCE**—Universal: Allen Jones and Andy Devine pose respectively as native chief and beachcomber of an island paradise which they attempt to sell to wealthy Ernest Truak and Marjorie Gaton and almost succeed until the return of the natives breaks up the scheme. Lovely Aquanetta, Jane Frazee and Mary Wickes are neatly written into this tale of song and nonsense. (June)

**IT AIN'T HAY**—Universal: Abbott and Costello, the funny ones, steal a champion race horse thinking it's worthless and the hullabaloo that ensues is typical Abbott and Costello fun. Grace McDonald and Leighton Noble take care of the romance department, Patsy O'Connor sings, and Eugene Pallette is 400 pounds of frustrated efficiency. (June)

✓**IT COMES UP LOVE**—Universal: Donald O'Connor starts squarely on the road to stardom as the young hep-catter who refuses to be taken in by debbie Gloria Jean, but in order to please his aunt, Louise Allbritton, he agrees to see Gloria—and it comes up love. Both Miss Allbritton and Frieda Inescort are out to land Ian Hunter, Gloria's father (May)



Kate Smith takes over Hollywood in a hearty way on arriving for her stint in the film version of "This Is The Army." Colleagues Rudy Vallee and Edgar Bergen roll out the welcome mat at the newly reopened Tropicana



✓**JOHNNY DOUGHBOY**—Republic: Jane Withers plays a dual role in this—a movie star tired of being cast as a child on the screen and a youngster who has won a contest as her double. When such former kid stars as Bobby Breen, Spanky McFarland and Cora Sue Collins yearn to put on a Junior Victory Caravan, they appeal to Jane to help. Patrick Brook is a juvenile worth watching. (April)

✓**KEEPER OF THE FLAME**—M-G-M: When reporter Spencer Tracy tries to write the life of a dead national hero, he finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man's widow, Katharine Hepburn. His investigations lead him to a startling discovery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case. The first part of the picture is very good, but the rest is heavy-handed. (April)

✓**KID DYNAMITE**—Monogram: The Dead End Kids are here again, with Leo Gorcey playing the bully and Bobby Jordan the kid who eventually turns on Gorcey and beats him up. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall are all over the place and Pamela Blake and Benny Bartlett are mixed up in it, too. (April)

✓**LADIES' DAY**—RKO-Radio: Eddie Albert's fine acting talents are wasted in this potpourri of nonsense in which he's cast as a baseball player whose wife, Lupe Velez, interferes with his work. As a result, the wives of other players get together to keep Lupe in line. Patsy Kelly and Max Baer are another husband and wife couple. (June)

✓**LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY**—Columbia: Isobel Elsom is a silly social-minded matron who tries to marry off her son to the daughter of a millionaire and hires twelve guests, among them Bert Gordon and Jinx Falkenburg as phony Russians, to impress her victims. Jinx registers strongly and Douglass Drake does some good work. (April)

✓**MARGIN FOR ERROR**—20th Century-Fox: Otto Preminger is magnificent as the loathsome German pre-war consul general to this country, and Milton Berle is excellent as the Jewish policeman assigned to guard him. Through Berle, Carl Esmond, the German's secretary, and Poldy Dur, the maid, become imbued with Americanism. Joan Bennett is good as the German's wife who is suspected of his murder. (April)

✓**MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD, THE**—20th Century-Fox: In this shorter than usual movie, Jack Benny and his ever-faithful Rochester reap several healthy chuckles. Benny is a small-town lawyer in love with Priscilla Lane and honest to the point of starvation. When Rochester hits on the idea of publicizing Benny as the meanest man in the world, success promptly hits him on the head. (April)

✓✓**MOON IS DOWN, THE**—20th Century-Fox: About the Nazi invasion of a small Norwegian town, this is grippingly real and beautifully acted by Henry Travers as the mayor, Lee J. Cobb as the village doctor, and Dorris Bowdon. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the Nazi commander and Peter Van Eyck the Nazi lieutenant who succumbs to loneliness. (May)

✓**MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR, THE**—Warners: John Loder, an Englishman loyal to his German ancestors, is the instigator of all kinds of trouble. Eleanor Parker and Bruce Lester, a young Army officer intent on reopening a mine, are the romantic leads. (May)

✓✓**NEXT OF KIN**—Universal—This British film is a vivid and terrifying portrayal of how loose talk can lose lives of loved ones. A German spy sent to England manages through the tragically innocent betrayers of England to get a complete picture of a secret British plan to wipe out a German submarine base and through this information costs many unnecessary lives of brave soldiers. You must see it. (June)

✓**NO TIME FOR LOVE**—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is a high-powered magazine photographer who photographs sand hog Fred MacMurray and then can't get him out of her mind. When her pictures cause him to lose his job, she hires him as her assistant. The story tries very hard to be very funny but is only fairly so. (April)

✓**OUTLAW, THE**—Howard Hughes: After two years Jane Russell and Jack Beutel finally make their screen appearance in this story of *Billy the Kid*, with Miss Russell disappointing and Beutel showing great promise. Despite its many ludicrous moments, it holds attention. Thomas Mitchell is the sheriff and Walter Huston *Billy's* bad-man friend. (May)

✓**QUIET PLEASE, MURDER**—20th Century-Fox: George Sanders is a thief of rare editions which he reprints and has sold by his aide, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft and when German agents enter the picture complications and more murders occur. (April)

✓**SECRETS OF THE UNDERGROUND**—Republic: John Hubbard, district attorney, and his girl friend, Virginia Grey, find a corpse in a trunk, which almost leads to Virginia's death. As if this weren't enough, Nazi agents forge War Stamps and the women's auxiliary defense corps jump in and helps clean up the Nazis. (May)

✓✓**SHADOW OF A DOUBT**—Universal: Under the brilliant direction of Alfred Hitchcock this becomes a masterpiece of suspense. Between Teresa Wright and her uncle, Joseph Cotten, there exists a warm bond until slowly suspicion that he is a mur-

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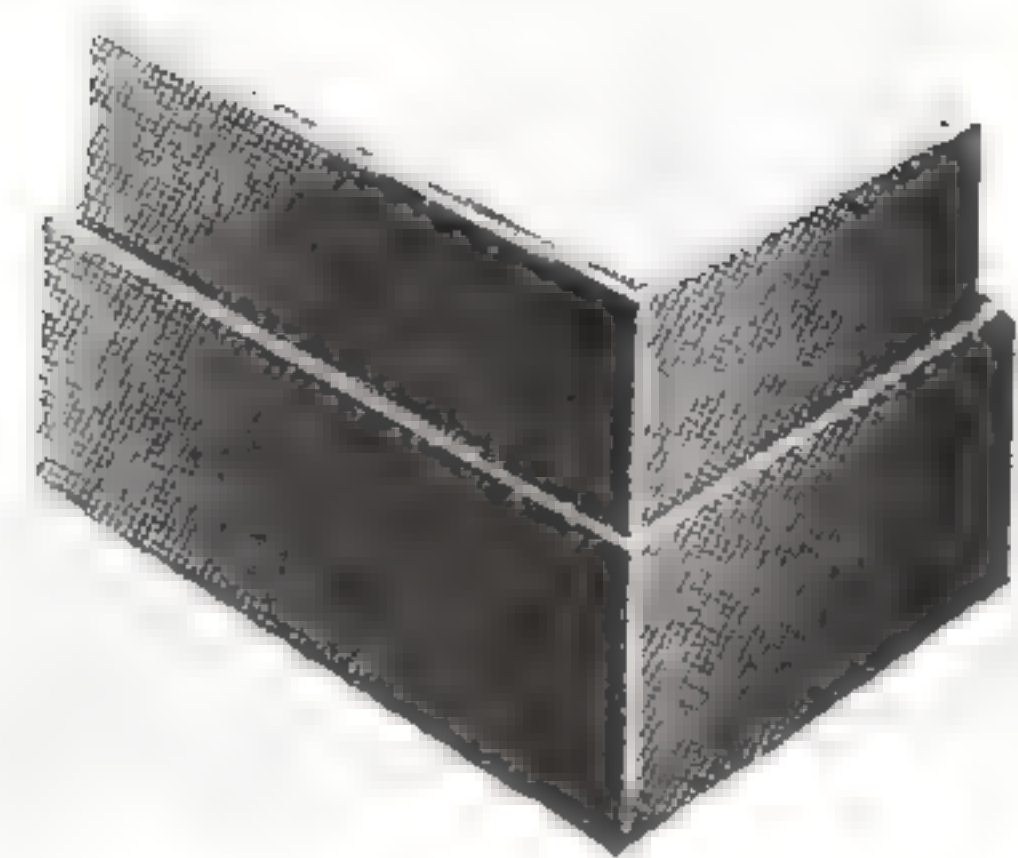
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derer creeps into her mind. Both give wonderful performances, as does MacDonald Carey. (April)

**SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET WEAPON**—Universal: In this episode, the famous sleuth, played by Basil Rathbone, and his faithful friend Doctor Watson, Nigel Bruce, block Nazi agents in their attempt to steal the four separate parts that make up a secret British bombsight. Lionel Atwill, as usual, plays the enemy. (April)

**SILVER SKATES**—Monogram: One of the best skating revues yet produced. The work of ice star Belita is show-stopping and the clowning of Frick and Frack on ice is a riot. Kenny Baker sings engagingly and Patricia Morison as his real heart and owner of the show is so good. (April)

**SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS**—M-G-M: Reunited in the comedy manner, with Lana Turner as a small-town shop-girl who goes to the city, buys herself a new personality and then meets a mishap that leads to an impersonation. Robert Young is the boy in love with Lana but not quite sure just who she is. Walter Brennan is the wealthy man who accepts her as his long-lost child. (June)

**SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT**—Columbia: Janet Blair comes to the fore with a neat, provocative performance as the young songwriter who gets shoved into the star spot of a show angled by gay divorcee Cobina Wright Jr. Don Ameche is the press agent, Jack Oakie an old vaudeville star, and William Gaxton the show's producer. It's gay. (May)

**SPIRIT OF '43, THE**—Disney: This Donald Duck short subject was produced especially for the Treasury Department and has Donald working in a defense factory and torn between spending his money and putting it away for income taxes. Fascinating submarines, tanks, planes and battleships parade across the screen. (April)

**STRANGER IN TOWN, A**—M-G-M: Frank Morgan is a Supreme Court Justice who goes on a vacation and meets local attorney Richard Carlson, who's running for Mayor. Through Morgan's advice Carlson eventually ousts the crooked opposing party. Porter Hall is the small-town judge and Jean Rogers the very pretty girl in the case. (May)

**TARZAN TRIUMPHS**—RKO-Radio: Tarzan (still Johnny Weissmuller) puts on a one-man blitz when the Nazis attempt to overrun his domain. Frances Gifford, princess of a lost civilization, provides the feminine interest. Johnny Sheffield is Tarzan's son. (May)

**THEY GOT ME COVERED**—Goldwyn-RKO: Bob Hope is the none too bright foreign correspondent brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. When he goes to visit his girl, Dorothy Lamour, in Washington, he becomes embroiled in a spy ring, a phony wedding and honeymoon with Marian Martin and a beauty parlor mix-up. Newcomer Lenore Aubert scores heavily. Plenty of fun. (April)

**THIS LAND IS MINE**—RKO-Radio: Charles Laughton as the timid schoolmaster overridden by mother love surpasses anything he has done on the screen. Una O'Connor as his mother is terrific. Maureen O'Hara is the schoolteacher Laughton loves. George Sanders her fiance who turns traitor and Kent Smith her brother. They, as well as Walter Slezak as a Nazi, deserve applause. (June)

**THREE HEARTS FOR JULIA**—M-G-M: Ann Sothern is a member of an all-girl orchestra who resents the absences of her foreign correspondent husband, Melvyn Douglas, so Lee Bowman and Richard Ainsley, both in love with Ann, persuade her to divorce Douglas, who has his own ideas on the subject. (April)

**TRUCK BUSTERS**—Warners: All about the battle between independent and organized trucksters, with Richard Travis resisting the efforts of Don Costello and his mob of organized racketeers to run him out of business. Don't waste your time. (April)

**TWO WEEKS TO LIVE**—RKO-Radio: When Abner, played by Norris Goff, is erroneously told he has but two weeks to live, his partner, Lum, played by Chester Lauck, decides to rent him out for hazardous ventures. Rocket ships to Mars, bombs in a violin case and Nazi plots befall Lum before he finds the doctor has committed an error. (May)

**YOUNG AND WILLING**—U.A.: A group of penniless boys and girls, ambitious to be stage stars, share an apartment in order to exist. Unbeknown to playwright Robert Benchley they dig up one of his old plays and put it on. William Holden, Eddie Bracken, Susan Hayward and the others shouldn't be wasted on such trivia. (May)

**YOUNG MR. PITT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: As pure entertainment, this biographical tale of the career of the English prime minister leaves much to be desired. It is, however, beautifully acted and historically interesting. Robert Donat plays the conscientious Pitt, Robert Morley his opponent, Phyllis Calvert the girl he loves and Raymond Lowell is George III. (June)

**YOUNGEST PROFESSION, THE**—M-G-M: Laugh and enjoy yourself over this story of autograph hounds, with Virginia Weidler, president of a fan club, seeking autographs at all costs. Edward Arnold plays her long-suffering father and the guest stars who are very neatly placed in the story are Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson, William Powell, Robert Taylor and Lana Turner. (May)

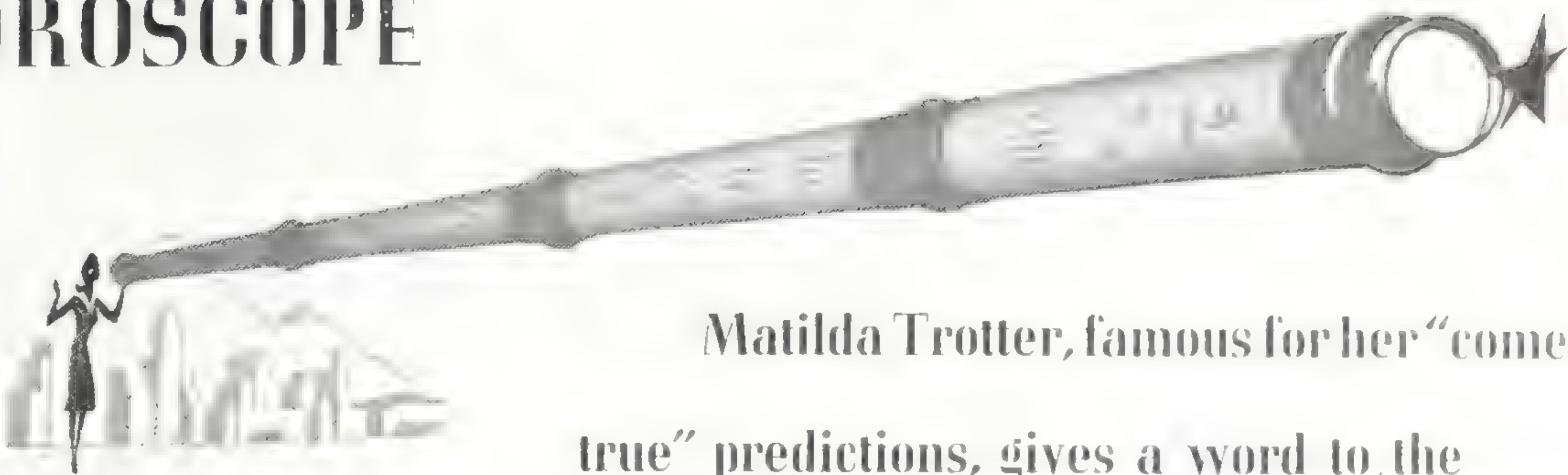


# HOLLYWOOD HOROSCOPE

FOR the month of July the stars say the greatest excitement in Hollywood will revolve around Judy Garland and Olivia de Havilland. However, in reading the following predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because full and exact information concerning the person's birth has not been available.

**Judy Garland:** It looks as though Judy will literally see stars in July, according to the aspects in her chart. Transit Saturn in opposition to the fiery Mars on the cusp of her house of marriage and the public, and to Uranus, which precipitates unexpected events, in her Midheaven, can bring a swift change in her marital status and in her relation to the public.

Transit Mercury conjuncting her natal Mercury, the insidious Neptune, and Venus, can start publicity rolling off the presses with stories concerning Judy's love life. While the transiting Neptune in her house of home unfriendly to the Moon in house of



Matilda Trotter, famous for her "come true" predictions, gives a word to the wise to Judy Garland and Livvie de Havilland

marriage, and the public, threatens her with financial loss through underhanded influences and with worry or anxiety over a loved one.

In "Hollywood Beware In 1942" I wrote "Judy may suffer loss through the opposite sex." The stars indicate that this influence, begun in 1942, reaches a climax in July, 1943.

Judy is a sincere and lovely person, idealistic and loyal to the point of sacrificing everything for those she loves. Be sure they are worthy, Judy.

**Olivia de Havilland**—Livvie was born with a retrograde Venus governing her love life. This accounts for the many disappointments Olivia has had.

In her house of self and personality, Olivia has five planets. This indicates fame and success, which Olivia has had. However, in Olivia's chart, Saturn, the planet of obstruction and

delay, stands between Venus (her love life) and the Moon (women in her life and the public), hence, the many obstacles which crop up in her romantic affairs, and the loss of the Academy Award (which she so richly deserved) to her sister Joan Fontaine.

July may bring Olivia sudden acclaim, or sudden publicity for her share of a collaboration on a play, movie script, or book. This could be the work of Olivia and John Huston—though I do not have John's birth-date.

Marriage for Olivia? Owing to the restraining influence of Saturn in transit through her 12th house of secret matters during July and for the balance of 1943, Olivia must exercise patience in her emotional life. Rebellion will only act as a boomerang.

Patience, Olivia. It will pay dividends in the long run.

*Irresistible*

... AS ALWAYS !

We dedicate to the WAVES...

IRRESISTIBLE *Pink Rose* LIPSTICK

Today, it's your duty to look lovely! In the service or on the home front, Irresistible Pink Rose, a luscious, crushed strawberry shade is doing its big bit for beauty! WHIP-TEXT through a secret process, Irresistible Lipsticks are easy to apply, non-drying, longer-lasting . . . especially important to today's woman of action. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

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*Whip-Text*

TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R! ★ A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME IS GOOD FOR THE EGO 10¢





# THE Shadow Stage

## Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Gay and glamorous: George Montgomery and Betty Grable in "Coney Island"

### ✓✓ Coney Island (Twentieth Century-Fox)

*It's About:* A singer who finds love and success.

HERE we go, folks, back to the heyday of Coney Island where we find Cesar Romero as the owner of a cafe, and Betty Grable his star entertainer. Enters George Montgomery, whom Romero has double-crossed out of his share of a former enterprise, so through a double-cross of his own, George becomes Romero's partner in the cafe.

Once in, over Betty's vociferous protests, George changes her style of singing and makes her such a success that William Hammerstein signs her to appear in his new revue.

Naturally both Cesar and George are in love with Betty, but the two men double-cross each other consistently before the final clinch.

It's a typical Twentieth Century-Fox Technicolor musical, which means that you'll find plenty of entertainment. Betty's routines are so good and the songs, especially "Take It From There," are tuneful and catchy. George Montgomery has picked up some of Clark Gable's mannerisms and voice intonations. We think they're more becoming to Gable. And, just for once, we'd like to see Cesar Romero get the girl.

*Your Reviewer Says:* Let's go to Coney Island.



Madcap fun: Joel McCrea and Jean Arthur in "The More The Merrier"

### ✓✓ The More The Merrier (Columbia)

*It's About:* Consequences of overcrowded conditions in our capital.

"MERRIER" is a comparative term, speaking grammatically. For our money only the superlative "merriest" should have been used to describe the hilarious antics of this delightful farce, a madcap caricature of present-day conditions in overcrowded Washington, D. C.

Jean Arthur, whose very voice tends to point comedy, is so very amusing as the stenographer who, prompted by patriotism, decides to rent out half her apartment. When Charles Coburn, "a well-to-do retired millionaire," insists upon moving in, things grow hectic. When Coburn rents half his room to Joel McCrea, without informing landlady Arthur, things go way beyond the hectic stage and end up in a riotous climax. Fun and fury get married and honeymoon all over the plot. And what an avenue of escape all this nonsense provides. Producers should take a hint from the obvious enjoyment of the preview audience and run, not walk, away from the heaviness of too many war pictures.

McCrea does his best work in a love scene with Jean that is a classic. Coburn, of course, is a scream. In his role as a comic he is a revelation and an old rascal. Richard Gaines, as Jean's prudish and toupee-adorned fiance, is outstanding. In fact, director George Stevens, who departed



Tutti-frutti fare: Lucille Ball and Red Skelton in "Du Barry Was A Lady"

for the Army after completing this film, leaves behind a fine testament to his marked ability.

*Your Reviewer Says:* The more of this kind the merrier.

### ✓✓ Du Barry Was A Lady (M-G-M)

*It's About:* The Technicolor nightmares of a hat-check boy.

PRETTY, pretty, pretty are the girls, the color, the music, the acting, the comedy. Practically all of M-G-M's funny people, including Red Skelton, Rags Ragland, Lucille Ball, Virginia O'Brien and newcomer Zero Mostel, gather to mix it up in high-class style and the result brought rounds of applause from the preview glimpsers.

Zero Mostel, in a comedy bit at the opening, is a riot that M-G-M should incite to further outbursts. His flexible pan and voice, plus his new brand of comedy, are precious as gold. And there should be no hoarding of Zero and his talents.

Lucille Ball, who looks so booful, is a night-club performer who consents to marry Red Skelton, the hat-check boy, when he wins a sweepstake fortune, leaving her true love Gene Kelly behind. Getting a Mickey Finn by mistake, Red goes into a nightmarish dream where he sees himself as King Louis XV and Lucille as Madame Du Barry, Kelly as a revolutionist and Ragland as the Dauphin.

(Continued on page 99)

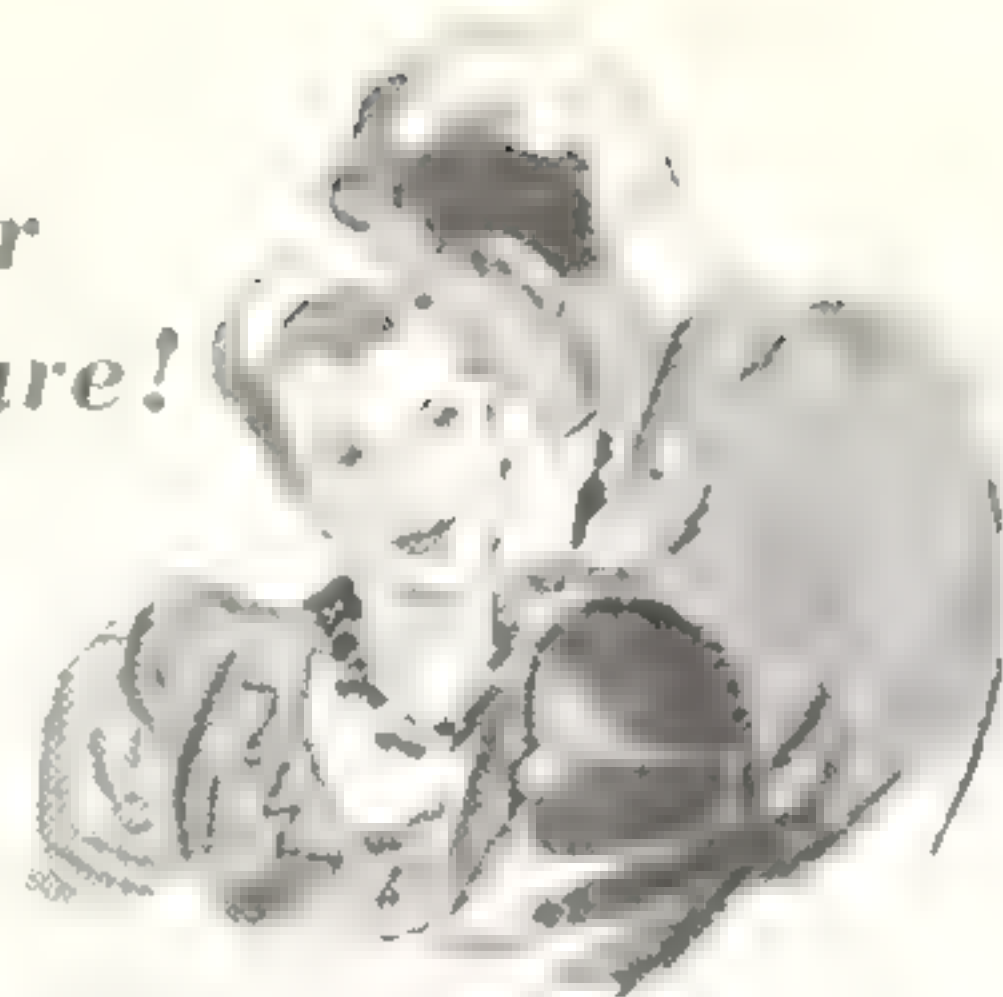
For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 103

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 107

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 18



The girl with bright and shining hair  
Can count on lots of beaux to spare!



No other shampoo

leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!\*



SMART FOR SUMMER! Cool, crisp low-necked washables with massive beads. And your shining hair (washed with Special Drene) brushed smoothly into a simple pompadour and up off the back of your neck!

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange.

MEN can't keep their eyes off you, when your hair has that lovely shining look that's glamour's first rule! So never lose this key to romance.

Don't let soaps or soap shampoos hide the lustrous beauty men adore!

INSTEAD USE SPECIAL DRENE! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to arrange . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

And remember, Special Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.

So for more alluring hair, insist on Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

\*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.



*Soap film  
dulls lustre—  
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap—by switching to Special Drene. It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Special Drene  
with  
Hair Conditioner



# Sure Fire for Sweet Romance



*your Luscious  
Lovely Face*

## *Wear your Alluring Alix-Styled Shade of the* **New Jergens Face Powder**



### **YOUR LOOK-ALIVE LOOK**

You need a new kind of beauty today—have that look-alive look or you lack allure. And the shades of the New Jergens Face Powder were styled by Alix, famous fashion designer and color genius, to give that gorgeous, young, *alive tone*. Her dresses made even plain women glorious. Her shade for you can make hearts spin with your fresh glamour!



### **YOUR VELVET-SKIN CHEEK**

Yes! That Dream-Boy in uniform will be yours for keeps when he sees your new complexion. Here's why: the texture of exquisite Jergens Powder is velvetized—by an exclusive process. Result—it makes your skin look smoother, finer, more flawless (it helps hide tiny skin faults). Wear your enticing Jergens shade today—see him stop, look and adore!



### **CHOOSE YOUR SHADE**

**Peach Bloom** (for fair or medium skin)—to give a colorful, dewy look. **Rachel** (for creamy-fair skin)—to give clear, striking glamour. **Naturelle** (for blonde-fair skin)—to give fragile, delicate beauty. **Brunette** (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give dramatic, radiant allure. **Dark Rachel** (for medium or dark-toned skin)—to give a tawny, vivacious look. **Big Boudoir Box \$1.00... Try-it sizes 25¢, 10¢.**





## Champagne and Bitters

**L**IKE any other mortals, editors taste both the champagne of happiness and the bitters of disappointment.

First, share your editors' happiness.

Reason one: Our pride in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR's readers who have bought thousands of dollars of War Bonds. In the May issue this page offered in cooperation with Warner Brothers an autographed star portrait to everyone buying a Bond. So many hundreds of you were anxious enough to buy your share of victory that it was necessary to triple the number of photographs and Bonds originally allotted the magazine.

Reason two: PHOTOPLAY's cover this month of Judy Garland, which is not only decorative, as Judy always is, but which is doing a special job for our government's fight to win the food war. As a Crop Corps girl, Judy is dramatizing our country's need for millions of women volunteers this summer who will go into the fields and harvest the golden crops that are as important ammunition for the Allies as are the shells that are produced in the factories.

Reason three: The first color picture of Air Cadet John Payne which PHOTOPLAY brings you with this issue. The same day John arrived in Hollywood on his motorcycle to share his short leave with friends, indefatigable Hymie Fink found him visiting at June Havoc's. John posed and the happy result: page 35.

Reason four: The message written especially for PHOTOPLAY from Joseph E. Davies, former Ambassador to Russia and author of "Mission To Moscow," the best seller which has been brought to the screen. It has been a matter of discussion whether in war time escapist magazines like PHOTOPLAY should take notice of the fact that we are fighting a war for our very existence as a nation and as human beings. We have proceeded on the theory that movie magazines as well as all other publications have inescapable responsibilities to their readers and their country. The message from Davies on pages 36 and 37 is not about stars or even about Hollywood, but it is about the struggle into which we are all plunged and so PHOTOPLAY has published it in the belief that it contains information of vital importance to us, a nation at war.

**N**OW share the editors' disappointments.

It had been our intention to give readers a natural color photograph of Lana Turner and Steve Crane, again husband and wife and knowing their first measure of joy together after months of emotional distress. The best PHOTOPLAY could do is the dramatic—and to the editors startling—black and white candid photo of Lana and Steve on page 4.

When Ann Sheridan first discovered Mexico with a vengeance, editorial minds began speculating and whispers of a love affair reached editorial ears. So PHOTOPLAY planned to tell its readers the exciting story of Ann's Mexican romance. But the whispers had been made up of the gossamer of rumor, of gossip without fact. If there was a romance, Ann had managed adroitly to keep it hidden from the sharp gaze of Hollywood's best reporters. PHOTOPLAY can report in certainty to you just one thing: there can be no question that Ann loves Mexico, its fire and color, its distaste for big business as practiced by Hollywood, its pre-occupation with pleasure, and that, if we were Ann's bosses, we would worry whether some day she might not travel to Mexico and never return.

"See Spencer Tracy and get a story from him," PHOTOPLAY told one of its most capable contributors, in the expectation of being able to report to you what Spencer Tracy is thinking, doing, hoping for; what his tastes, his likes and dislikes are in this year of 1943. The writer returned without a manuscript. "He told me just to go ahead and write whatever I wanted to, that I knew him as well as he did anyway. And then he left." The Tracy story PHOTOPLAY ordered hasn't been written yet. It will be, but the editors wanted it for you now.

So PHOTOPLAY goes to press with the hopes, the pleasures, the disappointments of its editors bound up in the ink, the paper, the type, and soon a completed magazine will go out on the news-stands that will show none of the emotional stress you have been warned about here.

*Fred Sammis*



# What you don't know about

Throw away all the old publicity you've read about Alan Ladd and Sue Carol. For here,

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



The one person whom Alan Ladd has admitted to his heart, and the person upon whom his career depends: His wife, Sue Carol

Background for happiness: Bing and Dixie Crosby's honeymoon house, now the home of the three Ladds

**P**ERSONALLY—and after investigation—I doubt if Alan Ladd is like anybody else in the world.

The first time I met him I must frankly admit I looked upon him chiefly as Sue Carol's husband, because I am very fond of Sue and hoped for her happiness. She had brought him down to my house at Malibu one Sunday and I remember only two things vividly. First, I thought—this man has physical grace beyond anyone I have seen since Nijinsky. That is the way man was intended to move, that kind of grace is almost hypnotic. And second, Sue is quite safe with this man; he is dangerous, he is violent,

but he has been badly hurt himself and so he will never want to hurt anyone else; he will be careful, no matter what his temper or his jealousy or his temptations, not to hurt anyone he loves because he knows what it is like—and that proves an emotional understanding rare in youth.

Most of the stories about Alan Ladd to date begin and end with his marriage to lovely little Sue Carol. You know that story well by this time. How Sue, as clever as she is pretty, became an actors' agent when she stopped acting in pictures, how she took a client named Alan Ladd who up to that time had been ridiculously and

awkwardly cast as a sweet and smiling juvenile, and, aware of his dangerous and dynamic power, shrewdly bid for and got him the part of the deadly, cold, pathetic killer in "This Gun For Hire" and then married him.

Now there's a new chapter in their small daughter Alana, born while her Daddy was in the Army, as so many babies are being born today, though in this case Alan was lucky enough to be by his wife's side when the baby came. And there's a nursery furnished in the pretty home up in the Los Feliz hills above Hollywood—the house where Bing and Dixie Crosby spent the first years of their married life.



# ALAN LADD'S MARRIAGE

at last, a great woman writer draws a true—and keenly realistic—marital picture



But behind that romantic facade is a story of struggle, of two young people who had known despair and disaster, unhappiness and poverty, a broken marriage apiece, failure and hopelessness.

Now that he has become a real movie star a lot of emphasis is laid upon Alan Ladd's nice disposition. I don't believe it for a moment. Nobody with the defiance that burns like a flame in every movement Alan Ladd makes has a "nice" disposition. Don't misunderstand me. I'm sure he loved his mother devotedly, is kind to animals and small children and loyal to his friends. But you do not develop

the wary grace of a panther, the tragic lost smile, the hot and questioning eyes and the brittle bitter humor which belong to Alan Ladd upon smooth and easy paths, or with a smooth and easy disposition.

Alan Ladd talks little about his early life. (He's not much of a talker anyway.) But at eight he was sweeping out grocery stores.

He has that intense adoration of his dead mother which speaks of a childhood in which he saw her go through hard times, saw her work to support her son, saw her again and again do without those things a boy wants his mother to have.

"She never punished me," Alan Ladd says, "she never had to—all she had to do was look at me. She was so fine herself that when she looked at me and I saw I wasn't up to what she wanted, it was about the worst punishment I could get. She was a very strong woman. I think she had the most beautiful speaking voice I ever heard. It had bells in it—I've heard that phrase often, but I never heard them really except in my mother's voice."

I wonder if he knows that his has, too. An echo perhaps, one of those echoes which keep on and make a mother live (*Continued on page 105*)



Mickey Rooney once gave Judy Garland a kiss on the cheek. That kiss still figures in her life

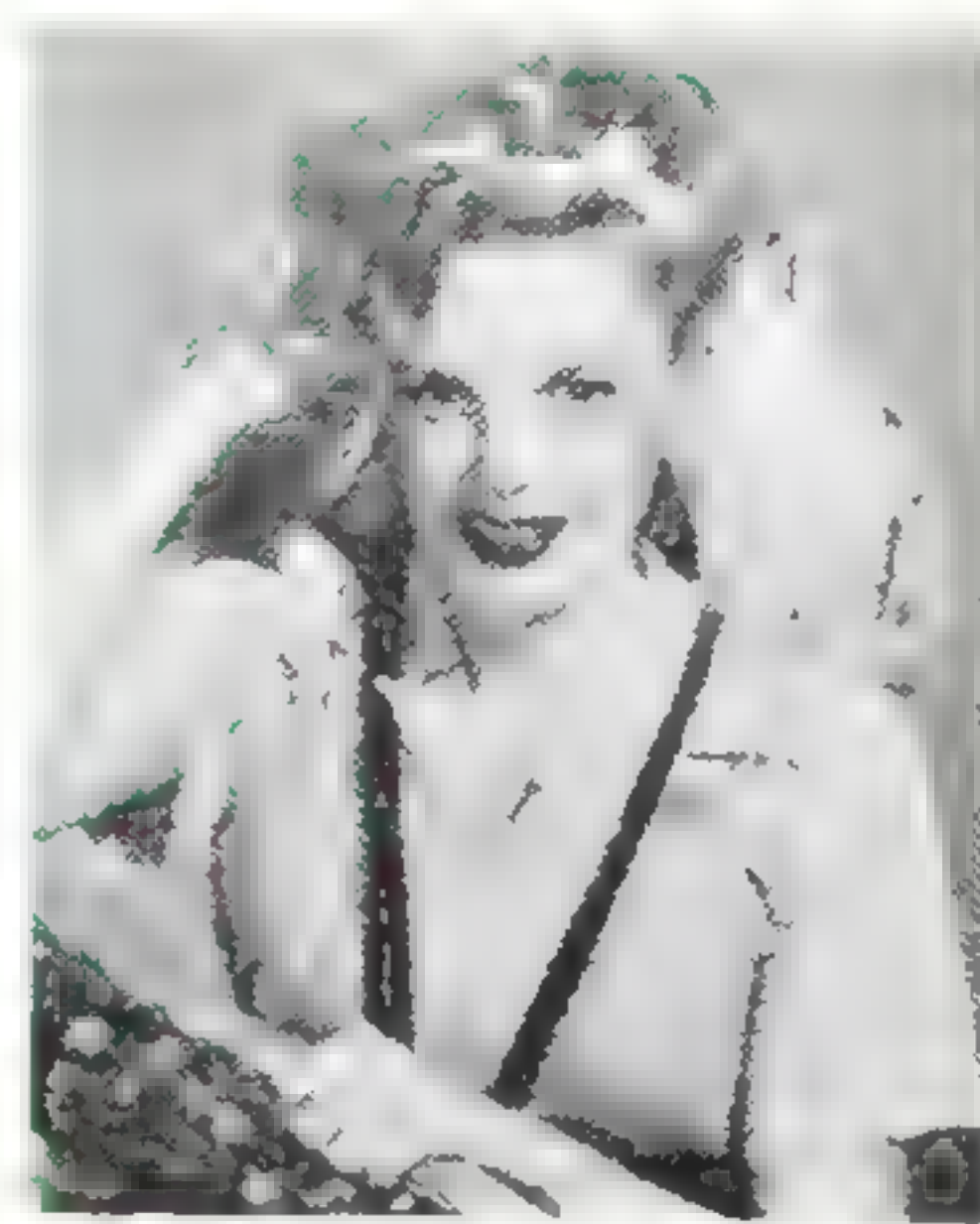


She rents her house from Mary Martin. In the back yard is a Victory Garden. She works in it herself

# JUDY— Victory Model



When she's not in a picture, she likes to cook and help with the dusting and sweeping



**F**RANCES ETHEL GUMM, renamed Garland by George Jessel after his drama-critic friend and screen-named Judy by herself after her favorite song, is five feet, two inches tall without her shoes, weighs 110 pounds, has dark brown eyes and red hair. She uses a touch of her favorite bath oil on each wrist instead of perfume.

She claims she is the most "thrown together" actress when it comes to fashion. She loves to make over hats and dresses. She adores frilly white collars and cuffs.

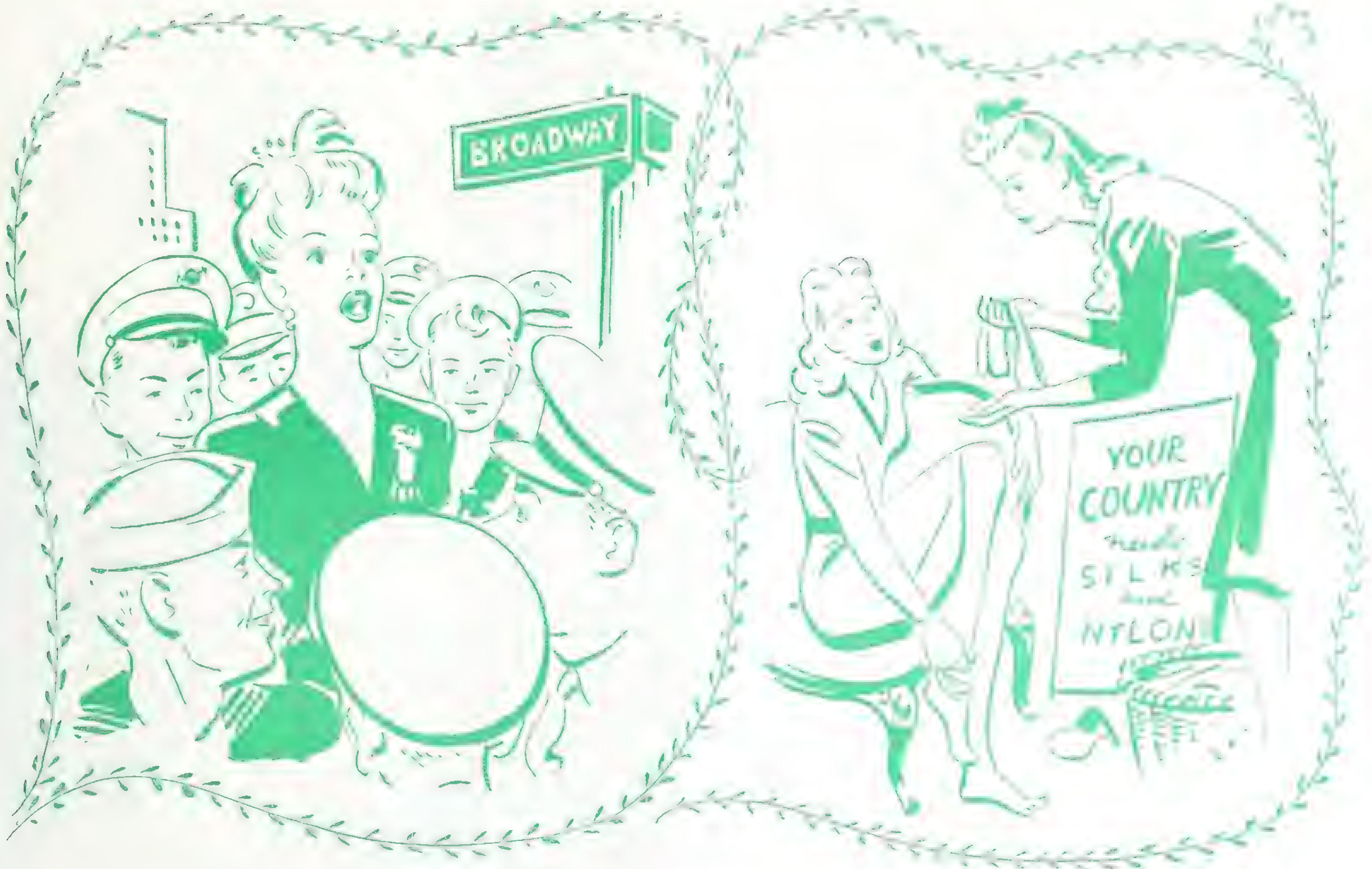
As Photoplay's cover star this month, Judy is the first girl to pose as a Crops Corps Volunteer, dramatizing America's need for millions of women to harvest our country's crops this summer.

It was while she was going to school at Lawlor's, in Hollywood, that a freckled-face boy was ushered into the classroom and given the seat next to her. The boy began tapping his foot and whistling softly. Then he took a comb from his pocket and proceeded to get his hair so tangled that he couldn't remove the comb. She reached over and unknotted the mess. Giving her a big grin, he stuck out his hand and said, "Thanks, my name is Mickey."

This was her first meeting with Mickey Rooney. She fell in love with him.

A few weeks later Mickey told her he was leaving school. He had just signed a contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and had to attend the studio school. She felt





She once gave an impromptu concert on a corner for "the boys." The aftermath was fun

An incident that happened during her "save silk stockings" crusade left her red-faced

Judy Garland, Cover Girl, a first to beat the Hollywood band: First as a Crop Corps Volunteer—and first in the hearts of America

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

DRAWINGS BY WALTER STEWART

miserable that he was leaving. "I'll call you tomorrow," he said. He never did. She didn't see him again until she was signed by the same studio.

She saw him while she was standing on the steps of the Metro schoolhouse. He grabbed both her hands in his, pulled her off the steps, said he was glad she was at the same studio, that they'd have plenty of fun together, and for her not to be upset because he knew she was going to be a success.

Then he gave her a kiss on the cheek and was on his way. That kiss has become sort of a symbol. She and Mickey never go into a first scene of a picture, or do a broadcast, or make a personal appearance without it.

**S**HE and Mickey, the "Babes," have come a long way since. They both have been married and are now waiting for their divorces to be final. She married Dave Rose, the musical arranger and conductor. It just wasn't a "take."

She now resides by herself in her favorite house in Beverly. The house is owned by Mary Martin and when Mary went to New York to do a show, she rented it immediately. The house is a one-story affair and there is a Victory Garden in the back of the house. She actually works in the garden herself.

She also likes to cook and help with the housework, the dusting and sweeping, when she is not working in a picture.

She is active in war work. She entertains at the Hollywood Canteen, does two or three radio transcriptions a week, to be mailed overseas, and is one of the favorites with the service men on the program. "Command Per-

formance," which is short-waved. She has also asked for permission to be sent across to entertain.

When she was in New York some months ago, she was walking along the streets with Vincent Minnelli and Roger Edens who helped her in her first audition at Metro. Despite the dimout the avenues were crowded, and there were many men in uniforms. It was late at night and she stopped on various street corners to sing songs for groups of soldiers and then continued on her way. She gave her last impromptu concert in Central Park and then started for the hotel where she was staying.

Outside the hotel, she, Edens and Minnelli noticed a lone soldier. She asked the soldier if he would like to come up to their suite, have some coffee and cake and kick around a couple of hours with some company. The lone soldier smiled and said, "Sure thing."

After the coffee and cake and some chatter, Roger Edens went to the piano and she started to sing songs. The soldier sat there listening, enjoying it very much. This went on until almost four in the morning, when the soldier said, "I guess I'll have to be going now. And thanks for a good time."

Vincent Minnelli took the soldier to the elevator and while they were waiting said, "You know who that was singing for you?" "All I know," answered the soldier, "is that she's a lovely girl."

"That was Judy Garland," said Minnelli.

"My goodness!" exclaimed the soldier. "She's my favorite actress." Then, as he stepped into the elevator, he said, "And I didn't even ask her for her autograph. Now when I tell the fellows at camp that I was with Judy Garland, they'll never believe me!" (Continued on page 89)



# "This is how it happened"

Linda Darnell gives a party - of - the - first - part account of Hollywood's surprise marriage of the month

BY LEON SURMELIAN

"SIX months before Pev proposed and we eloped I bought my white wool wedding suit," Linda Darnell said. "I was sure I was going to marry him. Actually during most of the four years Pev and I have known each other and particularly through the last eight months—when we saw each other practically every evening—I've known—in my heart—that we would marry one day. And Pev now admits he felt that way too."

Thus Linda, in her simple, forthright way, makes it clear that her marriage to Peverell Marley, previously a cameraman at Twentieth-Century-Fox, now a technical sergeant in the Army, and forty-two years old, was no spur-of-the-moment adventure but completely in keeping with the quiet, thoughtful conduct so characteristic of her.

"It was a war proposal," she went on. "On Friday night, April sixteenth, to be exact, Pev and I were at Annie Miller's house. 'Look,' he said, taking me aside. 'I have a three-day pass. Isn't that wonderful?' 'Very wonderful,' I agreed. 'What are you going to do with it?' 'Spend it with you, I guess,' he said. He kept grinning and dangling that precious slip of paper before me.

"We drove home through the hills. The night was very gay, somehow; so clear, with the sky glittering with stars, the moon low and bright, and my heart singing. When Pev proposed I wasn't even remotely shy. I accepted him right off.

"The minute we reached my apartment I telephoned Annie. 'We're going to be married Sunday,' I told her. 'Can you leave for Las Vegas with us tomorrow?' 'I'm working until four!' she wailed. 'We'll pick you up at the studio at four sharp!' I told her.

"We had to elope. A church wedding would have meant invitations



Linda and the man "I was sure I was going to marry": Pev Marley, ace cameraman, twenty-two years older than the little Fox star

for hundreds of people and all the Hollywood fanfare. Pev, who's English and very conservative and old-fashioned when it comes to the important things of life, wouldn't have liked that any more than I.

"After telephoning Annie we called the Apache Hotel at Las Vegas for reservations. They had none. 'Look!' I said, getting on the phone. 'I'm Linda Darnell. Ann Miller and I are doing a camp show. Our mothers will be with us. We must have two rooms!' I figured Annie and I had done so

many camp shows this one fib wouldn't count too much against me.

"There were four of us in the car the next day. Corporal Bill Heath, formerly a test director at Twentieth-Century, Annie, Pev and I. Bill was Pev's best man.

"It was after midnight when we pulled into Las Vegas, dog-tired. Immediately we walked into the lobby some soldiers grabbed our bags. The manager had told them we were doing a show. 'We'll be around for you in the morning—about ten o'clock,' they



Wedding setting: Bridesmaid Ann Miller in a blue wool suit with purple orchids; bridegroom Pev; bride Linda in a white wool suit with white orchids; best man Bill Heath



said. So we had to keep up the pretense.

"Eight o'clock Sunday morning, without even stopping for a cup of coffee, we started for the courthouse.

"I was so glad I had my white wool suit—bought optimistically so long before—with white plumes embroidered on my right shoulder and white plumes to catch my coat at the waist. I was so glad Annie had her beautiful blue wool suit with a big bunch of purple grapes on the left shoulder and another at the waist. Her orchids were purple. Mine were white.

"We were married at eleven. It wasn't just one of those bang-bang things. Judge Paul C. O'Malley took pains to make the ceremony memorable, both beautiful and solemn.

"Back at the hotel we had champagne to toast each other and all the years ahead. The soldiers came over to congratulate and forgive us. I called Harry Brand, at the studio, with my news. And later driving home across the desert, we heard Jimmie Fidler announcing our marriage over the air.

"Monday night—at Annie's house—we had a reception. Just close friends and family, no celebrities. It was wonderful, all of it, but just being married and waiting for Pev to come home and looking after our home and ordering dinner—well, *that's more wonderful!*"

**I**T WAS in the tiny house that Pev and Linda have rented in Beverly Hills that we talked to her. Watching her—tall, dark, slender with her warm Southern beauty, with her black hair, lustrous dark eyes and olive skin—we remembered the excitement she caused among the Hollywood men almost from the first day she arrived.

The wolves saw her first, of course. But they rapidly got nowhere. Mickey Rooney in the heyday of his single blessedness was very serious about her. When he returned from a goodwill tour to Mexico he brought her a rare bracelet while his mother—to whom he is devoted—got only a bottle of perfume. And since his marriage, following Ava's suit for divorce, Mickey has been said to be anxious to date Linda again. Also she and Kay Kyser were what columnists call "an item."

At the mention of these swains Linda smiled. "I went out with other men," she said, "so there wouldn't be too much talk about Pev and me. I've had a desperate crush on Pev ever since I gave up my romantic dreams of

a boy with whom I went to school back in Texas.

"It's never been a problem to me that Pev is so much older than I am. I've known so many marriages between people the same age that didn't work out. Besides, I definitely prefer an older man. I think a man of forty or even forty-five can be a lot of fun. If Pev were younger or if he acted younger we wouldn't have so much in common. I believe, above all, a girl should marry a man she can respect, a man who has some brains, a man who can protect her, teach her, guide her, help her not to make mistakes. A young man can't advise a girl, for he hasn't lived himself.

"Wasn't it," she asked, "Aristotle who advocated an age difference of twenty years or more between husband and wife? Wasn't it his idea that women grow old faster than men?"

There is twenty-two years difference in the ages of Pev Marley and Linda. Linda, not quite twenty, is the youngest feminine star in Hollywood playing adult romantic roles, which is understandable enough, for mentally Linda is ten years ahead of her years.

Being the breadwinner for her large family undoubtedly increased her maturity. So did her mother's old-fashioned supervision. It forced her to be individually strong and assert herself; even to the point of leaving the home she had bought for her family and setting up a bachelor girl apartment.

Any worrying Mrs. Darnell did about Linda after she was on her own was certainly wasted. When various people suggested to Linda that a "good girl" lacked the necessary emotional experience to make love scenes convincing Linda told them, "Listen, brother—I've never had a bad review!"

Linda's mania for knowledge and beauty has advanced her mentally. A voracious and discriminating reader she's long been enchanted by the

beauty of Kahlil Gibran's little book on Christ and had keen appreciation for Kipling's poems and stories. The latest issue of the Atlantic Monthly always is to be found on her bedside table. She talks intelligently on many subjects and carries stacks of phonograph records to the studio—Rimsky-Korsakov, Tschaikowsky, Beethoven—to play in her dressing room between takes.

That day, talking of Pev, Linda said, "He's always been the only man in Hollywood with whom I could let down my hair. I've known him ever since I came here. He photographed my first three pictures, 'Hotel For Women,' 'Daytime Wife' and 'Stardust.' I was very innocent in those days. I knew nothing about Hollywood and nothing about stardom. He advised me. He told me to stay normal, not to read my own publicity, not to lose my head.

"He was married when I first knew him. (He was married to Lina Basquette from whom he was later divorced.) His wife liked to give parties and I used to be invited over with the 'gang'—Tyrone Power and Annabella, the Brian Donlevys, Arlene Whelan, Alex D'Arcy and others.

"Pev's a fine host and a good conversationalist. I always liked to listen to him, even before I knew how important we would be to each other. I could learn so much from him. He didn't, for example, just tour Europe. He lived there when he was a photographer in the European studios."

Slowly her smile widened. "Our first date was a ball game at the Gilmore Stadium," she said. "After that we often went bowling, to the movies and now and then to a night club together. It was all fun. Things are fun—with Pev."

She looked around the little living room. "And now—although I still hardly can believe it—we're married, Pev and I. Which, I'm very sure, is as it was meant to be."

THE END



# New Love for Livvie

An impartial discussion  
of a question-mark romance  
that is causing under-  
cover whispers in Hollywood

BY JOHN BURTON

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is in love.

It's the kind of love that comes first—before anything else. Recently she turned down a good part at her studio. The reason she gave was honest and brave. The man she loves is leaving this country. He may be gone for a long, long time. Many things can happen to both of them during that period. Who knows when they may meet again?

Right now, to be together is important over everything else. Olivia wants to keep free—wants this time to be his time—their time. Every second of it. And so she stated simply that she'd rather not work. Hollywood movie moguls may declaim their disapproval, but lovers all over the world will understand—including lovers in Hollywood.

But even in Hollywood there is a sharp division of thought. The more cynical say, "Wait and see! She's riding for a fall. She's gambling her life and her career on a romance, the outcome of which is about as clear as the next presidential election." While the gentler of heart say, "Ah, but this time it's true love for Livvie. None of your headlong, headstrong infatuations, but the real thing."

But what has actually happened to the dark-eyed star with the music in her voice, few are in a position to know. She hasn't poured out her heart into eager and waiting ears. Nor has she made a confidante of her wardrobe woman, stand-in and hairdresser.

On the other hand, the girl who was once so shy and reserved has made no notable attempt to clothe in secrecy this latest and greatest love. "My beau," is how she frankly refers to Captain John Huston of the U. S. Army, brilliant young director and son of Walter Huston. Radiantly she moves in Hollywood circles at his side. Together they were photographed at the Academy Award dinner. Together



A "before induction" picture of Olivia de Havilland and "my beau," now Capt. John Huston, director-son of Walter Huston

they paid their respects to the magnificent Madame Chiang Kai-shek at the reception given in her honor. Friends, such as Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth, entertain them together. Whenever young Huston is on leave they dine publicly at The Players. Surely these are not the accoutrements of a clandestine love affair.

Then what is the curious quality of this new love which leaves its stamp of happiness upon her for all the world to see yet seals her lips against acknowledging the measure of her joy? And what is there about it that should so vastly interest Hollywood?

AFTER all, Olivia has had romantic associations before. As far back as she can remember she has been falling in and out of love and welcoming the experience each time. There were Jimmy Stewart, George Brent, Gene Markey. There were millionaire socialite Jock Whitney and millionaire producer Howard Hughes. There were dozens of dates with Franchot Tone, Burgess Meredith, Lew Ayres, Anatol

Litvak, Roger Pryor—to name a few. So why should Hollywood suddenly sit up and take special note?

To answer this, we must go back a little way.

It was the opening night of Max Reinhardt's production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," in the natural setting of the Hollywood Bowl. Down the hills charged a young girl—hair flying—eyes gleaming out like stars—voice caressing as velvet. The year was 1934, the girl, Olivia de Havilland. Never before, or since for that matter, has anything (Continued on page 74)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S  
COLOR PORTRAIT GALLERIES



John Payne



John Payne, late of Hollywood, now of the U. S. Army Air Corps



# WHY

# WE MUST

BY JOSEPH E. DAVIES

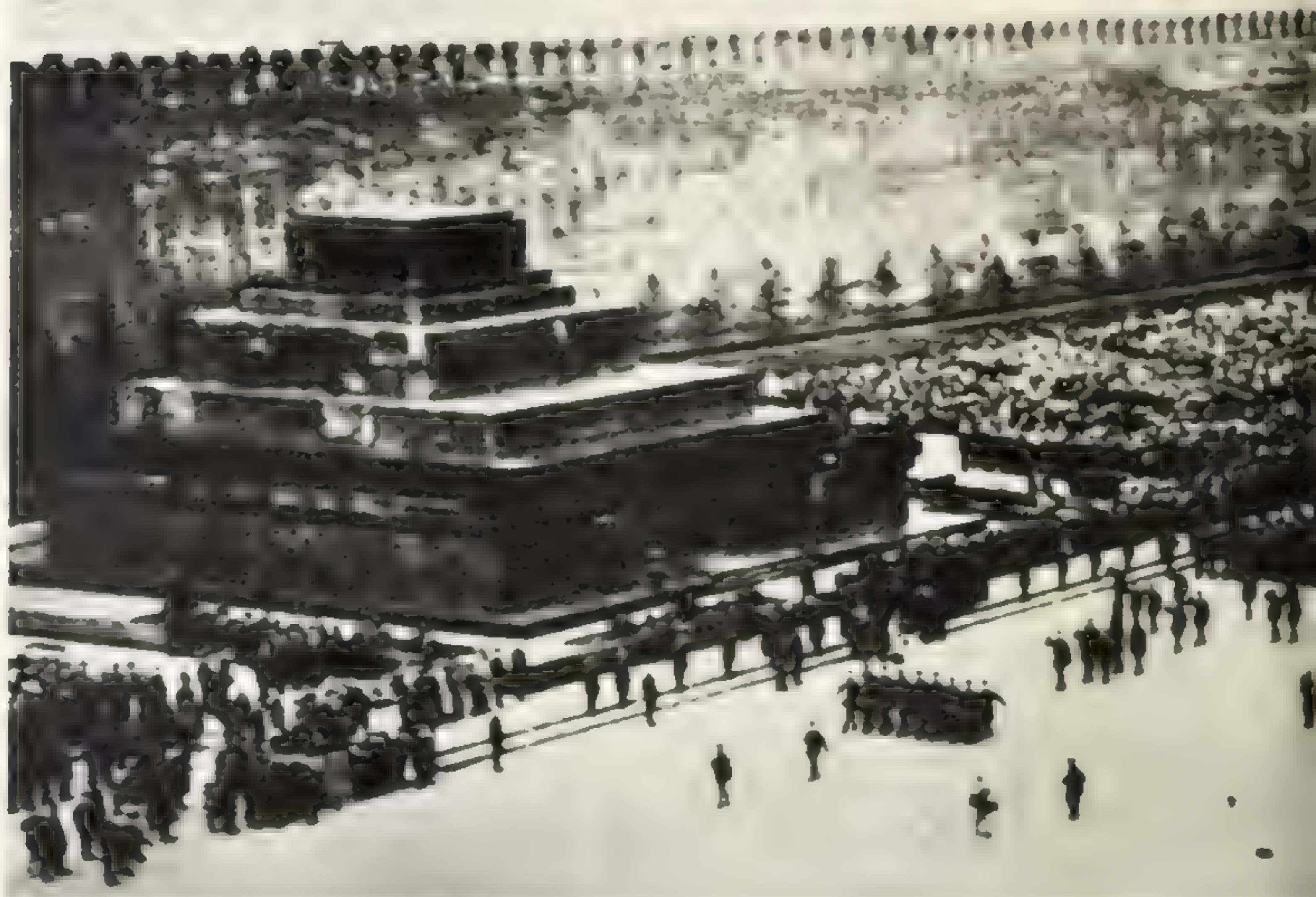
JOSEPH E. DAVIES



Two famous figures of "Mission To Moscow": Stalin, played in the film by Manart Kippen, and Churchill, Dudley Field Malone



Below: The scene that will stir film audiences all over America, the screen version of the sensational Soviet "purge" trials



NATIONS often have a good deal of trouble understanding one another; and this is sometimes truest of countries whose most vital interests would benefit immeasurably by such an understanding.

For example, the British and ourselves have a thousand things in common, but we all know what the man meant who said that they and we are two nations divided by a common language. Now the stress of events and the compulsion of mutual interests are bringing us closer together, and it is hoped and believed that mutual understanding will grow as never before.

I also hope and believe that the same stress and compulsion will cause us to know better, and to understand more clearly, our Russian allies who have made so tremendous a contribution to the battle for freedom and the future against the forces of barbarism.

It was in that belief, and in the hope that I might lend some slight aid toward that end, that I wrote "Mission To Moscow," the story of my ambassadorship to the Soviet Union. The book has been translated into nine languages and published in fourteen countries; and now that it has been made into a motion picture by Warner Brothers, I am happy to know that its message will be carried throughout this and other lands.

For I am convinced that the message is needed, and urgently. Russia is no longer far away; the airplane has seen to that. She is our ally and our neighbor, and in the present crisis we cannot afford to live by myths and misconceptions.

As a book and as a picture, "Mission To Moscow" is a one-hundred-percent American proposition. I think the essence of its message is summed up in a passage from one of my confidential reports to Secretary of State Cordell Hull:

"The resources of Russia, strategic and necessary in time of war, complement and supply the lack of those existing in the United States.



# UNDERSTAND RUSSIA!

What former Ambassador Davies has written here for Photoplay readers is, in its way, as momentous as his book "Mission To Moscow" which is now the hit picture of the month

"There are no conflicts of physical interests between the United States and the U.S.S.R. There is nothing that either has which is desired by, or could be taken by, the other."

Readers of my book have found authentic and detailed documentation for that contention. The millions of Americans who will see "Mission To Moscow" on the screen will be the spectators of a vividly presented chapter of modern history whose events have affected and will continue to affect the lives of all of us.

NOW what is it that Americans, in their own interests, should know about Russia today? Principally, I think, that Russians are human beings—which they most certainly are. They are not bogey-men; they are not walking embodiments of this or that form of ideology. As a matter of fact, they have many surprising points of resemblance to Americans—even though their alphabet looks so different.

A young nation—like ourselves; a people embracing many racial stocks—as we do; a union of constituent republics, as we are a union of states; a land of agriculture and mineral wealth; a community that has already demonstrated a technical ability largely inspired by our example and trained by our men and methods—these are some of the things Americans should bear in mind regarding the gallant Russian people who are doing so much for the common cause.

Ideologies come and go. The official doctrine of Soviet Russia is Communism—which has been drastically modified for reasons of practicality, or what we like to think of in ourselves as good American horse sense. We have our own different way of living, which we think is better. Undoubtedly both nations will influence each other in the years to come, but, as an American democrat and believer in free enterprise, I have no misgivings as to which way the balance will tilt.

Meanwhile, our allies must be, and must remain, our friends.



"Ambassador Davies" of the Warners film, as played by Walter Huston

The Ambassador and his wife sail for the "Mission To Moscow." Mrs. Davies is played by Ann Harding



Below: Four high-light characters: Helmut Dantine, a Russian officer; Maria Palmer, Litvinoff's daughter; Eleanor Parker, Davies' daughter; Richard Travis, Davies' son-in-law







*Esther  
Williams*



*Lynn  
Bari*





*Evelyn Keyes*

Evelyn Keyes of "Officers' Candidate School" . . .



*Jean Parker*

Jean Parker of "High Explosive"



# LIFE OF AN AUTOGRAPH HOUND

You'll be chuckling faster than you can say Virginia Weidler over this sneak preview of a young lady whose case has been pronounced hopeless!

BY  
LILLIAN DAY



An autograph hound in real life, Virginia now gives screen life in her latest film, "The Youngest Profession," to the popular Photoplay series created by author Day

*Virginia Weidler*  
*Pauline Russell*  
*Blair Hable*  
*Pauline Russell*  
*Pauline Russell*



anna Weidler (later) Ladd



The goat was the pet of Virginia in this era; Virginia was the pet of Paramount



Autograph hound at home: Virginia, her brothers Walt and George and her mother



Right: A sample of how author Day took Photoplay readers by storm way back in 1938

**A**T FIFTEEN, Virginia Weidler hasn't a scandal or a divorce to her credit. She has led an exemplary life, sheltered by spotlights. A year ago I had a sneak-preview of the young lady John Barrymore called "the best actress in Hollywood." She was just graduating from the brat stage and in her pigtails and brown jumper she looked as if I had had her in mind when writing "The Youngest Profession." The book, which ran in Photoplay, had been bought the year before for Judy Garland who grew up and got married before the script was ready. Kathryn Grayson did likewise. Then some bright mind selected Virginia for the leading femme role and we met in the producer's office. We made small talk. I am always shy before strange children. I asked her what she enjoyed most and she said solemnly, "I'm a jitterbug."

I autographed a copy of the book for her and asked her please not to grow up and get married before she made the picture. Her face broke into a smile, not toothy or crinkly . . . just heart-warming. A few days later she had read the book and took the trouble to come to my office and tell me what she thought of it.

During the next few months we met now and then in the commissary at lunch. Virginia seemed reluctant to talk about herself, though she an-

swered questions politely and honestly. It was from her mother and other people who knew her that I was able to piece out the pattern of her past.

Virginia was banished from the lot in disgrace when she flatly refused to disrobe as the script demanded. It was in the production of "Moby Dick" and she was two at the time. She made her exit in the arms of her mother, kicking and screaming. Mamma had been a Wagnerian soprano and was equal to any emergency. Virginia was retired from the profession for two years, during which time she grew.

At four she played legit with Francis Lederer in "Autumn Crocus."

It wasn't until her fifth year that she got back into the cinematic field, and then only by a lucky accident. She was visiting an older brother who was playing on the RKO lot. A French child, who was to perform the role of Constance Bennett's niece in "After Tonight," missed the bus or something and the director tore his hair as the minutes rolled on at union wages. Then his eye fell on Virginia, who happened to be the approximate size and shape. He asked her mother if she parleyed français. Happens she did. In half an hour she had learned the role. When the poor little French girl arrived, she found herself *dans le potage*, which is a bad place to be if you can't swim, and we hope it was a lesson to her

always thereafter to take a taxi.

Virginia's first big break was with Norman Taurog in "Mrs. Wiggs Of The Cabbage Patch," and she has been in constant demand ever since. Everyone in Hollywood has been watching her development. Katharine Hepburn remarked, when they were making "The Philadelphia Story": "We'd better all pay more attention to Virginia and her yo-yo." Clark Gable said: "That kid could steal a scene from Tracy, looking him straight in the eye." That must have given Virginia quite a kick, as she is an ardent Gable fan. Recently when he returned to M-G-M while on a leave, looking very handsome in his uniform, she asked him for his autograph. She now has it framed in her room.

It is even rumored that she ran away with some of Mickey Rooney's scenes in "Out West With The Hardys," and they had to be cut.

**|** TRACED her life back to the early days at Paramount. There were several hoary veterans on that lot who remembered her and some old hags of sixteen or seventeen who had even played with her. She had spent most of the time between work at the research library, reading a great miscellany. She collected stamps and newspaper clippings and liked other kids. She never (Continued on page 96)

Norman Taurog





*Lucille Ball*

Star-bright wives by Hymie Fink: Mrs. Desi Arnaz, Lucille Ball of M-G-M's "DuBarry Was A Lady" . . .





*Barbara Stanwyck*

... and Mrs. Robert Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck of Universal's "For All We Know"



# What Loneliness



Brenda, star of "Background To Danger," proudly displays her lieutenant-husband, Bill Holden, in a brief moment of furlough fun



**W**HEN Bill left for camp I felt I couldn't go on without him. I was too bewildered, too hurt by all these sudden changes in our plans to even think straight. I tried to keep up outwardly, but inwardly I was a wreck. I'm glad I managed to send my husband away with a smile, but when I returned home after driving him to the station that awful day and entered this silent house, I went to pieces. I wasn't a bit brave.

Then slowly in the quiet, I could see Bill, and I remembered how gallantly he was making his sacrifices—without a single squawk. I was rebuked. I still had so many things to be grateful for, yet here I was, acting like a weepy Eighteenth Century heroine, instead of a working girl with a job to do, and a home to keep up. For *him*, when he returns.

Suddenly, I realized that girls and women all over the world were facing

this very same problem. I was no different from the rest. We may live in different lands, but broken home ties, love and loneliness are the same in every language. And each of us carries the inspiring memory of her man going out to fight the enemy so he may retain his freedom, his family and his home.

I've always been shy and diffident, slow in making friends, but now I was swept with a warm understanding and sympathy for all wives wherever they might be. War had made us sisters, sharing the same heartaches, struggling to learn a new way of living, and trying to fit ourselves into a strange world without the protection, companionship, and devotion of the man we love.

I have received many letters from the wives and sweethearts of men in the armed forces. Most of them say, "You are much luckier than we are. You are an actress, your life is full of excitement, things are happening all

the time. You have the opportunity to turn to many new interests and meet many people. But what about us? When our men go away there is nothing left but loneliness. We have nothing to turn to."

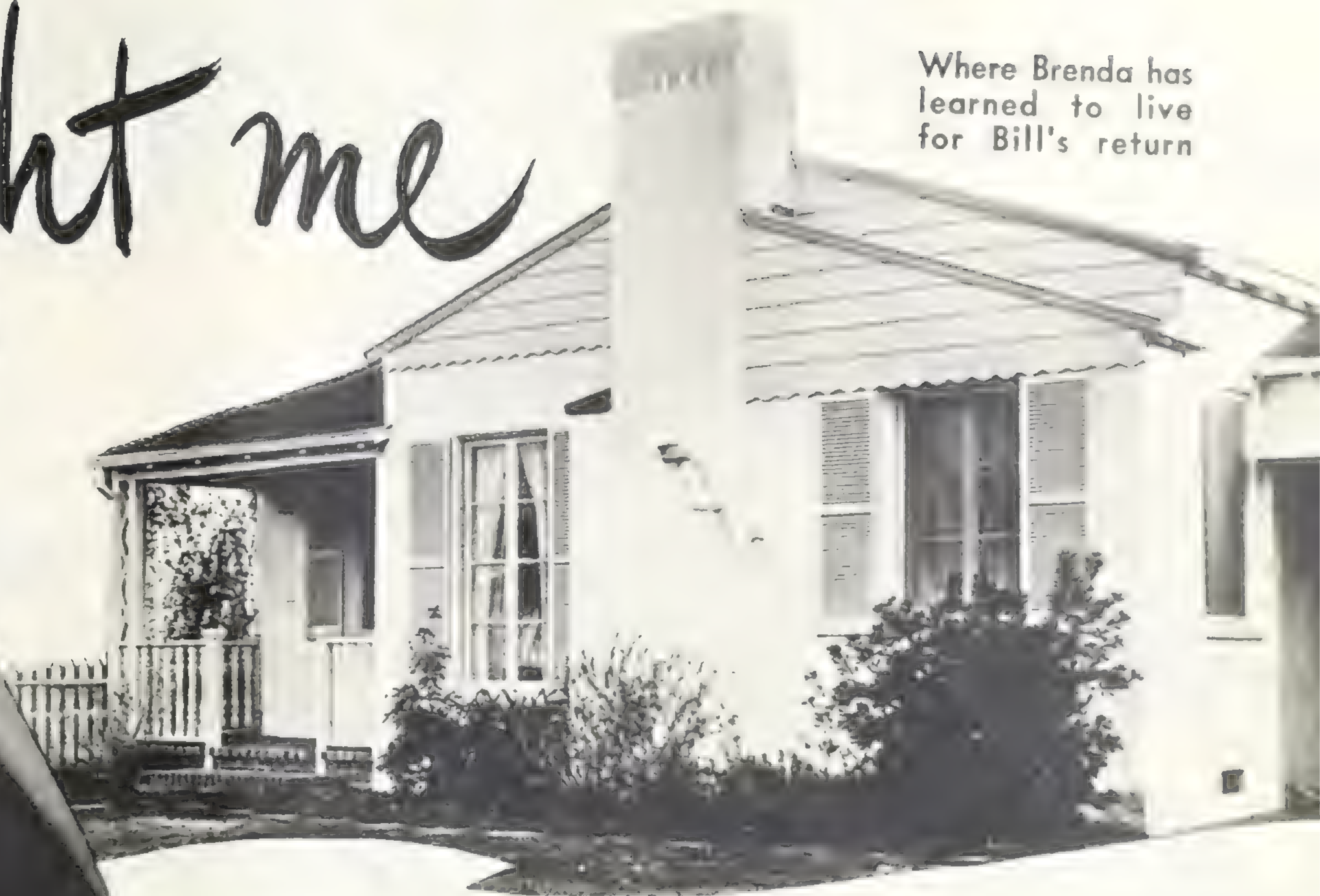
I've tried to answer as many of these letters as possible and now, through the pages of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, I hope to reach many more. Yes, it is true that an actress does have a colorful life. She meets interesting people, her life is full of novelty and change. But remember this: every woman in love, regardless of her walk in life, must meet the same challenge. And an actress is just as lonely when the man she adores is taken from her as any other wife.

At first my loneliness was overwhelming; it swept over me like a hurricane. Then gradually, as adjustment after adjustment was made, the realization came to me one day that



# has taught me

Where Brenda has  
learned to live  
for Bill's return



Borrow from the new-found courage of  
one woman who sent her man to  
war and learned to live without him

BY

Brenda Marshall

as told to Maude Cheatham

out of my loneliness I was learning many wonderful things. At the risk of sounding too philosophical and complacent, I want to say that I think what we are learning through our very loneliness will serve us well the remainder of our lives. I know I am stronger, more self-reliant, and have gained new perspectives.

Memories—warm, living memories—have taught me so much. Our little secret anniversaries take on a new significance now. Bill's spontaneous compliments and endearing phrases, which I so love; our arguments—oh, we have them but they never reach the torrid stage. And Bill insists that we show the height of our congeniality by always agreeing on radio programs.

We are completely happy together and this home is our haven. It is the first real home I ever had. It also offers a place of security for my four-year-old daughter, Virginia. Bill used

to say, "We must establish a *steady* home, something substantial that will endure. Living is the greatest of all adventures and we must enjoy it to the fullest." And so, in some intangible way, he put *himself* into everything that built this home.

I always side-stepped responsibilities when possible, and disliked small details, but since Bill left I have taken on many of his duties. I think and decide for us both. Not only must I manage the home, but also qualify as a country gentleman, for we have four acres and these require much attention. I've put everything on a cash basis to simplify the bookkeeping. I keep a pad on my night table under the alarm clock and during the wakeful hours when these multiplied responsibilities pile up like an ogre threatening me, I jot down reminders. Such as: See that the garden is watered on both sides, check on the garage

latch, phone the plumber about that leak, see that the car is greased. There's always a long list.

In addition to all this, I have my daughter to rear, and a career that now more than ever must bear fruit. So, with more duties and responsibilities, I have less and less time to fret. Which is good. There's no formula for banishing the blues like keeping busy. It turns one from exaggerating what seems to be individual problems, when, after all, these very same experiences are being shared the world over.

When Bill left, the true value of genuine friendship came to me. Mona and Richard Carlson, the John Beals, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz urged me to go about with them instead of moping at home. They were darlings, doing everything to make it easier, but somehow I couldn't go on with it. Surrounded by a crowd I seemed to be more (Continued on page 98)





Brian Donlevy



# Tell me a love story

"The Romance of Bewildered Brian and Willful Marjorie"

is what their best friends call it. And there's a baby and a headwaiter, just to make it more delightfully confusing



Brian says he'll get the baby a cow. Marjorie says indeed! Wee Judith Ann maintains a dignified silence

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

her, on tungsten mines for scientific interest and on motorcycles for fun, not to mention generous contributions to Uncle Sam. Marjorie likes to sit up late at night over bridge, and does; Brian likes to go to bed at ten, and does. She likes an orchestra table at a night club; he prefers not to enter a night club at all. She likes to stay cosily at home on week ends; he likes to go on long dirty jaunts into the mining country, dressed in blue jeans and wreathed in tobacco smoke. He likes to boast of his writing efforts to his friends—and she likes to squelch him by saying that as a writer he's

a remarkable plumber. And what does all this discord add up to? The most harmonious marriage west of the Rockies!

The Friendly Five's favorite story on the contrary Donlevys occurred when they had been married about a year. Marjorie abruptly decided they lived in far too big a house. She immediately located a smaller one, and moved into it. However, she made all these decisions while her ever-loving husband was away on a six weeks' location trip with "Billy The Kid." Only she forgot to notify him of her activities in his absence.

So when he came back from location late one evening and drove humming happily to the home he'd left behind him, he found it bleak, dark and deserted. Naturally he rushed frantically to the nearest drugstore and dialed his old number. Marjorie's familiar voice answered.

"Where," he roared angrily, "have you gone to? Where are we living now?"

"Oh," said she apologetically, "did I forget to let you know? We've moved to a more practical place for us. You'll love it. Come right over." She hung up.

Counting ten, Mr. Donlevy rang the number again. "And just what," said he frigidly, "is our new address? Or would you rather have me guess?"

Mrs. Donlevy obligingly gave it to him and Brian started out. He found his new home in Brentwood, about fifteen miles from their former twenty-room love nest. This one was about eight rooms, he decided, as he felt his way up to the front door. It seemed to be brick, (Continued on page 78)

THIS is a love story. It is *still* a love story, even though the hero and heroine have been married seven years now and just became the parents of their first child. Only five people have known this story until now—four of them being Robert Preston, William Holden, Lloyd Nolan and George Tobias, because they're the couple's best friends. The fifth is a headwaiter . . . and without him the story would never have happened at all!

These five call it "The Romance of Bewildered Brian and Willful Marjorie"—which refers to Mr. and Mrs. Brian Donlevy—and they like to tell it to anyone who enjoys a gay and jaunty love story which happens to be true. So we thought we'd tell it to you.

Their marriage is what you might expect when two people of completely opposite types fall in love. Confusing is an excellent word for it. Now, take the new baby, for instance—whose godfather is that headwaiter! Bewildered Brian didn't want the baby at all in the beginning. But Willful Marjorie did—and you can see what happened. Now, of course, they argue over who loves their offspring the most, which doesn't surprise the five friends in the least. By this time they know that the Donlevy pair never agree on anything at all—and as a result are the happiest couple in Hollywood!

Just to cite a few disagreements: Marjorie is simple in her tastes, practical and thrifty. Brian tosses money around like wastepaper—on collections of flasks and beer mugs for himself, on lovely negligees and fur coats for





# THESE LIVES

No woman who is true to herself will be able to read this  
and not be stirred to action

BY *Juan Crawford*

**A** FEW months ago I read a newspaper story which shocked me into an entirely new concept of the war.

More than that—it gave me a specific idea for something I could do to help win not only the war, as we are wise enough to stipulate this time, but the peace as well.

The story was a casualty list, although it was not called that. It told about the army of little children, infants and pre-school children for the most part, who are being left without care while their mothers work.

Their mothers are turning out tanks and planes and guns for our fighting men. Their neglected babies, it was obvious at once to me, are just as much casualties of the war as are their fathers and brothers and friends fighting and dying in North Africa, or New Guinea, or Guadalcanal.

The statistics in that newspaper story turned my blood cold:

Nineteen babies locked in automobiles on one day in a parking lot outside a defense plant while their mothers worked!

Children barely old enough to walk roaming the streets with cards carrying their names and addresses and the keys to their homes tied around their necks.

Individual cases were worse:

Nine-months-old Mary Jean Clairmont *murdered* in Seattle by a woman who had advertised her "foster home" while her mother searched for a home for her family in that tragically overcrowded city.

Twenty-one-month-old Larry Herbst, of Los Angeles, lost, feared drowned, when he wandered away from the house while his mother slept. That mother had worked the "graveyard" shift in a defense plant so that she could be near her child in the daytime.



Phil Terry, the wife he is proud of,  
and the sign that today makes her a  
marked woman in a magnificent way

But even mothers with small children have to sleep sometime.

I read about those children with horror, mixed with an increasing sense of personal responsibility. I knew as I read that my conscience would never let me rest until I had tried to do something to remedy the situation.

Kids are my weakness anyway. Phil and I have a little girl and now a little boy of our own.

"What," I thought, "if it were our three-year-old Christina or our year-old Phil locked out there in an airtight automobile sobbing with fear for hours while no one came?"

"But Christina and Phil are upstairs in their gay, safe nursery," my brain reassured me. "Their mother and father are here, wanting nothing better

than to play with them when they ask, help them when they need it; and the cheerful reliable girl who is their nurse looks after them constantly, seeing to it that they are fed good, simple food, that they sleep when they should, that they are warm and comfortable and secure.

"Christina and Phil are not war casualties, thank God," I thought.

**B**UT those other babies tortured me. I couldn't wipe out the picture of frightened children just because our own were safe and well.

"Why doesn't somebody do something about it?" I thought angrily. But my conscience wouldn't let it go at that.

"Why don't *you* do something about it?" it insisted.

Because of my interest in day nurseries, the American Women's Voluntary Services organized a nursery school project and I shall be eternally grateful for their help. At the present time, we have four thoroughly trained women who report as faithfully for work in

this first nursery school as though they were being paid kindergarten teachers' salaries.

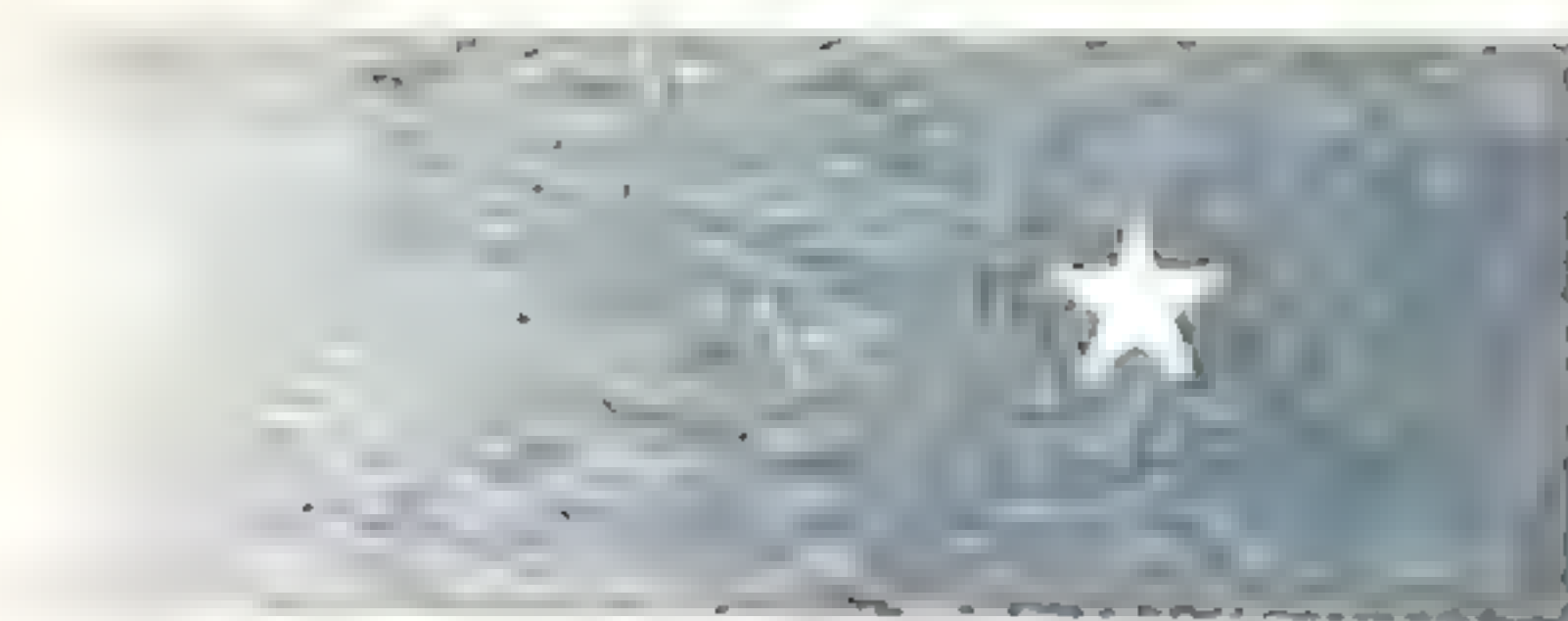
That is how it happened that on Thanksgiving Day, 1942, the A.W.V.S. opened a day nursery for the children of women who must work.

I had been casting about for a war job for some time—a serious, *important* piece of work that a woman of my particular background and experience could do to help the war effort. My conscience told me I had to work or fight in this war, if I wanted to continue living with myself.

Oh, I suppose I had done as much as many people from the day of Pearl Harbor. I bought War Bonds, of course. Why not? They're the safest investment in the world. Buying Bonds, like



# ARE AT STAKE!



A happy project, the result of an experience with horror in Joan Crawford's past



paying the highest taxes in our history, is one of the prices we pay for the privilege of living in the greatest, freest democracy in the world. The price is high, but the product is tops.

There is no dearth of opportunities for war work in Hollywood, as you know. But my conscience wouldn't let me call dancing with the soldiers at the Hollywood Canteen work. That's fun! And for an actress there is no more heart-warming, reassuring experience in the world than to feel the friendliness of the boys when they crowd around to ask for a dance, or an autograph, or just for one good look.

When I set out to found my nursery school, I acted not as a motion-picture star, but just as a mother who knew of the needs of other mothers. That is

why it worked, for me. And that is why it will work for *you*, if you agree that our children, the citizens of the future, are our most sacred responsibility in wartime and that you want to do something about it.

Here is what I did about it, step by step:

The first job was to find a house. It had to be big enough to provide play space and sleeping space, and suitable dining rooms and kitchen facilities for about fifty children and a staff of ten.

It had to be accessible, in case of emergency, to hospitals, police and fire stations and the area must be zoned for a nursery school. It had to be close to a large defense plant, so that mothers could reach it easily, but not so close that it would be in danger in case of a

bombing. A big airplane factory, of course, is a No. 1 military objective in an air attack.

We looked for weeks before we found our house. There aren't many houses that big, in a limited area, for one thing, and then we met with unexpected resistance from a lot of home owners who were afraid to turn their fine houses over to a pack of kids. They knew that any house full of children takes a lot of punishment. A big family was one thing. But fifty kids! Whew! And we couldn't blame them.

At last we found just the size house we wanted, with a big side yard which had to be weeded and cleaned, and a big living room for play space, a large dining room and kitchen, and sufficient sleeping space (Continued on page 76)



# YOUNG MARINER



**M**AYBE it was the war, or maybe it was the heat. But one night last summer eighteen hundred movie fans brushed aside Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Nancy Coleman to shoot the works on a lad whose name they had never heard.

Who, they all wanted to know as they milled out of the neighborhood theater where the preview of "The Gay Sisters" had been "sneaked," was that devastating young fellow who was like a combination of Clark Gable, Tyrone Power and John Carroll?

But nobody knew his name.

Then how could they tell about him on the comment cards they had been given to fill out?

Movie-goers are too resourceful to be stumped by a little thing like a name. Their lad had played the part of *Gig Young*, the young artist in the picture. So they wrote:

"We liked Gig Young best."

The men around the big table on which about fourteen hundred comment cards were sorted looked blankly from one to the other. This posed a pretty problem. When they had cast their young contract player, Byron Barr, for the role of *Gig Young*, they had changed Byron's name to Bryant Fleming—because they thought his own name sounded too theatrical.

Now, what to do? Very little publicity had gone out on Bryant Fleming outside of an announcement story that he was playing the young artist. Byron Barr was already dead. Bryant Fleming had hardly begun to live. But everyone was conscious of *Gig Young*. So why not let the name stick?

Then and there all agreed that it was an excellent idea. *Gig Young* had actually come to life! Now all they had to do was let him in on it. In the meantime—

**T**ALL, curly-haired, good-looking, twenty-four-year-old Byron Barr stepped out of the make-up department at Warner Brothers studio and crossed the small patch of lawn to the tiny fountain. He pulled a scrap of bread from his pocket, broke it into crumbs and tossed it into the water. He didn't like to think of even goldfish being hungry.

Then he started for the test stage. Once again he had drawn the old assignment of playing opposite players taking tests—the work-horse job of pictures, the grind into which a studio throws the grist that's not important.

But he felt swell, anyhow. For the



The nautical but nice account of Gig Young who proved his stars on land and now carries them to sea

## BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

past three months he'd been getting all the food and sleep he needed. Which was something. And pretty soon he'd be able to buy a car with a starter.

As he walked along he noticed an important-looking individual on the other side of the studio street keeping step with him—apparently studying him. He straightened his shoulders a little. It could be a director with a part to fill. Maybe a good part.

"Isn't your name Bryant Fleming?" the man suddenly called.

"It's Byron—ah—yes! Bryant Fleming; that's me."

"I'm Charlie Einfeld. I saw you in 'The Gay Sisters' last night," continued the Warner Brothers chief of advertising and publicity. "We're going to change your name."

"Was I that bad?"

"No—you were that good. About two-thirds of the comment cards mentioned Gig Young. So we think that should be your name."

Well, why not, thought the newly christened Gig Young. Changing monikers didn't mean a thing to him. He'd started out as young Byron Barr in St. Cloud, Minnesota; but when the kids saw him in the bean field where his father had put him to work to keep him out of deviltry, they nicknamed him "Beans." Which they promptly changed to "Gherkin" when they discovered that his dad operated a pickle and canning plant.

HE was seventeen when his folks moved to Washington, D. C., and he needed spending money. So he got a part-time job as soda-jerk in a drug-store, and then as clerk in a Washington hotel. There he noticed that the fellows who were the best dancers usually took the best-looking girls home from dinner dances. So he decided to brush up at Phyl Hayden's dancing school.

Then the Hayden school put in dramatic classes. So he made a deal to teach ballroom dancing in return for instruction in professional dancing and drama.

"I worked days and went to school at night," Gig said. "We used to put on plays and experiment in writing and directing, as well as acting. My idea was to save enough money to go to Hollywood—though I never admitted that to a soul."

"I was just about set to leave when I got sick. I was so run down from overwork and lack of sleep that it took all my money to get me back on my feet. But (Continued on page 85)



Coast Guardsman Young, in the swim in more ways than one, has realized two ambitions: To own a car with a starter and to serve his country



Happy break in Gig's boot camp routine: She's Sheila, otherwise Mrs. Young





Jones (Alan Ladd)  
and Carolyn Grant  
(Loretta Young)

# CHINA

## Fiction Version

by

Frances Barr Matthews

A Paramount Picture. Directed by John Farrow. Screen play by Frank Butler. Based on a play by Archibald Forbes. Copyright, 1943, by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

## THE CAST

Carolyn . . . . . Loretta Young  
Mr. Jones . . . . . Alan Ladd  
Johnny . . . . . William Bendix  
First Brother . . . . . Philip Ahn  
Tan Ying . . . . . Jessie Tai Sing

JONES had no interest in this Chinese-Jap war. He was a neutral American selling neutral oil to whatever side would buy it and to heck with the destiny of China. But Carolyn Grant was another matter. He had found her, standing with her arms around a group of young Chinese girl students, on a bombswept road one stormy night and despite his better judgment had let her and her charges ride along with him and his pal Johnny Sparrow in their truck.

He had explained to her how he felt about this war business and in reply had gotten only a coolly contemptuous look from her and a scornful grin from her Chinese companion, Lin Wei, whose brother Lin Cho was head of China's guerrilla fighters.

He had an appointment in Shanghai, Jones kept reminding himself, and under no consideration was he going to do what Carolyn asked—take her and her charges to safety at Chungtu. But the discovery of Tan Ying's disappearance from the group of Chinese students settled that question tem-

porarily. Near the road along which they were driving her old parents had a farm and the girl, overcome at the thought of leaving them to face the oncoming Japs alone, had jumped from the truck and rushed back to them.

So it was that Jones found himself, with Carolyn beside him, driving into the farmyard of Tan Ying's parents. At the house their eyes met horror. Lying in a pool of blood was Tan Ying's father, sprawled across the doorstep were the bodies of her mother and the Chinese refugee baby, Donald Duck.

From the interior came a sudden scream. Carolyn and Jones froze, then dashed in the direction of the sound. Three Japs, emerging from the inner room, met them.

Jones nodded to Carolyn to go to Tan Ying, then, hand on the machine gun, he faced the grinning features.

"You American!" said one. "Then everything all right. Japanese and Americans good friends. Yes?"

"Yeah—sure," said Jones softly, a curious smile on his lips, a faraway look on his face . . .





Into the temple  
Jones carried the  
still form of the  
lovely Tan Ying,  
Johnny and Caro-  
lyn walking si-  
lently beside him

Suddenly, as Carolyn was busily band-  
aging his hand, Johnny burst out,  
"Miss Carolyn, I'm crazy about you!"



They found each other in the midst of  
bombswept China. And what Jones did for  
Carolyn was the greatest sacrifice any sol-  
dier could make for the woman he loved

Tensely the three evil little Japs were watching Jones as he faced them with the machine gun tight against his hip. Yeah . . . sure, Jones thought . . . as one of the cackling monkeys had just said . . . sure, Americans and Japanese very good friends. Sure, you murder old men and little babies, like Tai Shen and Donald Duck, you ravish the pitiful girls like Tan Ying who lies now in the other room in hopeless torment . . . Americans let you Japanese get away with things like that . . . sure!

Jones's finger pressed on the trigger. The machine gun began chattering its eager message of death, jerking impatiently against his hip. He watched the little men start in horrified surprise, then crumple one by one to the ground. As though in a trance, he continued to fire until the mechanical click of the firing pin signaled the last bullet. At last his finger relaxed on the trigger. He sighed, put the gun on the table and went into the inner room.

On the edge of the small cot Carolyn

sat trying to comfort the desperate Chinese girl. Crouched on the floor beside Carolyn was Tan Ying, her face covered by her disheveled hair. As Jones came in Carolyn looked up at him with tears of pity in her eyes, as though to say, "See—this is what I was afraid of." He dropped to his knee beside Tan Ying and very gently took her hand in his. She cringed, but he turned her face toward him, looked into the wide eyes in which he could see her unspeakable humiliation.

"Don't be afraid," Jones said as though speaking to a frightened child. "Don't be afraid—nothing is going to hurt you."

Gently he lifted her in his arms and with Carolyn close to him he went out of that house of horror and death, into the bright sunlight of the farmyard.

THEY drove, then, to the temple where Lin Cho and the rest were to await them. On the way Jones spoke only once to Carolyn but there was an undercurrent behind his voice that

thrilled her. With eyes riveted on the road he said quietly, "I just killed three guys—blew 'em to bits against a wall, and I've got no more feelings about it than if they'd been flies. Matter of fact, I enjoyed it—like shootin' coyotes back in Arizona. Starting now, I'm declaring an open-season on Japs!"

When they reached the temple in the early evening light, Jones swung the quiet form of Tan Ying down from the truck in his arms and carried her silently inside. No word came from the hard-bitten Chinese fighters as they watched him. To them this was an old and bitter story which they knew all too well. Inside the stone walls of the temple the American gently deposited the Chinese girl on the cot which had been hastily cleared for her. As Carolyn moved close, their eyes locked for a brief moment, then Jones walked swiftly away.

Outside Johnny approached his boss hesitantly. "What happened?" he asked.

In monosyllables Jones tried to tell him of the (Continued on page 90)



HOW TO BE AN

# ARMED-FORCE RIOT



Some topsters turn tipsters and reveal  
popularity pointers on how you can make  
every military engagement a victory



Ann Sothern Says, *Be careful to—*

—“mind your manners.” Let’s face it. Men like us to be careful of the social niceties. And this goes double for men in uniform who are taught by Army and Navy regulation to mind *theirs*. A girl’s soft “thank you” or “please” has started more romances than moonlight-and-roses. They love it when you allow them to be gallant by helping you into the car or seating you at table. Ask any man. He likes a girl to be kind and thoughtful as well as vivid and vital. There are so many ways to show consideration—by suggesting interesting places to see; by sending him back to camp on time (six weeks’ restriction to post for being late isn’t going to raise your stock with him!); by realizing that he probably hasn’t much money to spend and keeping the date-cost light.

Betty Grable Says, *Remember to—*

—follow their lead, from dancing to conversation. Talk about *them*. The most popular girls at the Hollywood Canteen, for instance, are the really good listeners; the ones who hang onto a man’s words as if he were the Oracle of the War and the only person in the room. We all like to talk shop and the boys in uniform are no exception. This is the greatest adventure they’ve ever been on. Let them tell you something about their experiences. Or maybe they’d rather ease their homesickness by telling you about their family, their home, all the things they used to do before joining up. Don’t make a frantic effort at conversation. It will come easily if you’re just friendly and interested.





## Marsha Hunt Says, *Don't forget to —*

—treat him like one of the family. Let him relax, read magazines, *be comfortable*. I think the really big thing is not to put on any airs. Just be natural and gay. After those long hours of marching, the boys love being “at ease.” Let them feel that way in your company. Make it seem as if *they* were doing *you* a favor by being your guest. And so they are.



## Anne Shirley Says, *Be sure to —*

—let him see how proud you are of him. That's essential, whether he's a buck private or a colonel. It's his war. It's true he'll have the glory and the excitement, but he'll also have the danger and the hardships. And because you are proud of him, don't “play down” to him. I mean, because he is a soldier don't lower your standards of values and let yourself be swept away. Cheapness attracts only the undesirables, as we all know. We have the finest men in the world in our Army and Navy. They're fighting for ideals we have to live up to. So show him how proud you are of all he does. Let him feel it in your conversation, in your letters when he's away. He'll respond—and quickly.



## Paulette Goddard Says, *It's best to —*

—dress a little extreme. You know—with *voom* to take their minds off the boom! Get yourself up to make the boys look. Soft, swishy materials, lovely colors, lines that are strictly *à la femme*. Trot out the high heels, fresh flowers and intriguing veils. Walk proudly. Keep that sparkle in your eye. These are days when every girl has to have direct eye-appeal, because there's no time to “finesse” her personality on the lads in service. So . . . look so immaculate they'll think you just came out of cellophane—and so feminine they'll be whispering “Moonlight becomes you!”







Gentleman farmer Joel McCrea: He does a gay job in Columbia's "The More The Merrier" and farms for Uncle Sam on the sidelines





Lady farmer Annabel-  
la: She does an en-  
chanting job in Twen-  
tieth Century-Fox's  
"Bomber's Moon" and  
farms for the Power  
family on the home front





# It's Hep!

A wising-up process by which you get  
to know Donald O'Connor, Axminster  
Assassin, and Rooney's hottest rival  
BY DUGAL O'LIAM

In the groove on  
the Universal lot:  
Gloria Jean and Don  
doing some million-  
dollar rug-cutting  
for "Mister Big"



**T**HERE isn't a more gifted Axminster Assassin on the West Coast than Mr. Donald David Dixon O'Connor. There isn't a hep-cat more on the beam than this blue-eyed jive expert who, at seventeen, looks fifteen, whose smile is half shy and half destructive and whose sense of timing is one of those imprints of genius that comes along once in a generation.

He got his movie job with Universal when the brass hats couldn't believe what they saw and heard when they interviewed him. The kid was not merely terrific, he was good.

Although it has long been considered impossible for a seventeen-year-old to be funny without being fresh, Donald O'Connor seems to have found the combination. His quick reflexes, his uncertain strut, his adolescent voice which changes without warning from a promising baritone to a dubious soprano and his utterly bewildered mein, even when he's handing out gratuitous advice to his elders, are as far removed from freshness as last month's herring.

Prior to his hilarious debut in movies, he made a partial career of changing his mind. He was born virtually between shows in Chicago, seventeen years ago last August. His mother was a vaudeville trooper. So was his father and so were four broth-

ers. A fifth brother wasn't yet old enough to earn his living on the boards, but soon got around to it.

He passed his years between the ages of six and ten wanting to be a poet, or a fiction writer. These ambitions were stymied when he discovered that it was practically impossible for him to learn to spell. At seventeen, and a high school senior, he's the worst speller in the Universal Studios classrooms above the primary grades. Contrarily, he's one of the best mathematicians and a bearcat at history and English.

Donald trooped with his family until he was twelve years old. Then he appeared in Los Angeles with the rest of the O'Connors for a variety engagement and a benefit show. Director Wesley Ruggles, who was assembling a cast for Paramount's "Sing You Sinners," with Bing Crosby, saw the kid at the benefit and signed him for a dancing bit in the picture.

He had done acrobatics, hand balancing, trapeze twisting, trap drumming and trombone playing in his ten years on the stage. (He started at two.) Now he wowed Paramount with his hoofing and was signed to a term contract. That continued for five more pictures at Paramount before his career was interrupted by advancing age. He had become fourteen and lanky and his legs had gotten out of control.

Paramount failed to pick up his option and for two years he did nothing but sit glumly at home with growing pains and plans for a career outside the entertainment field.

He was (Continued on page 86)





A strictly in-the-groove tip-off on Nancy Coleman, who got where she was going by looking at second-story windows

# SHE'S SOLID!

BY JANET BENTLEY

**I**F YOU listen to bankers, capitalizing on liabilities is fantastic economics, but if you lend an ear to Miss Nancy Coleman of Warners' "Devotion" capitalizing on liabilities is good sense, above all when the liabilities are personal—a part of you. Miss Coleman certainly ought to know. Do you mind a flashback?

The long-legged, slim, twelve-year-old with the merry eyes and the freckle-splashed, tip-tilted nose is sitting there reading her American history book in an Everett, Washington, school-room. Her flame-colored hair is arranged in twin braids. You can tell at a glance (from the way it is pulled down flat) that the little maiden despises her coiffure. She is perusing an account of the battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac, perusing it grimly.

A restless urchin who has just been scribbling furiously slips a note to her. She turns toward him with a look of teen-age adoration—puppy love, the novelists call it. Eagerly she unfolds the foolscap. It is a poem—more or less. It reads:

"Ashes to ashes,  
Cheese to cheese.  
A redheaded woman  
Makes me sneeze."

For a second or two the maiden looks bewildered. Then her face is lit up with a brave half-smile. She sits there looking like Katharine Hepburn (stiff upper lip, nostrils a-quiver and all) right up until the bell rings and classes are over. Then she sprints out of the classroom, daubing at her cheeks. She runs all the way home, dashes up the stairs to her room, rummages around, finds a pair of shears, takes one last look at the offending titian tresses and is about to abbreviate the port lock when her mother bursts into the room to stay her furious hand.

Mrs. Coleman, no mean psychologist, listens patiently while her daughter inveighs tearfully against her "horrible red hair." Then she puts a comforting arm around her. She smiles.

"Do you know what I'd do if I had red hair, especially if I had the only red hair in my class?"

Nancy shakes her head.

"I'd be awfully proud of it—perhaps I'd even strut just a little—that's how proud I'd be."

"Even if someone you liked wrote a nasty poem about your red hair?"

"Yes, Nancy. In fact, I'd pass the word around that my favorite nickname was 'Red' and in that way I'd take the wind out of the sails of people who wanted to make me mad by calling me 'Brick Top' or whatever else they call redheads these days."

Silence.

"I'd go further than that. I'd play up my red hair, especially if it was as pretty as yours. You know, Nancy, some awfully pretty women have had red hair, according to the history books. There was Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Catherine the Great and lots more. As I remember, they were all proud of their red hair, every one of them. It made them stand out in a crowd."

"Are you sure, Mummy?"

"You could try it and see."

An hour later our Nancy walks into the kitchen where her mother is whipping up a charlotte russe. She is a new article entirely. The braids are gone. Her hair hangs down loosely. It



glistens like a copper waterfall at sunset.

"Hello, Red."

"Hello, Mummy."

It would be wonderful to be able to report that our Nancy lived happily ever after. Alas! Far from it. To tell you the truth, a torrent of tears was to spill down her pretty cheeks before she reached journey's end: A Hollywood contract and the wisdom that comes of experience. A good deal of the saga will bear telling.

She was a year older when she ran, smack-dab, into another problem. She was walking along the street one day, starboard to her chum, a dainty, petite item named Anne, when a town cut-up passed, glanced at Nancy, grinned, and yelled: "Hi, Stringbean!"

Nancy blushed.

"Consider the source, Nancy," Anne said, looking up at her. A reflective pause. "How tall are you, Nancy?"

She was five feet six but she didn't confide the information to Anne. Instead, she pleaded a headache, excused herself. En route home, she passed girls she knew, avoided their eyes and shuddered. She towered over them. She was as tall as most boys her age! And everyone knows boys are supposed to be taller than girls. She was almost home when she hit upon a way to strike back at that old harpy, Mother Nature.

It was her father, Charles Sumner Coleman, esteemed citizen of Everett and editor of the local daily, the *Herald*, who made the discovery that in order to compensate for her height his daughter had taken to walking with head bowed, shoulders stooped and torso slumped. He guessed the reason. That night after dinner he summoned his pride and joy to the study.

"Look here, Nancy," he said, lighting up. "Aren't you the girl who told me when she was nine that someday she was going to become an actress?"

"Uh-huh."

"I like to think that someday you will become an actress, but I like even more to think that you will become a good one. Looking back, I can't remember seeing a good actress with a bad posture and a sloppy carriage. Have you ever thought of that?"

"But I'm tall, Daddy. I'm much too tall. Why can't I be tiny and pretty like Anne?" Then—tears. You know how girls are at thirteen.

Mr. Coleman let her weep a minute or so.

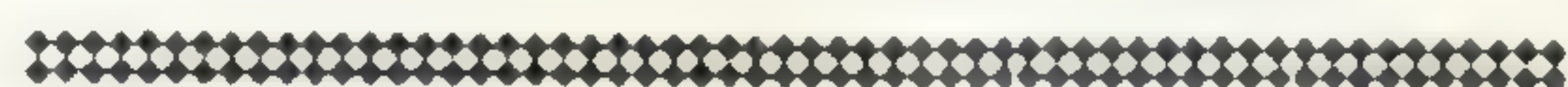
"Nancy," Coleman père said chuckling, "people, thank God, come in all sizes—small, medium and large. And there's nothing they can do about it—except, of course, to make the most of it. You *are* tall, Nancy. But if you stand up straight and walk gracefully, people won't think of you as tall; they'll be too busy noticing how well you carry yourself. Try looking at the second-story windows as you walk. That way you won't forget to keep your eyes—and your chin—up."

Mistress Nancy gave the thing a try. It worked. A month or so and the members of the soda pop set were

saying it left and right: "Nancy may not be beautiful, but she certainly is attractive. She walks like a queen, that Nancy."

Some people go through life with their eyes on the stars, but the second-story windows did well enough for Nancy. "Heart high" followed in swift succession "head high." She graduated with honors from Everett High and enrolled at the University of Washington, hell-bent on becoming the finest actress on the campus. There was, however, a slight hitch—her height. Too tall for an ingenue, she was too "spiritual" for a heavy.

As a result she found herself building sets and helping with the lighting.



## Next Month



### "FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS"

is coming to Photoplay-Movie Mirror readers in a burst of beautiful color. Among others

*You'll see—*

the Year's Most Romantic Lovers . . .

INGRID BERGMAN  
and  
GARY COOPER

. . . as Maria and Robert Jordan in one of the world's great love stories



Anything but discouraged and remembering her father's good counsels, she set about to become an actress that the campus masquers couldn't do without. She read plays like frantic, studied them like crazy. If she wasn't a conventional heroine, with the accent on looks, she would become a real actress with the accent on character portrayal. Nights, in front of the mirror, she played a motley assortment of characters for herself: Gun molls, floozies, neurotics, toppers and what have you. She was going great guns when her program was suddenly wrecked by the death of her father, an event necessi-

tating her withdrawal from school. Bravely she gathered up her paraphernalia, said good-bye to her fellow mummies and departed.

She had hoped to graduate, then streak for New York and Broadway. But all that was out of the question now. The family had moved to San Francisco. Nancy joined them there.

Acting opportunities in San Francisco were scarce, indeed. She wasn't trained for anything special, so she took a job running an elevator at the Emporium, one of the city's flossiest department stores.

She was a good elevator operator, even if her heart wasn't in it. Lunch hours she would drop by the different radio stations and plead for auditions. She took brush-offs with good grace and kept coming back. A soft-hearted station manager got tired of shooing her away, hired her without an audition. He never regretted it.

NANCY toiled hard as a radio actress, playing everything from wailing moppets to femmes fatales on "washboard operas," as the daytime serials are affectionately known. Behind the mike her height didn't matter. She did her parts with a sort of joyous abandon. Slowly she began acquiring confidence in herself. More importantly she began acquiring a bank roll. The very day it hit \$1,000, she threw up her job, took fond leave of her mother and boarded the New York express.

Those first few months in New York were murder. She would make the rounds of the managers' offices and as inevitably as punishment follows crime she would get the old routine:

"Honey, you're too tall for an ingenue and you're too young and dewy-eyed for a heavy."

No sooner would she strike up a friendship with a would-be actor or actress before he or she started giving her the same routine.

"Baby, why don't you change your type? You're tall. Switch to slinky clothes, hats with dripping veils and high-heeled shoes. Rub a little glamour on your cheeks."

Nancy would look at them and smile.

"There's a part with my name on it somewhere," she would say. "Meanwhile, I think I'll skip the alterations."


It took a lot of nerve and maybe a little insanity to make that pretty little speech, but one day her hunch paid off like the proverbial slot machine. She was churning around town when she ran into an agent who sent her to try out for a part in "Susan And God."

It happened. Her red tresses, which she had despised as a child, caught the attention of Gertrude Lawrence. Her queenly walk caught the fancy of John Golden who murmured something about "Winged Victory," the famous Grecian statue of a woman in motion, held quick parley with Miss Lawrence and signed Nancy to play *Blossom*. She finished out the New York season, spent a year playing *Blossom* on the road.

It is high time for another of Nancy's problems to start besetting her, you are thinking. (Continued on page 72)




Just-for-fun Days



For fun-time in sun-time—a three-piece summer come worn by Ann Sheridan of Warners' "Edge Of Darkness." She looks right at home in it and, what's more, she is; the house in the background is her own Valley bailiwick. The dress, from Western Fashions, is right at home, too, anywhere under the summer sun, with its watermelon red tailored blouse, its sea green skirt, its banana yellow waistcoat, a color trio that has a strictly super summer '43 note





Be free and easy—and as big a success as your Victory Garden—in a special summer slack suit. Ann Sheridan, looking over her Victory crops, wears a soft powder blue suit from Western Fashions. The casually fitted jacket, a right-type topper for slacks, has shallow revers and hand-picked edges; her blouse is a brilliantly smart blue, green and white print





Prize plum in the Sheridan orchard this summer morning is Ann's periwinkle blue crepe pinafore, from Addie Masters, with its spick-and-span and just as pretty Irish crochet lace edging. The white crepe blouse has a drawstring neckline and push-up sleeves. Take a Sheridan tip: Wear just-for-fun clothes like these; buy your Bonds; and be all set for a summer of fun



# Have a Good Time!

AND LOOK AS SMART AS A STAR WHILE YOU'RE HAVING IT

Janet Blair, who knows how to have fun, picks these play clothes, with an eye for budget and an ear for applause, for reader-model Virginia Symmes, of Kew Gardens, New York



When Janet, now starring in "Victory Caravan," and Ginny went shopping, this frock won Janet's praise. "It's a spectator frock," she told Ginny. "But when you wear it you'll be in the swim." It has a multicolored braided belt, action sleeves and kick pleats Rayon shantung in blue, maize, natural and white. Sizes 10-20. About \$8.00  
 Sizes 38-44. About \$9.00



"Above all," according to Janet, when the camera caught her with our reader model, "shorts should be well tailored." Tailored in the way these are! "And," she added, "a sport shirt should be soft." This is of finest comb cotton.

Shorts in white and navy blue, sizes 12-20. About \$2.95. Shirts in solid white, coral, maize, aqua or powder blue. Striped in red or powder blue. Small, medium and large. About \$1.75







There are slacks and slacks—these, Chevronsun, close at the waist and boast a large slash pocket to make you an old smoothie—especially when they're navy blue and worn with a novel cotton blouse, red striped, featuring a come-on collar which ties in a flappy, flattering bow—like this!

Slacks: Spun rayon in navy, brown or green. Sizes 12-20. About \$4.00. Blouse: Sluv-broadcloth, striped in navy, red or brown. Sizes 12-20. About \$3.00



"You'll be as gay as a flower garden in this white playsuit with its flowered stripes of blue, red and yellow," Janet promised Photoplay reader Ginny. "And when you shed the charming full skirt you'll be as cool as a breeze in trim shorts."

Everfast longcloth. Sizes 10-18. About \$8.00

This combination spectator frock and playsuit is as appropriate for sunbath on your apartment roof, your back yard or the beach as it is for the office or the street. The skirt unbuttons down the side to disclose well-tailored shorts, as shown in the sketch

Rayon chambray in soft blue, tan or green. Sizes 10-20. About \$9.00



PHOTOPLAY'S  
Star-Maker  
Fashions

For a list of stores where these fashions are available, see page 104



# WHAT SHOULD

Bette Davis, of "Watch On The Rhine," reads an unusual letter which she answers here

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm reading & complain about the come more attractive lucky they are

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm just at my mother is 20, married by 20, me believing to

Dear Miss Davis:

I may need to you by an urges--to for Probably I

After the appearance of my first column I received I feel if many letters asking where my column had been to me--you should like to answer each person who writes by me--I select those for answer which I feel are representative of the problem I am dealing with in the next issue. I don't have time to completely edit my material or publication. Photoplay Movie Mirror has given me Sydda Dudley to help me.  
Bette Davis

If you would like help in solving your problem, write to this great star, noted for her wise counsel, in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8949 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and if your case seems of general enough interest to her, she will answer you personally through these pages. Your identity will not be revealed by Miss Davis.



# I D O ?

## Your problems answered by Bette Davis

Wartime can create strange situations between men and women—and none stranger than some of these letters reveal

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

My boy friend is 23, and I have been going with him for the past year. We became engaged after we had known each other 8 months. I inquired—after we were engaged—why he was in Class 4F. He told me of a scrape he was in when he was just 17; he stole a car.

Previous to the time I met him he had been in the Army for five months, but was discharged because he had lied about this felony on his record. Now, well over a year after Pearl Harbor, he still hasn't been drafted. It began to seem odd to me, because another boy in our town—who had a record—was drafted. Because of my insistence that George find out about his status, he told me of a second felony.

Here's my question: Even if I love him (which I really do) can I accept the situation as it is and marry him?

He says that he loves me so much that if anything should happen between us, he just wouldn't be responsible for what would happen.

I've rather wanted to join the WAAC ever since they organized and I think that might be a way out for me. After all, a woman wants to be proud of her future husband.

Please, Miss Davis, since I love him so desperately, should I marry him and face this, or should I join up and work out my heartache for my country?

Jean C.

Dear Miss C:

*It seems impossible to me, judging from your letter, that you could be really proud of this boy.*

*Of course, what your problem boils down to is this: Which is more important to you—what a boy has been or has done in the past, or what he is going to be in the future? You have known him long enough to tell whether he has overcome the things in his character that caused his collision with the law in the first place. If he hasn't, I certainly would advise you against marrying him to try to reform him. It never works.*

*As I have said before in some of my answers, this is a problem so individual and containing so many details of which I know nothing that it must be decided by you alone.*

Sincerely,  
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I know you are very busy so I'll get right to the point.

I am not ugly and I'm not beautiful; I guess I'm just in-between, but I have one great disadvantage. Here is the "lowdown." When I was six years old, I was hit by an automobile. Now I have a scar in the middle of my forehead which extends down near my eyes.

I've been in many plays and sung on many programs in school (I am now fourteen) and every time I appear, I want more and more to be a singer. But my friends laugh at me. I cry myself to sleep almost every night.

Do you think I should give up my hopes because of my problem?

Josette G.

Dear Miss G:

*It is a little difficult for me to give you an honest opinion, as I have no way of knowing—from your letter—just how noticeable your scar is. In case it is extremely noticeable, it seems to me that you should consider plastic surgery when you are older. Remarkable things are being done in this field.*

*However, at present I believe you could make your life pleasanter if you would consistently use one of the heavier powder bases now on the market. The cosmetic buyer in any store in your town will be able to recommend one of these. If your scar is not a bad one, it wouldn't prohibit a career for you, as make-up covers a multitude of sins.*

Yours sincerely,  
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I turn to you with my problem as I know you to be a very understanding person. I had the great pleasure of meeting you in New Hampshire at the premiere of "The Great Lie" and talking to you for some time—not that I expect you to remember me, as you meet so many people of really great importance.

I am nineteen, and I am engaged to a very nice young man who is twenty-two. He is an officer in the armed forces. I have known this boy for five years, ever since high-school days. He is a fine man, comes from a very nice family, and is a graduate of M.I.T.

When I told my parents we were going to be married, they said I should wait until the war is over and then perhaps they would approve. I am so very

much in love with him and he with me that we feel we are right in marrying and we hope to have what little happiness we can together, before he goes abroad.

My parents have informed me that if I marry against their wishes, they will turn me out of the house for good and that when he goes overseas, I shall have to find somewhere to go. Also, not to bother them ever again. My in-laws-to-be are very fond of me and approve of the marriage. They have said that I may live with them when the time presents itself.

I don't want to break with my parents, but I love this boy very much and I feel that I am old enough to be married. Miss Davis, what shall I do?

Margaret T.

Dear Miss T:

*Legally, as you probably know, a girl is of age at nineteen and is privileged to marry whom and when she likes. However, I have always believed that one should, as far as is humanly possible, act in accordance with one's parents' wishes.*

*I think that if you would have another talk with your parents, asking them to consider the strange times in which we are living and explaining to them that you don't want to marry without their consent, they might change their minds.*

*If they refuse, you are faced with a problem that only you can solve. Your parents can't judge how much you love this boy, nor how much you are willing to sacrifice for him. As for the boy, does he know that your parents oppose your marriage? If so, does he know why? Be sure, before you decide, that he is fully aware of the whole situation, then work out the problem with him.*

Sincerely,  
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have been married for two years. My husband is a farmer but I had always lived in the city until I was married.

All this time I have lived on the farm and tried my best to make my husband happy! But now it has come to a place where I can't possibly stand it any longer as we live with his father and I cannot get along with him at all.

I have begged my husband and yes, even threatened to leave him, if he wouldn't move off the farm and try to get himself (Continued on page 80)



# The truth about the STARS' HOME LIVES

Home is where the heart is—and  
where the stars show their true  
lights. That's why this tell-all  
treatise is so full of jolts

by "Fearless"



Hollywood would get a surprise if they could see Barbara Hutton at home with husband Cary Grant



Lillian McMurray has a lot to do with the way husband Fred acts

THE way people live will always tell more about them than their biographers. Men and women can be judged, with more than a fair accuracy, by the feeling which pervades their homes, the books on their shelves, the friends who gather around their table, their relationship with each other, their children and their servants when they're off parade.

This explains the great interest we feel in the way our neighbors live, a feeling multiplied tenfold in the case of the stars. The publicity departments of the various studios, well aware of this interest, issue stories about the ideal home lives of their stars. Press agents take costly and elaborate photographs of stars working in their gardens, standing in their doorways, reading by their firesides, playing in the nursery with their children or with their pets on the lawn.

Much of the time all this fails utterly to represent the human beings who live behind the much photographed and publicized star facades. It is the manner in which the stars live, day by day, seemingly unobserved, which serves as a key to their true personalities. Here "Fearless" gives you an over-the-transom look at the stars you know best—yet least.

The intimate life of Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton is a stimulating surprise and proves, beyond doubt, that

they are very much in love. Cary and Barbara spend an incredible amount of time at home. It's only rarely they are to be found at parties or night clubs. To many their life would seem dull. It isn't dull to them.

When Cary isn't working he and Barbara entertain at home; mostly Barbara's friends—the so-called international set, titles, rich refugees and many who give evidence of being on the stuffy side.

When Cary is working he comes home, tired, to a late dinner. He reads his paper, plays with Lance—Barbara's son by Count von Reventlow whom he adores—or he and Barbara have a session of gin rummy. Barbara didn't play this game too well when she and Cary were engaged but now she's an expert—to his delight.

Here's something even Grant's pals don't know . . . Barbara has gorgeous,

chiffony lounging pajamas and negligees favoring Persian motifs and hand embroidery, made by one of the highest paid and most exclusive designers in Hollywood. She wears these for Cary alone. No one else ever sees them. Many a wife would do well to follow her example—not by buying such fabulously beautiful clothes—but by looking her best for her husband instead of "for the crowd."

SO often it's the Hollywood couples who spend most of their time alone who are happiest.

Strangely enough Bill Powell and Diana Lewis are in this self-sufficient group. We say "strangely enough" because Bill and Diana are so different, because he's so much older—on the intellectual and worldly side. When Bill and Diana aren't working (and almost always (Continued on page 70)



*Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .*



Working hard for Victory? Look at your nails. Are they bright and beautiful, or — the other way? You'll feel better if you give yourself a manicure with Dura-Gloss. Put yourself "back in shape" again, ready for anything. Bright nails mean bright spirits, and bright nails are Dura-Gloss' business! Gee, how this polish radiates life and sparkle and color! And it wears better, too, because it contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, for that very thing. So get DURA-GLOSS today.



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Post-Card

**DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH**



## THE TRUTH ABOUT THE STARS' HOME LIVES



In the privacy of their desert retreat, Diana Lewis teaches husband Bill Powell how to knit for "Bundles For America,"—and that's not the end, either!

(Continued from page 68) they arrange to be in the studios at the same time and share the same dressing room!) they live at Palm Springs. When they do trek in from the desert—the last time they came in to buy tools for repairing their fence—Bill looked marvelous and Diana's happiness shines brighter than all the jewels he showers upon her.

Bill tells friends that during the long season they spend on the desert Diana gives him manicures and also touches up his hair. Bill's hair, grey for years, has to be kept darker for the screen.

All of which indicates that Bill and Diana, whose marriage courted such dire prophecies, have already found more happiness together than most couples know in their whole lives.

THE Fred MacMurrays manage many quiet evenings at home. For years Lillian MacMurray was ill and had to guard her health. Many believe this has contributed much to Fred's adoration and loyalty, for they are one of Hollywood's most in-love couples. She's completely well now, but she and Fred continue well content with an occasional small dinner party with their close friends. Fred spends lots of time "tinkering." In his big workroom he has "whittled" about everything from a toothpick to a davenport.

Ray Milland enjoyed home carpentry, too—until he nearly crippled his hands with his cabinet-making pursuits and, pronto, sold his tool chest to Franchot Tone. No mention of the Milland home life would be complete without a report of their bell system. So many gonglike rings which bring

the unsuspecting guest right smack out of his chair indicate a telephone call awaits Ray and one ring more or less means it's for Mrs. Milland. Before this system was installed the housekeeper would shout out from the hall that So and So was wanted on the phone. This bothered Ray as few things do. Ray likes to relax. It's Mrs. Milland, the charming, gracious Mal who, like so many wives, assumes responsibility for her family's social life.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz are another couple who do little galavanting. Before Desi went into service he and Lucille definitely preferred to stay at home together—happy in their own way.

At home Lucille and Desi aren't so calm and collected as they appear in public. They're violent lovers who quarrel and make up and quarrel and make up. Desi's jealous. Desi has the Latin temper. Once sitting in the patio with friends while he strummed his guitar in accompaniment to those sad songs he loves to sing, he was angered by something Lucille said. Whereupon Lucille dodged his guitar—expertly! Make what you like of that.

Before Desi marched off to war, they used to work on their farm in the Valley; wear overalls, get in and pitch. Literally. Their friends love to tell about the time Desi rushed into the house to fix a stove which was acting up, stuck his head into the contraption without taking off his big straw hat and had it go up in flames. He lost half his hair and his eyebrows before the cook put the fire out. Lucille just stood by helplessly screaming.

The servant problem isn't helping

home life—private life, either—naturally. The Hollywood restaurants are jammed to the doors these days. Some stars, however, are willing to make any effort to preserve the domestic scene. Like Don Ameche. The Ameches haven't had any help for months. With their large brood (cooks are fussy these days!) they have very little hope of getting help for the duration. Don, who used to whip up special dishes for "fun," now cooks the family's dinner in earnest when he gets home from the studios to give Honore a rest from playing nursemaid all day.

Claudette Colbert's given up the big Holmby Hills house where she and Doctor Joel Pressman lived in elegant dignity with a butler in striped trousers and morning coat and English accent. Claudette lives in a Hollywood apartment when she's working. At other times she's in Arizona with Lieutenant Commander Pressman. Whenever she gets away from the studios at a reasonable hour during her Hollywood sojourns she goes over to her mother's French Provincial house out on Sunset Boulevard for dinner. No cook, according to Claudette, ever produced a baked chicken comparable to her mother's.

IMMEDIATELY Ginger Rogers finished "Lady In The Dark" she left for La Jolla and Marine Jack Briggs. It didn't faze her there was a housing shortage. She went to live in a three-dollar-a-day room in a hotel—a far hail from her Coldwater Canyon manse.

Veronica Lake's home address is Seattle, Washington. That's where her husband, Captain John Detlie, is stationed. That's where she leased the charming house surrounded by gardens to which she shipped the furniture she and John have been collecting so slowly and discriminatingly ever since their marriage. This also is where the faithful Clara remains at all times, to look after Veronica's handsome Captain and their baby.

When Veronica is working and can't possibly live in Seattle she shares a two-bedroom apartment with Wallace Beery's ex, Rita, and Wally's adopted daughter, Carol Ann. Rita and Veronica divide the various daily tasks and have a cleaning woman once a week.

Dorothy Lamour is trying to rent a little house outside San Bernardino where Captain Bill Howard is stationed. She'll be glad to settle for a cleaning woman once a week, too. She and Bill will cook their own meals very nicely, thank you. Her specialty is Southern dishes. His specialty is broiling steaks. When Dotty's working—and in Hollywood perforce—she'll live with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Castleberry, as she did before she married. It doesn't concern her that she has to take care of her room and bath in their (Continued on page 88)



Times like these teach us a new gratitude for the simple things. A quiet evening of rest, a friendly game with neighbors, good talk, good refreshment, these make a welcome interlude of sanity in a seething world. For millions of Americans that interlude becomes calmer, more content with a glass of friendly SCHLITZ...truly the beverage of moderation...brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, none of the bitterness.



*Like a Melody  
No bitterness*

*Just the KISS of the hops...*



—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz is *in tune with American taste*. Once you drink America's most distinguished beer you'll never go back to a bitter brew.

*In 12-oz. bottles and Quart Guest Bottles. On tap, too!*

Copy. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



## She's Solid!

(Continued from page 60) You are right. This time it is Nancy's hands.

Nancy's hands are long, narrow and angular. From the very first night she played *Blossom*, she was always conscious of them. So much so that in an effort to detract attention from their length, she would bend her elbows and make with a sort of Zazu Pitts flutter, which is very becoming to Miss Pitts but to none other. One day Gertrude Lawrence noticed Nancy's grim struggle and made a suggestion.

"Darling," Miss Lawrence said, as only Miss Lawrence can say darling, "people never fail to observe things that someone is trying frantically to hide. Your hands are long, but they are not unattractive. Relax and forget them, why don't you? Then, when you want to use them dramatically, it will be as easy as ordering apple pie."

A few months later Nancy was holding a glass of sherry at a very la-de-da party when a handsome young bucko strolled up, introduced himself.

"I hope you haven't noticed how I've been staring at you," he said. "To tell you the truth, I'm fascinated by your hands. You use them so well. They're poetry."

Nancy blushed. (She always blushes in the face of compliments.) The handsome young bucko apologized for gushing. And thus a friendship was launched. It is still going strong and probably will continue.

NANCY'S temper, which used to match her fiery hair, was a more serious problem. But for that temper, she might have been *Scarlett O'Hara*. It is a pretty slim *might*, but it is nonetheless real. Certainly the Coleman temper didn't help matters.

When "Susan And God" reached Los Angeles, tests for *Scarlett* were in full swing. Nancy was redheaded. Being a good actress, redheaded to boot, Nancy was duly spotted by scouts who turned in a glowing report to producer David O. Selznick.

For days a studio limousine took her from her hotel to the Selznick lot and back. One by one she met every one of Selznick's aides, all of whom declared her "perfect for the part—*Scarlett* in the flesh." She was tested and told to report three days later.

Three days later the studio car did not show up at the usual hour. Nothing daunted, Nancy took a taxi. At the studio she was ushered into an empty office and told to wait. She waited an hour. Not a peep from anyone. A little annoyed, she curled up on the sofa and went to sleep. She woke up, looked at her watch. Three hours had passed and still no word from Selznick. She hit the ceiling, flounced out of the place, taxied back to the hotel and left town. When she reached Chicago a few days later, a frantic wire awaited her, a wire urging her to return immediately for a second test. Nancy scribbled a sizzling message to the great Selznick, dispatched it and went on to New York.

New York was a bitter disappointment. Came a lean, jobless year which left her plenty of time to ponder over her telegram to Selznick. True, she had been slighted by Selznick. Still, what had she accomplished by telling him off?

A Broadway play failing to materialize, she went back to radio, gave summer stock a try. It was the same story. At the first provocation she would blow up. Ditto a potential beautiful friendship with a director. It occurred to her after a while that she was losing out on parts, thanks

to her temper. Overnight she subdued her passion for saying her say at all costs, just in time to snag the lead in Philip Barry's short-lived but all-important (for Nancy) "Miss Liberty Jones."

CRITICS gave her a nice send-off and talent scouts a terrific rush. The Warner representative made the handsomest offer, ten weeks of elaborate tests in New York after which Nancy stopped him cold, submitted her own terms. She would be tested but only in the role of the psychopathic *Louise Gordon* in "King's Row," a role Warner Brothers was having a little trouble filling. She won her point, was tested, given the part and put under contract.

There have been no complaints about the Coleman temper from fellow toilers on the Warner lot, but heavens knows there were several near eruptions, thanks to the practical joke, which has wide currency in Hollywood.

The first three or four bits of horseplay practiced on her she managed to pass over with no strain on her will power. The next three or four were a little harder to take. She fought to control her temper. She wasn't amused and she showed it. Consequently, practical jokes fell off. So did her popularity on the lot. Things were at a melancholy pass when she realized that she wasn't getting what was coming to her out of studio life: She wasn't one of the gang. She took swift steps, fell in with the crowd, laughed, tried hard at being a good sport.

It certainly took trying, as she was soon to learn.

The last scene of "Desperate Journey" had been shot and Nancy had gone through the picture unknissed by leading man Errol Flynn, when director Raoul Walsh came up with an idea.

"Let's change the last scene," Walsh said. "Instead of just telling Flynn good-by, Nancy, kiss him. Only make it tender. As a matter of fact, kiss him twice. All right, let's rehearse."

They rehearsed, again and again, while Walsh kept changing the scene, the clinches and the dialogue. Nancy gave her little all to this touchingly dramatic farewell, these poignant kisses, not knowing what everybody else knew: The whole thing was a rib.

A half-hour of tender love-making and Walsh signalled it was over.

"Okay, Nancy, that's fine," he said. "I just wanted you to be able to say you've been kissed by Errol Flynn."

Everyone laughed. But the one who laughed loudest was Nancy.

It took less than twenty-four hours for the word to get around the lot that Nancy Coleman was a "right guy." Her stock shot up and stayed up.

But as far as actual romance goes, there is none of that for Nancy in Hollywood. Those "loves" that are hinted at in the columns are simply wishful thinking on the part of the gossip-writers; there has never been anyone on the West Coast who has seriously interested her, despite the fact that her telephone jangles frequently with calls from local swains.

The East Coast, though, is another matter. Back in her radio days, Nancy met a young chap. She liked him at once; he liked her. Then came her Hollywood contract. They corresponded, made plans, were building towards something, when December seventh happened. As in so many cases, Nancy, being a wise girl, realized that date put in abeyance the dreams of a bright and rosy future.


A gal like Nancy is solid—real solid.

The End



Regal roundup: Republic's "King of the Cowboys," Roy Rogers, meets the "king of the air," Col. John T. Sprague, at the Waco Air Base in Waco, Texas, during Rogers's visit there to entertain men in service





IF A GIRL ISN'T  
DAINTY, NO OTHER  
CHARM COUNTS. A  
DAILY **LUX SOAP**  
BEAUTY BATH  
MAKES YOU **SURE!**

# BETTY GRABLE

Star of 20th Century-Fox's  
"CONEY ISLAND"

SCREEN STARS ARE  
RIGHT—THIS CREAMY  
**ACTIVE** LATHER DOES  
THE TRICK! LEAVES  
SKIN DELICATELY  
PERFUMED, TOO



**BETTY GRABLE**, like so many other Hollywood stars, uses her complexion soap as a bath soap, too. Lux Soap's **ACTIVE** lather is so rich, so creamy, swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves skin soft, smooth, delicately perfumed with a fragrance you'll love!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap — *it leaves skin SWEET!*



## New Love for Livvie

(Continued from page 34) so fresh and lovely received such an avalanche of praise.

Hollywood wanted her. Maybe someday, she tried to parry—when she had gained more experience and become a better actress. Hollywood won. Yet, even as she finally signed a contract with Warner Brothers, she had the desire to run—to keep running until she felt free inside again.

Practically from the first day she walked on the lot, life became a series of shocks for Olivia. Shocks, because as a girl in the small town of Saratoga, brought up with her sister Joan, she had been sheltered and protected. Recognizing the great sincerity behind her naïveté, the entire lot rose in a body and formed the club for the "protection of Olivia de Havilland." Not that there were serious dangers. But Olivia was so young and trusting.

Most amusing was the episode in which Olivia played the lovely heroine in a costume drama. The star of the picture was handsome, charming, with an appraising eye for all feminine charms. At least one member of the "club" always managed to be present when the star was within ogling distance. Had Olivia worn a cape, a little red hood and carried a basket of goodies for grannie, she couldn't have been kept more in character!

**Y**EARS went by. Olivia's movie roles became a series of sticky heroines. She obeyed studio orders. She continued to blush prettily through her grease paint. At times she was ill and exhausted from continuous work, at times discouraged, disappointed over promises that were made and never kept. Being hypersensitive, she was hurt by petty gossip and criticism.

Olivia wanted to rest. She realized, a little late, perhaps, that she must find out for herself and through herself what she was really about. All too suddenly the opportunity came. Her sister Joan announced she was going to marry Brian Aherne. Their mother decided to move back to Saratoga and rejoin their stepfather. For the first time in her life, Olivia found herself unchaperoned and unleashed. She remained in a two-story house that held ghosts of memories. It was a wonderful feeling of freedom, but a terrified

lost kind of feeling that left her quaking behind locked doors.

From this point on began the metamorphosis of Olivia de Havilland. One year away from her own lot helped her to hurdle many obstacles. Working in "Gone With The Wind" gave her a taste of what it means to feel happy and relaxed in front of the camera. When she returned to Warners, she was a new person. No longer was she the little girl everyone coddled and protected. For the first time in her life she felt sure of herself. Along about this time Olivia discovered night clubs. She went to parties. She learned that people aren't always frightening. She laughed, sang, danced, had fun. Her understanding friends recognized these growing pains, the importance of their temporary indulgence. The others suffered hurt feelings. Where was their gentle, bewildered little Livvie? What else could Olivia do but go her way without them?

**T**HEN followed in the life of Olivia de Havilland many strange interludes. Ofttimes she was lonely. She found temporary happiness in one of the sweetest romances Hollywood has known. The fans wanted her to marry Jimmy Stewart. Both she and Jimmy were young, successful, handsome. Neither had been married before. Olivia has never told anyone what finally happened, except to remark, "It never would have worked out." Some thought in many respects they were too much alike.

Other romantic attachments followed. Then in a respite of cold self-analysis Livvie decided that marriage was not for her. There was no reason for it. One could adopt the children one loved and she resolved there and then to adopt some later on. But those to whom she confided these dark thoughts only smiled and said, "Wait till the right man comes along. If you turn him down and don't marry him, then we'll believe you!"

Meanwhile, Olivia devoted all her energy to her fight for recognition.

There were those who championed her cause, insisting she was destined to be the finest actress the screen has ever known, once she was free to accept roles that recalled her unforgettable *Melanie*. There were others who predicted that

Olivia was greasing her own skids, ruining her career, jeopardizing her future.

Olivia continued to fight, often with a sinking heart, many times with a lonely heart. She fought first to put on weight, and then fought to take off weight. For six months she struggled for strength after a serious operation. She took an assumed name, flew across the country, hid away on the New England coast. She had to learn the bitter lesson that it is impossible to please everyone; to make herself recognize the importance of pleasing herself, because it was herself she must live with.

In the very midst of it all, just when she needed him most, John Huston came into her life.

It certainly wasn't a case of love at first sight. Month after month Olivia had seen John Huston around the lot. She knew he was a writer, the son of the famous Walter Huston, that he had ambitions to direct.

But they might never have met if John hadn't been handed the script of "In This Our Life." Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland were to be the stars.

The first day of shooting, Walter Huston played an extra in his son's picture—to bring him luck. Olivia witnessed the look exchanged between the two men when they met. There was something tender that touched her heart. She found John nice to work for, an intelligent, constructive director. Several weeks after the picture was under way, she learned that he was married to Leslie Huston—but separated from her. To those on the set, the romance seemed to be on. No one actually knew until months later when Olivia began to appear publicly with John and look like a woman in love.

**N**OT at all unlike Jimmy Stewart, John is tall, angular in appearance. There the resemblance ends. Huston is witty, brilliant, glib. He possesses a slightly mad, infectious sense of humor. As a soldier of fortune, his life has been even more colorful and exciting than those good pictures he directs. In his world of books, music and literature, Olivia has found her place. Always too busy or too unhappy to enjoy these things before, she now embraces them with heart and soul.

By the time you read this, John will probably have departed for parts unknown. As a captain in our armed forces, his future lies in the hands of destiny. So far as is generally known, John is still married and, of course, still separated from his wife. Divorce plans? Marriage plans for the future? No one seems to know.

Olivia has openly declared her love by refusing to work while John is still in this country. She talks about him freely, if not informatively. In no uncertain terms she lets you know she is happy.

And so the strange case of Olivia de Havilland rests. Do you wonder that Hollywood is absorbed? They see what John has brought into Olivia's life—a happiness so long deserved. And be it said to its credit, blasé Hollywood never tires of a love story. Even the cynics, down deep in their hearts, want to see the prince marry the princess.

Will it happen?

You'd have to ask a man by the name of Uncle Sam. You'd have to consult a woman by the name of Fate. You'd have to calculate the incalculable wind drifts of the human heart. And then you'd have to get yourself a first-class crystal ball.

Was love ever simple?

THE END



Seventeen-year-old celebraters: Janie Withers has a birthday blow-out with current beau, Farley Granger. No love problem here—just happy days for Janie who as star of Republic's "Three Sisters" faces her biggest year





Cheryl Walker

IN

"Stage Door Canteen"

A SOL LESSER MOTION PICTURE

Released through United Artists

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MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP  
...FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK



## These Lives Are at Stake!

(Continued from page 49) for the morning and afternoon nap periods. If any of you live in the Sawtelle area in Los Angeles, you may have passed it. It's at 1755 Purdue Avenue.

We leased the house the day we found it and the A.W.V.S. had carpenters and painters on hand the next day rushing the necessary alterations.

THAT was the first hurdle. Next was the problem of a staff. Child protection laws provide that nursery school personnel must be trained, so the Board of Education supplied the principal and assistant teachers—the cook and a cleaning woman, of course, had to be paid and we hired two splendid women after interviewing dozens.

Since we were to be open six days a week, from six a.m. to six p.m., we needed many assistant supervisors and for those jobs we called for volunteers. It was most encouraging to find how many women were willing to take a twelve weeks' course of child training and then to donate hours upon hours of their time to this course as made necessary by the ruling of the Board of Education before anyone is allowed to care for children.

One instance was particularly touching. When I first announced that I was planning to open a nursery school, I received a letter from Mrs. Oley Olson—of Olson and Johnson fame—who said that she was very much interested in the project and wanted to do all that she could to help.

Mrs. Olson had raised five splendid children of her own and I hesitated to tell her that she must take a twelve-week course of specialized training before she would be allowed to work—for nothing—at the school.

She made no objections at all but enrolled in the class at once and attended religiously. As soon as she had her certificate, she reported at the school and has since given five full days a week to

the work without pay of any kind except the satisfaction of knowing that she is helping to win the war.

"You know," she told me one day after she came to work, "I'm so glad I took that course. I found out I didn't know a thing about children."

That's one of the advantages of running a nursery school. You meet the nicest people.

We need more volunteers, of course. Some of the original group have had to give up the work when the war moved in on their own lives and they were forced to move to other communities or to go into full-time defense work themselves.

But the classes are still enrolling trainees for our nursery school and others and we hope we can count on the women of our community to help us keep an adequate staff.

Meeting the educational standards prescribed by California law was a stiff assignment, but we managed it. We managed, likewise, to comply with the orders of the fire and health departments for precautionary measures required by the concentration in one place of so many little children.

The Health Department inspected our kitchen on the day before we opened and gave us official approval.

THE opening on Thanksgiving Day had been planned as merely an open house and we didn't expect any children to appear—it was a holiday, and we had had very little advance publicity.

But at six o'clock Thanksgiving morning—still long before sunup—Mrs. Carter came to the door with her son, Donald, the most scrubbed-looking four-year-old boy I'd ever seen.

His mother was on her way to work at Douglas Aircraft and stopped by to leave Donald in our care.

"But aren't you having a holiday?" our supervisor asked her.

"There are no holidays until the war is over," she said. "And we can't complain. There aren't any holidays at Guadalcanal either."

Donald was all alone that first day and sat wide-eyed and interested while scores of adults tramped through the rooms on inspection tours.

He was given his breakfast and lunch and two midday snacks, hot soup at eleven, and orange juice at three, just as though the whole staff had come there to serve him. He didn't realize that he was our little guinea pig, nor did he know that we watched him nervously to see if our program was working out while he played in the sand pile and investigated the toy box. Despite the confusion of opening day, he enjoyed himself immensely and even went off to sleep for two hours after lunch to prove that our schedule provided for proper rest. A very co-operative little guinea pig, indeed.

When his mother called for him at six, she paid the twenty-five cents, a charge which we decided in advance would remove any stigma of charity from our service and yet would not prove a burden to the mothers. The prices vary according to their ability to pay—some pay a dollar a day and, in needy cases, no charge is made.

Mrs. Carter had tears in her eyes when she spoke with me.

"I can't begin to tell you what this means, Mrs. Terry," she said. "If you could only know how I've worried about Donald—wondering all day whether I had put the matches out of reach, or whether he was eating the proper food. It was very hard to work with my child at home alone. I don't think I could have kept it up much longer. And yet, I have to work. Donald and I are all alone—"

She didn't tell me more and I didn't prod her, but I know that handsome, intelligent woman had been fighting a hard fight.

Her gratitude, more than any of the compliments of our visitors, told me that our project was a success.

The next day there were five children. Two of them came with their "big sister," thirteen-year-old Marjorie, who told us her mother was dead and her father at sea in the Merchant Marine. She had been trying to keep the little family together, cook, and clean, and still go to school, as California law requires she must until she is sixteen. This little "mother" walks ten blocks to the nursery school every day, bringing her little brother and sister, before she goes to school. I am surer of America's future, having known Marjorie.

WE ARE running almost capacity now. We cannot take any more than fifty children in the space we have, and we dread the day when we shall have to turn the first mother down.

All children deserve what we can offer so few—a balanced diet, rest and play, and the chance to learn to live with children.

We wish we could start such schools all over the city, all over the country—these baby war casualties are not limited to any one city or any one town. But I am giving as much time now as I can without neglecting my own home and my own work and my business manager tells me the expenses of the school already are cutting into funds I had earmarked for taxes and Bonds.

The need is tremendous and I realize our own little nursery has barely scratched the surface of the problem. We will be satisfied, though, (Continued on page 78)



Mother-daughter act by Joan Cawford, wife of Phil Terry, and her adopted daughter Christina. Recent addition to the small happy family is Phil, Jr., new year-old adopted son of the Terrys



girl of his dreams...

meaning you  
in a slimming,  
trimming, smoothing  
Jantzen swim suit,  
knitted to hold  
its glamour  
all summer long...  
deliberately divine  
to give him something  
wonderful to remember.

LA PLAYA  
Velva-cord  
5.50

COQUETTE FLARE  
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TO BE FREE TO ENJOY TOMORROW  
BUY BONDS TODAY!

*Jantzen*

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JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON • VANCOUVER, CANADA

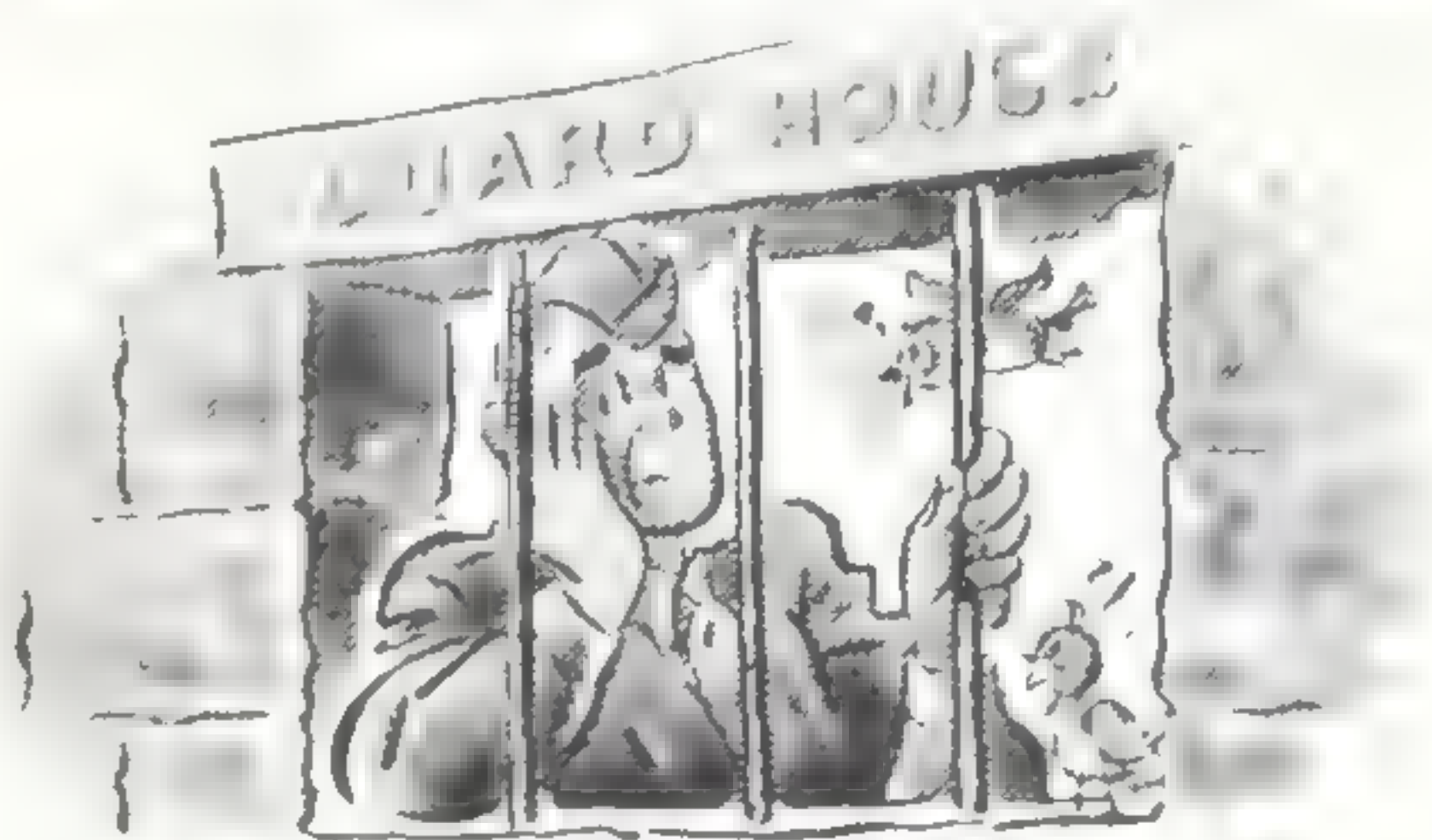


**No Runs!  
No Terrors!**



PLACE A SMALL  
PIECE OF A  
**KLEENEX\* TISSUE**

BETWEEN GARTER FASTENER AND  
STOCKING. LESSENS STRAIN AND PULL,  
THUS HELPS TO PREVENT RUNS!  
(from a letter by M. C. A., Charlestown, Mass.)



## I WAS A.W.O.L.

(ALWAYS WITH OUT LINEN) UNTIL I  
DISCOVERED THAT **KLEENEX** SERVED THE  
PURPOSE AND SAVED LAUNDRY BILLS!

(from a letter by F. E., Jr., Menard, Texas)

{ **GOOD IDEA! SEND KLEENEX TO  
YOUR BOY IN THE SERVICE!** }



## When the Lights Come On Again

AFTER A SAD MOVIE—I'M FIT TO BE SEEN!  
NO MORE RED NOSE WHEN I CARRY SOFT  
**KLEENEX!** (from a letter by  
W. T., Muncie, Ind.)



Wish Mom could always  
get Delsey\*—it's  
soft like Kleenex



DELSEY Toilet Paper (★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

(Continued from page 76) that we have done a job if our experience moves other women who fear for the safety of our children to act before it is too late.

You may not have the wherewithal at hand to start a nursery by yourself. But if you are really in earnest, you can interest others in your neighborhood to join you. Someone might give you a place rent-free. Others will dig into their attics, linen closets and purses to help furnish the nursery. Still others will volunteer their time. All that's needed is the will to do it.

According to the report on Working Women in Los Angeles County Child Care Committees, 362,698 women were working in Los Angeles county in February, 1943. To date, 82,777 children up to sixteen are affected.

The time has passed when mothers who work can leave their children in the care of a housekeeper. The housekeepers are working, too. So is Aunt Mary. And so is the neighborhood girl down the street.

**T**HERE are those who fight the advent of nursery schools, clamoring that woman's place is in the home, that a mother of small children shouldn't be working, anyhow.

But who is to say who should work, and who shouldn't?

How many of those mothers whose place is in the home are working because their husbands died at Pearl Harbor? How many little girls are looking after their kid brothers and sisters while father dodges torpedoes in the Merchant Marine?

## Tell Me a Love Story

(Continued from page 47) and off to the right he could see a swimming pool glinting in the darkness. Might be all right, at that.

"Darling!" said Marjorie, opening the door delightedly after he'd rung a few times. She seemed to his suspicious eye even more charming than usual. Kissing him ecstatically, she started to show him the house at once, beginning with the bar. It was glowing with dark panelling and red leather furniture and already his famous collection of beer mugs was on the wall. "Nice," he said, beginning to relax. "But wait till you see the living room!" said Marjorie, gaily pushing him into it. It, too, was furnished to perfection and complete down to the last ash tray.

And so she took him through the house, room after room . . . the dining room, kitchen, then upstairs to the guest room, her own charming room. Then she hesitated.

Brian began to feel suspicious again. "Look, love of my life," said he, "into what cranny did you squeeze me?"

"Well . . ." said Marjorie uncertainly. Then she swung open a door. It was a lovely room all right, big and spacious—but unfortunately it was completely bare save for the iron bed from the maid's room!

Marjorie was talking fast while he gazed at it. "I've ordered everything for it but nothing's come yet!" said she. Then she rushed to the closet, her heels clattering on the bare floor. "But see—all your clothes are here, already hung up!" she pointed out triumphantly.

Brian, exhausted after his 300-mile-drive back from location, opened his mouth to deliver an angry lecture on the welcome given a tired man—and then instead he began roaring with laughter. Between shouts of mirth he told her there was no one else like her; first moving into a new house behind his back and then trickily showing him every lovely room in it before she led him into the barren cave that was to be his for the next few

And how many mothers are working because, for the first time in their lives, they can make enough money to see that their children eat decent food, wear warm clothes, have medical and dental care when they need it, and a chance in tomorrow's brave new world?

Who are we to say that women are working for "luxuries?" Who am I to begrudge women things I have taken for granted for years?

My child has had "nursery care" from the start. Why should I, who have taken my child's health and well-being for granted, tell a mother who wants more of the good things for her child that she must not work?

The question is academic, at best. Women are working. Our country has asked them to work. Millions more of them will be working before the war is won, doing needed, useful work, releasing men now in industry and agriculture to swell the armed forces. They can be proud that they are in the fight.

It is up to us who can't make airplanes, and who can't fight, to see to it that they can work with free minds and free hearts, knowing that their children are safe from harm.

Remember, one woman giving her services to a nursery can release to our defense plants twenty mothers who would otherwise have to stay home to take care of their children!

There will be pitifully little chance for the Four Freedoms in tomorrow's world if tomorrow's citizens are lost.

The End

weeks until furniture arrived!

And that, in a nutshell, describes the Donlevy marriage, its success and its core. Marjorie goes her own sweet wifely way, instead of his—and he begs for more and more of the same.

**B**UT Hollywood's most unique marriage started seven years ago with Hollywood's most unique courtship. And, as we keep saying, without the headwaiter it would never have started at all!

Brian was then brand-new to California, and if you'd shouted, "Who's the loneliest man in Hollywood?" he'd have spun like a top. He was fresh from eleven years on the New York stage, he was playing villains in B pictures, and he knew nobody. He lived in an enormous house in the hills behind Beverly and his sole companion was a surly police dog who bit everyone, including Brian. His only contact with his fellow man occurred every night, when he drove down to the Trocadero night club and spoke to the headwaiter on his way in. "Good evening," they would say gravely to each other. Then Brian would have a solitary drink and go home to his snarling dog.

Well, one night Brian had an acute attack of loneliness and after his usual greeting to the headwaiter he added an invitation to live under the same roof.

The next morning a sedan drove up to Brian's door. From it emerged John Steinberg (that's the headwaiter's name), with many suitcases and trunks, and a happy Italian chef named Mario, complete with towering white chef's cap.

For the next year and a half the three lived together—the actor, the headwaiter and the wild-eyed Italian chef. Life was jolly, food was superb and everything was fine except that Brian still didn't know any girls and at night he was as lonely as ever. Which his good friend John Steinberg noted and worried about. So when New Year's Eve rolled around,



Mr. Steinberg determined to play Dan Cupid.

He had a new table waiting for Brian, right under the orchestra. And sitting at the table between numbers he had the orchestra's singer, a beautiful redheaded girl named Marjorie Lane. Brian fell in love with her the minute she said, "How do you do?" But she, of course, was just as contrary as she's been ever since. She barely noticed him and when he asked her to go out with him after hours that night, she nodded absently. He rushed home to change from tweeds into tails for the occasion—but once back at the Trocadero in his shining splendor, he found she'd gone to a party with Robert Taylor.

But the following night he was back at the orchestra table and he asked her out again and again for the next year. Most of the time she accepted. He discovered that her family had moved to Hollywood from Kansas six years before, that her father was head of public relations for the Sante Fe Railroad, that she had two brothers, and that she sang for Eleanor Powell in the movies as well as the Trocadero at night. And once every three dates he said, "Will you marry me?" and she answered, "I should say not."

**B**UT finally, three days before Christmas, when they were sitting in his living room after dinner, Willful Marjorie said, "Let's get married, Brian." "Let's indeed!" shouted Brian. "Before you change your mind!" Ten minutes later he had piled Marjorie into his extra-long roadster and they were headed for Ensenada, Mexico. There the actor from Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin, married the singer from Manhattan, Kansas—with a Spanish-speaking Mexican priest presiding.

"Nice marriage ceremony, wasn't it?" said Brian happily. To his horror Marjorie burst into tears. "No!" she sobbed. "It was awful—I couldn't understand a word the priest was saying. Why, I don't even feel married!"

You can guess what had to happen. A week later on New Year's Eve they were remarried—this time in the Wilshire Methodist Church in Los Angeles, where Marjorie (and for that matter, Brian) could understand what was going on. Coming out of the church once more—which was beginning to seem a habit now to Bewildered Brian—Marjorie dimpled up at him, "Now at last I feel legally your wife!"

"And well you might!" growled her spouse.

And well she might, indeed, baby Judith Ann would say. For your ready reference, Judith Ann put in her appearance at 4:30 A.M. on Saturday, February 20. As soon as she and Mother Marjorie could be moved home from the hospital, the baby was ensconced in the guest room, which by this time, you may rest assured, is no guest room. It's loaded down with every sort of new-fangled infant contrivance. Father Brian, shopping between shots of "America," could find in the market.

In fact, Papa Donlevy has gone pleasantly berserk over the baby. He is now engaged in trying to talk his wife into buying a cow for her—for milk, as you might surmise. But Mrs. Donlevy is set against it. She claims, not without justice, that they already have a zoo, what with ducks, chickens, cats and dogs. But that is the only point on which she has been able to stop Brian's buying. Fatherhood has gone straight to his pocketbook.

And now you know the tale you'd hear if you should ask William Holden, George Tobias, Lloyd Nolan, Robert Preston or John Steinberg, "Tell me a love story!"

We've told it to you.

THE END



## Best of a Bumper Crop!

**Yours, of course. The most beautiful, the most lovable, the most . . . but who are we to describe this new baby of yours?**

Perhaps we *can* be helpful about this youngster's wash. We have it on the best authority, the word of thousands of mothers, that for washing baby clothes, there's nothing like Fels-Naptha Soap. Those rich suds, made from gentle naptha and mild soap, get rid of *all* dirt and stains with practically no rubbing. They save wear and tear on dainty garments—and on dispositions, too.

**IMPORTANT!** In spite of war-time difficulties and greater demand, we are doing our best to keep your grocer supplied with Fels-Naptha Soap. If he does not have it in stock today—*please keep on asking.*



## FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"



How to get

# "Coffee Lift"

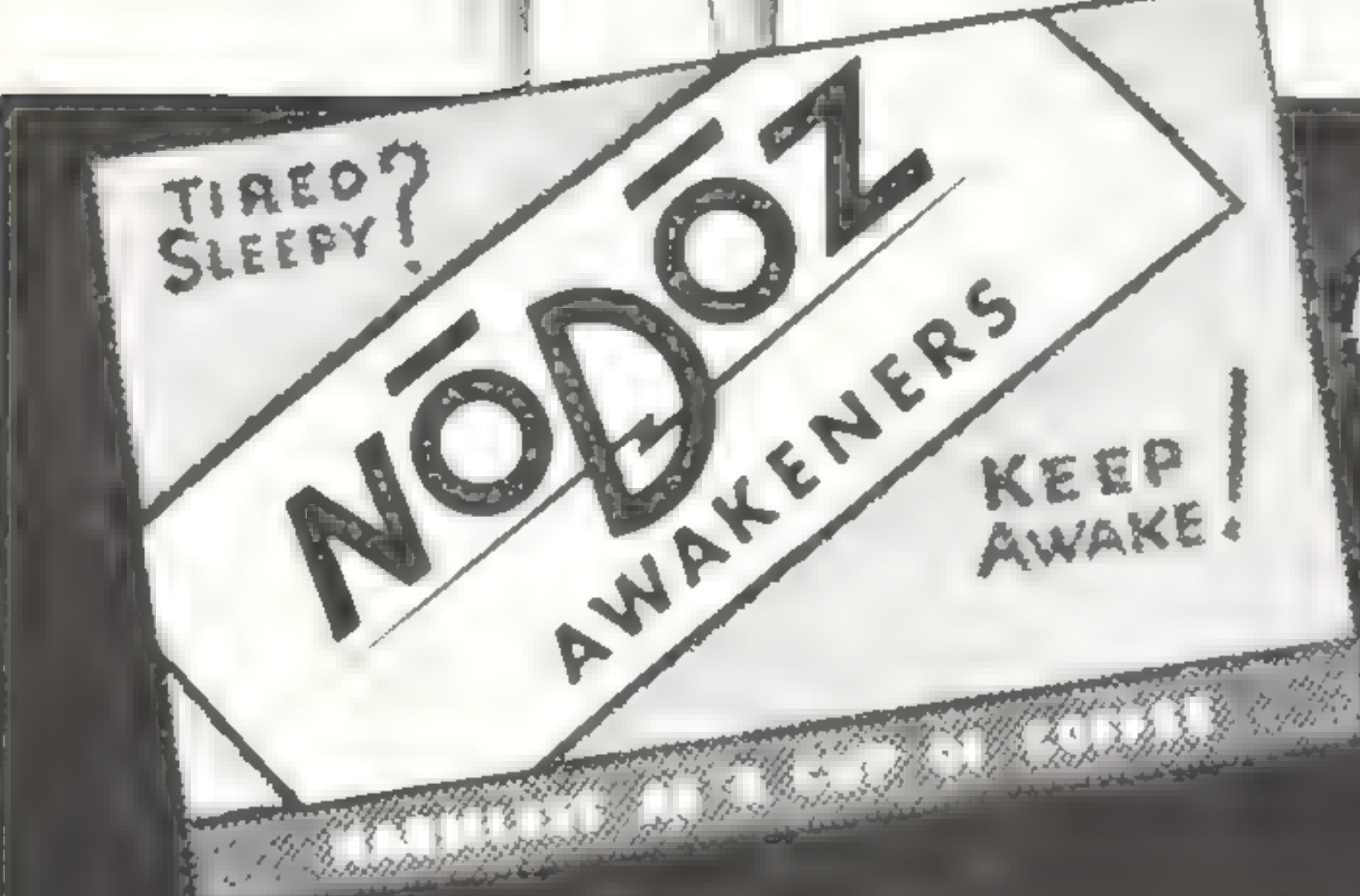
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Do you miss coffee, and the quick "pick-up" it gives? Try handy NoDoz Awakeners—gives the same quick lift to brain and body as coffee. NoDoz Awakeners contain *citrate*d caffeine—made from coffee, and minus the danger of dyspeptic symptoms often caused by coffee oils. No depressing after-effects. Carry a reserve supply of quick energy in your pocket or purse. Take a handy, easy-to-take NoDoz Awakener tablet and keep awake and alert! On the job, or in the home—work goes faster, easier, smoother after taking a NoDoz Awakener.

For trial-size package send 10c to NoDoz Awakeners, Richfield Bldg. Oakland Calif., Dept. M-1

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**AT YOUR DRUGGIST**

**25¢**

Over fifty million NoDoz Awakeners have been used since 1933

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TRY DR. MILES NERVINE

**O**FTEN the harder you try to get to sleep, the longer you stay awake. Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are **Nervous, Cranky, Restless?** Get it at your drug store. Liquid, 25c and \$1.00; Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Read directions on the package and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.



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AND \$25 to \$30 A WEEK!

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YOU can become a nurse, too! Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, have studied this thorough, home-study course. Lessons are easy to understand and high school education not necessary. Many earn as they learn—Mrs. R. W. of Mich. earned \$25 a week while still studying. Endorsed by physicians. Easy tuition payments. Uniform and equipment included. 44th year. Send coupon now!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 67) a defense job as I hear there are plenty—and well paid. He says that his place is on the farm and he will never leave it as his sisters and his father depend upon him.

There was a mutual understanding at the time of our marriage that we would live anywhere I chose. My opinion is that he is afraid of being drafted if he leaves the farm.

Would you leave him and get a divorce if you had a good home to return to, as I have, or would you stay with him on the farm and continue to make unheard-of-sacrifices? I don't believe we will ever get ahead, as his dad controls all the money.

Emily Anne B.

Dear Mrs. B:

Evidently you no longer love your husband, because when one is in love one wants to be with that person all the time—regardless of where he is.

No woman, if a man loves a particular occupation, has the right to demand that he give it up because of her. Even if he promised to live in a city when he asked you to marry him, he probably now realizes this would not be right for him. I'm sure he thought you would grow to love the home he made for you.

None of us who has just finished signing up for food ration books can look upon a good, sincere, hard-working farmer with anything but the highest respect and admiration.

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

In reading your column, I've noticed that quite a few girls complain about their appearance and ask you to give them advice on how to become more attractive.

Sometimes I don't think average-looking girls realize how lucky they are. I recently secured a position with a coal company as weigh mistress in the office. I have worked a long time, and studied, to equip myself for this job. I have twelve men working for me, but unless I can find an answer to my puzzle, I may have to give it up.

You see, everyone tells me I am exceptionally good-looking. I have never considered this important as I have always wanted to improve my mind. But to get to my difficulty: The first few weeks of my new job were very pleasant; the men were co-operative and courteous.

Then, in the next few weeks they began to hang around the office and carry on silly chatter. I couldn't get my work out because the men were just too friendly. In desperation I went to my employer and told him of the situation. He laughed and said he couldn't fire twelve men; that he would just have to lose me if the men wouldn't stay out of the office.

I have worked so hard to get this position and I like it so well that I can't bear to give it up. But what can I do without being mean and making enemies?

Helene S.

Dear Miss S:

Under no condition give up a position that you have worked for, earned honestly and like.

Part of your difficulty is caused, no doubt, by the celebrated habit of girls who say "no" and really mean "yes." Your very indifference and concentration on your work are probably interpreted as part of some enticing new technique.

In your favor is the fact that men are apt to become discouraged if they find a girl isn't interested. It isn't necessary for you to be unpleasant or to make ene-



mies to accomplish this. Simply be tactful and firm. Ask them calmly to stay out of the office because you have work to do. If you are nice about it, and if your tone and attitude are absolutely impersonal, I feel sure these men will—in the long run—believe you and respect you for your attitude.

Sincerely yours,  
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I'm just at the point where I don't know what to do.

When I was 19 (I am now 21) I was married. You see, my mother is Russian and she believes that if you aren't married by 20, you're disgracing the family. She really had me believing that no one would ever want me, so when I met this boy, I married him just to satisfy her although I knew I didn't love him.

We just didn't get along from the very first. When I knew I was going to have a baby, I thought it would make everything right, but it didn't. Miss Davis, my baby was born with water on the brain and it only lived a month. When the baby died, my husband left me, saying I was no good as a woman.

Then my mother started again, also saying I was no good and that I should have died instead of my father. You see, I was six when he and I were in a car together and we had an accident. He died and now she's forever telling me it should have been me.

My mother isn't very well and I have tried to take care of her, but I don't think I can stand it much longer. What would you do? Try to turn a deaf ear to her nagging, or go to some other town and get a job and start life fresh without my family?

Tania M.

Dear Mrs. M:

As you say yourself, your mother obviously isn't very well and I am sure this must partly excuse her actions.

Certainly you weren't in the least responsible for the death of your father and you shouldn't be harried and made miserable because of it. Neither are you responsible for the death of your child, nor does this unusual condition reflect any discredit upon your womanhood. Both were utterly beyond your power to change.

Your husband and your mother have been entirely wrong in goading you into your present state of misery. I never advocate leaving a mother, but in your case it would seem that your only chance for salvation lies in starting out on your own.

Sincerely yours,  
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have read somewhere that you are head of the U.S.O., and I wondered if you were the person who made the rule that girls under eighteen can't enter U.S.O. centers?

I am seventeen and my boy friend is stationed near the town where I live. Really, there aren't many places around here where decent people can go and have a nice time. The U.S.O. workers are always giving parties for soldiers and inviting a lot of girls, but we girls sixteen and seventeen get turned down at the door. We are embarrassed to death.

My boy friend has to take an older girl to these parties and I am left out. Can't something be done about it? It seems like a silly rule—what difference does a year make?

Won't you please look into it and try to get that rule repealed?

Grace B.

Dear Miss B:

I am extremely flattered to learn that you think I am head of the U.S.O. I am hardly equipped for this job, which is a colossal one.

These rules are made and enforced by the U.S.O. chairman in each community, I understand, so the only thing for you to do is to take it up with your local U.S.O.

Sincerely,  
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a bride of six months and have a very dear husband. We love each other deeply. He has had a very difficult life as he has worked since he was fourteen. Now, he has a rather important job and we get along very nicely on his salary.

After two months of marriage, he brought up the subject of a wife's being independent. He wants me to go to school and to learn to be something. He says that he has seen so many changes concerning work that he feels a woman should be able to share in supporting a home, if need be.

I love being a housewife and I know I would be very unhappy if I had to go to work. I like to cook, and clean, and have my home attractive. How can a woman keep up with household duties when she has to go off to the office? I told him a girl marries to have someone to depend on.

Do you believe a woman has to learn to be self-supporting?

Patricia J.

Dear Mrs. J:

I happen to agree with your husband. I think that every human being should be self-supporting. Who knows what the future may bring, or of what great value trained women may be in the post-war world.

**THIS IS STATION**  
**F-U-N**

Two barrels of fun with two bottles of joy—that's what you see in this picture! Pepsi-Cola gets a great big hand from stars and fans alike—it's the grand drink with the swell taste and five cents opens a big, big bottle.

**JERRY COLONNA**  
★  
**VERA VAGUE**  
The Servicemen's Comedy Team





## ARE YOU CAREFUL ABOUT SCALP ODOR?

There's an easy way to be sure that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo, which contains pure medicinal pine tar, not only cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly, but also leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears.

Don't take the chance that some women do. Make certain of your personal daintiness. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo will keep your hair naturally fresh and pleasant. Start the Packers habit—and you won't have to worry about a "nasal close-up"



use

# ROYLIES

**PAPER DOYLIES**

Save essential war materials, such as linen and cottons. No laundering either!

By makers of ROYLEDGE Paper Shelving

*I, personally, have a pretty big job to do, yet I manage to do lots of things in my own home in spare time snatched after working hours.*

*It seems to me that you are fortunate to have the sort of husband you do. After all, housework for the first six months is fun, but after four or five years of it you won't find it satisfies you all day, every day.*

*Also, I believe you will find that learning to become self-supporting will bring something new and very interesting into your life.*

Sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Bette:

I met a man who is fifty-two and was a doctor in Vienna. He has two lovely boys ten and twelve years—Sascha and Joe. The doctor was in a concentration camp and is very much broken up. His wife died in France.

He is here only two years and just made his state exam as a doctor. If he passed he'll find a home for the boys who are in a boarding school now.

I suggested in the summer, when I was camp nurse and he was camp doctor, that he should marry a rich woman and I would be governess to the boys and help in the office. Well, now it seems we like each other and the boys adore me.

But this worries me—is there a late luck for a woman when she is an old maid nearing fifty? Is there any happiness for me, or am I maybe a silly old fool to fall in love with him, and him with me?

Dora W.

Dear Miss W:

*There is certainly no reason why, even though you are nearing fifty, you should consider yourself an old maid. It is entirely possible for people of all ages to fall in love and marry; you must have heard the saying that a person is only as old as he feels.*

*There is a Swiss legend that tells how the crocus—a symbol of awakening vitality—always blooms twice, once in spring and once in the fall.*

*Certainly there is nothing in the least ridiculous in a mature love.*

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I may never mail this letter, but I am being driven to write to you by an urge that I can't understand. Probably I have a great many peculiar urges—to judge from what I am going to tell you.

For several years since my parents' death I have lived alone in a small house.

I was given every advantage of Chris-

tian training as a child. I have a good education, too—something that, in the getting, caused my parents to sacrifice many personal comforts.

After I recovered from my first horrible grief at my parents' death, I picked myself up and went back to my teaching position. One of my pupils was a beautiful brown-eyed boy of ten, bright, laughing and friendly. But he had one very serious fault: He had no sense of property rights at all. If any of the children missed an article, I always knew where to find it. When I scolded him he would look up at me in astonishment and say, "But I wanted it! I thought it was pretty!"

Now, this is the crazy thing that happened to me—and to be honest, I don't know what Tommy and his failing had to do with it, but something! I was in a dime store one day and saw a bright red hair ribbon bow. I simply picked it up and walked out.

That was only the beginning. In spite of myself, I began to pick up all sorts of odd and useless things. This has been going on for two years. When I look in the drawers of Mother's dresser, I shudder to realize what I am doing.

But that isn't the end of my woes by a long margin. I was caught out in a sudden rain last summer and two radio officers brought me home. One of them came back a day or so later to return a school notebook I had left in the back of the car, and we became friends. Now that friendship has become love, pure and simple, and he wants me to marry him.

I guess I don't need to go on. If you're laughing, I don't blame you. I laugh rather wryly myself sometimes.

Well, Miss Davis, where do we go from here? What shall I do? Tell him the truth and lose him; or marry him and disgrace him by being caught eventually and branded . . . well, I can't write the word. It's too awful.

Gareth M.

Dear Miss M:

*In the first place, your condition is nothing of your own choosing. We have learned that these things are not disgraceful, any more than whooping cough is, because they, too, can be cured.*

*Of course, you must tell this man the full truth about your trouble. If he is the right kind of person, he will be able to help you. If he isn't the right kind of person, you might as well know it before you marry him instead of afterward.*

*I would also suggest that you go and talk this over with a psychiatrist. Don't try to solve your problem alone. And, above all—don't think that you are a disgrace to anyone—you aren't!*

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

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LISTEN TO—"MY TRUE STORY"—a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine. Check your local newspaper for local time of this—

BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

**Doings and What Nots:** Pat Dane and orchestra leader Tommy Dorsey became man and wife in a Las Vegas elopement . . .

Desi Arnaz marched off to war clutching the potato knife given him by his wife Lucille Ball. Lucille will carry on at the ranch while Desi is away. Friends of both sincerely hope the handsome Cuban will come home more grown up emotionally. Lucille can be patted on the back for keeping that marriage going . . .

Alice Faye collapsed at a broadcast and had to be taken home. Her doctor has ordered the star to put on ten pounds before she faces a camera again. It seems nervous exhaustion has kept Alice from gaining weight. It's a known fact Alice is too shy to carry the burden of stardom comfortably and longs to retire from pictures and devote her time to her baby, her husband Phil Harris and her home . . .

Joan Crawford, after suffering the sad experience of having to give up the baby boy she had taken into her home, has, with her husband, adopted another little boy, Phil Terry Jr. (named after Daddy) to be brother to sister Christina . . .

Madame Chiang Kai-shek took over cinema-land and held it in the palm of her dainty hand. Every star fought for the privilege of paying homage to China's First Lady and the affair staged in her honor at the Hollywood Bowl by David Selznick remains one of those unforgettable memories.

**Dorothy Takes A Groom:** Dottie La-mour got married on a Wednesday. On the Tuesday before, she dropped in where Cal was lunching and showed us the two wedding rings she'd picked up from the jeweler's.

With fingers that shook from nervous excitement, Dottie unwrapped the two white satin envelopes and explained, "This is Bill's. It's inscribed 'Forever your Dorothy,' and mine says, 'Forever your Bill.'"

The next day, at the reception following the wedding, we were among the guests who greeted Dottie, in her pale blue dress and tiny flower hat, and her handsome husband, Captain William Ross Howard, member of a famous Baltimore family and former husband of Louise Brooks, cute movie star who rose to fame during silent film days.

It was fitting, somehow, that Bob Hope, in whose pictures Dorothy has been a shining light, should stand beside her while she cut the wedding cake.

Rumor has it that after making one more film for Paramount Dorothy will leave pictures and follow her husband wherever he is sent. At present Dorothy has taken a house at San Bernardino and will stay there to be near Bill. Movie-goers will miss her, but those who have known her from her Dorothy Kaumeyer days realize she deserves all the happiness that is now hers. And Cal heartily echoes their best wishes.



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TEST IT! PUT IT  
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DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM,  
UNDER THIS ARM! SEE  
WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION-  
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NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM • REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION • PREVENTS ODOR



# Hollywood Vignettes

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ A READER SEES SOME STARS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By Gene Jones of Los Angeles, Cal.

## Redhead Pays Tribute

**E**AVESDROPPING on the conversation being carried on at the next table in a Hollywood restaurant, I found that the couple were studio people. Listening with hopes of gleaning news of my favorite stars, I was thrilled when an attractive movie couple joined them.

The young lady, a vivacious redhead, was praising the work of the new French actress, Michele Morgan. The young man merely concentrated upon his food. Telling of her attempts to gain weight, the redhead said, "This morning I had a pint of milk, for lunch I had creamed beef on toast and more milk, and now I suppose I must have some more milk."

Eventually, as all conversations in Hollywood do, they talked shop. The first man was telling of a new discovery out at his studio. She was a college girl who had read a very difficult part for him without getting nervous. The young redhead was surprised and said, "Why, even with the experience that I have had, I couldn't read that part without being scared."

The modest young lady was Lucille Ball and the quiet handsome man was her husband, Desi Arnaz.

## Finger Man

**U**NDoubtedly the most popular star in Hollywood with the fans who stand long hours to wait for auto-

graphs or pictures is Red Skelton.

A short time ago, on a Sunday afternoon, he and his wife arrived at the parking lot of N.B.C. for his preview broadcast. Fans immediately surrounded them, most of them being men in the armed forces. One of the soldiers present had a movie camera with him and he was shooting the Skeltons in action.

Suddenly Red Skelton looked up from the autograph book he was signing and informed the soldier that he had one finger over the lens.

The soldier, with a genuine Texas drawl, asked, "Which one?"

Skelton cracked back, "Does it make any difference, or do you have one that is transparent?"



How to choose  
a good  
summer  
powder shade



If your tan is rosy

you'll look prettiest in a fresh, rosy-beige powder like Pond's new Dreamflower "Dusk Rose." It's not too dark—not yellowy—makes your tan glow! Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, blonde society beauty says, " 'Dusk Rose' is the most attractive summer shade I've ever found!"

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your summer powder must be rich and bronzy. Pond's new Dreamflower "Dark Rachel" is superb for you! It enriches your tan—never dulls it with a pale, powdery film. "Pond's new Dreamflower 'Dark Rachel' makes my tan look so rich, smooth!" says Mrs. Charles Morgan, Jr., brown-eyed social leader.

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Match your lips and cheeks with Pond's new glamour pair—Pond's "Lips" and Pond's "Cheeks" (compact rouge). Five wonderful shades!



Pond's exquisite new  
Dreamflower Powder

Six flattering shades: Dusk Rose; Dark Rachel and Natural, Brunette, Rachel, Rose Cream. 49¢, 25¢, 10¢.



## Young Mariner

(Continued from page 51) I was still determined to get to Hollywood.

"So I hitchhiked out here, and landed on April Fool's Day in Culver City, thinking I was in Hollywood.

"I was so disgusted," Gig continued, "I decided a guy that dumb wouldn't have a chance in the movies. So I went out and got a job in a gas station."

But selling gas to gorgeous extras, to players in make-up and to youngsters headed for stardom didn't help soothe his histrionic ambitions.

"What really did it," admitted Gig, "was reading about a young fellow named Jack Carson being called out of one of the schools that conducted a little theater and signed to a studio contract. After that I was going to be an actor—or else.

"I GOT a job as night clerk in a hotel which left my days for school and a little theater. But it didn't pay enough for me to be able to rent a room at the hotel. So I moved into a joint near the old Fatty Arbuckle studio. The humans that holed up there looked so bad I put a padlock on my door so they wouldn't steal my one good suit. My old 1925 roadster with no top was the classiest thing in the block. It had no starter and I had to push it a couple of blocks to get it going. That kept me in condition. I was always in a hurry to get from one job to another and people got a great kick out of watching me push the car till it got up enough momentum for me to jump in and throw it in gear. Then, as I'd make my rounds, I'd park it on a hill, so that in starting up I could coast until the motor took hold. It got to be a burning ambition of mine to own a car with a starter."

Gig Young, or Byron Barr, as he was then called, put his money on the line with the Ben Bard School of Drama and appeared in a number of their productions. In those days, when the script called for him to put his feet on the desk, the holes in the soles of his shoes were evident even to the audience. Once he fainted on stage for lack of food.

THEN the gasoline station where he worked failed, so he only had one job, which wasn't sufficient to cover food and rent and pay his tuition at the dramatic school.

He tried being a waiter at a night club but that came to an abrupt end.

"It happened," recalled Gig, "the night Hal Roach's daughter Margaret, who also went to Bard's, visited the club. I headed for the kitchen with a tray and hid there until she left."

Apparently someone complained about the service, for the management confided to Byron that he wasn't working there any more as of the current moment.

But opportunity knocked again in the form of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, breeding ground for so many Hollywood stars. This was Byron's meat. You didn't have to pay to play a part. So he and his close friend, Bill Hamner, hied themselves to the City of Roses and whittled away at fame at the Community Playhouse, the while they mowed lawns and did odd jobs to keep the pot boiling.

Speaking of pots, Gig said ruefully, "We used to make great big stews, enough to last us a week, and then heat them over each day. But I guess that diet wasn't so good. And I'd been working too hard. I was thin and feeling shaky. The doctor said my appendix had to come out. I had it out on the cuff and was down for about four weeks.

"Then I got a chance to take a screen

## "I found this the Best way to Stop Underarm Perspiration and Odor

### —and Save up to 50%—

"Glamour is my Business—" says lovely Ellen Allardice

#### COVER GIRL

"Before I made the covers of the big national magazines, I had to learn how to stay glamorous even under a 'Turkish bath' battery of photographer's lights," Cover Girl Ellen Allardice says. "I had to find a deodorant that really worked. That really kept my underarms dry. And that didn't rot \$100 dresses. I found it in Odorono Cream.

"Here is why. It contains a really effective perspiration stopper. It simply closes the tiny underarm sweat glands and keeps them closed—up to 3 days.

"And it is non-irritating—it actually contains emollients that are soothing to the skin—it can be used directly after shaving. I like to use it every morning for 'clothes-insurance' and for peace of mind. I just follow directions.

"It's a big money saver, too. You actually get up to 21 more applications of this lovely cream for 39¢—50% more for your money—than other leading deodorant creams give.

"Odorono Cream is my Cover-Girl formula for alluring daintiness. I can recommend it to you."



Beautiful Ellen Allardice



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Just to get acquainted, we will make and send you FREE a portrait-quality, 5 x 7 inch enlargement of your favorite picture! Just send us your most cherished snapshot or photo (either the actual picture or the negative) and you will receive FREE a beautiful PROFESSIONAL Hollywood studio Enlargement! Send a picture to that boy in service—send a picture to the home folks!

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Improved, remarkable  
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**GREASELESS SUNTAN LOTION**  
Never greasy—never sticky!  
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test. I was weak, but jumped at it. "The studio turned me down because I looked sickly. But the producer who ran the test had some encouraging news for me. He said he was so intrigued with my Adam's apple that he had to run the film again."

After that Byron Barr slipped back into the old grind. He haunted Hollywood for little theaters that needed extra players and for shows that had parts he could play. Finally he got a break in one of them—playing Abie in "Abie's Irish Rose" for \$20 a week.

A talent scout from Warner Brothers caught him in that show and arranged a test. A few days later he called to tell Byron he had a contract and that he was to leave the next day for location. It was only a bit part in a short and he had to go all the way to El Paso, Texas, to make it. But he was in the movies.

There followed a succession of bit parts in practically every Warner A picture—little one-line masterpieces that were lost in the shuffle until the one line he did as the reporter with Bette Davis in "The Man Who Came To Dinner."

This did the trick, for on the heels of it came his chance in "The Gay Sisters," followed by his ingratiating role in Warners' super-duper "Air Force."

While he was still in Florida making this picture, Bette Davis went to the front office and asked to have him in "Old Acquaintance." A Davis request generally gets yes for an answer, as you will agree when you see Gig in the role of the dashing young Naval officer.

He has been happy, both in his work and in his home. Two years ago he married Sheila Stapler, who played his wife in the show "Little Frogs." She is as practical and down to earth as he is.

When Gig feels like cooking, Sheila gets in the car and goes visiting or to a movie. He insists on scrambling his own eggs, as

he likes them with lots of cream and "loose." "Loose" eggs make Sheila shiver.

Gig has a terrific sense of humor; looks back on his struggles as a rather interesting experience that doesn't do a fellow any harm. In fact, he says he thinks he really enjoyed them.

He is athletic, having played football, basketball and run on the track team. Tennis, swimming and riding are his favorite sports. He shoots a good game of golf and loves to fish and hunt.

The Young ear is not attuned to jazz but rather to popular music with a nice rhythm, such as waltzes and sweet music. He definitely does not like the jarring notes of brass instruments.

It's been a long, hard pull for Byron Barr, who was barely Bryant Fleming, but who immortalized Gig Young. Now that it has ended, Gig is having to take a rain check on the rewards he has so justly earned. Until this horror called war is over, Gig will be playing his starring role for Uncle Sam. Just before he finished "Old Acquaintance," he enlisted in the United States Coast Guard. The day he finished the picture, he was given his notice to report.

It wasn't easy saying good-bye to Sheila and moving her into a tiny Hollywood apartment for the duration; to Bette Davis who had been such wonderful help to his career; to his many friends and well-wishers; to the little luxuries and attentions he had barely begun to know.

Philosophically, Gig took it in his stride. "I'm trying to think of it as a location trip," he said.

Just before he left, the studio notified him they had renewed his contract. As the bus carried him and many others toward the Alameda boot camp, Gig looked back over his shoulder at Hollywood. Something strange was happening in his throat. That darn Adam's apple again!

THE END

## He's Hep!

(Continued from page 58) seriously considering becoming an aviation engineer when Universal came down with an attack of hep-cat shortage.

Five feet, eight inches tall and weighing a worried 135 pounds, he is definitely on the slim side, but has a great desire to be bulky. His greatest sorrow is that he's unable to put on weight and when he eats in the Universal commissary, he commands an entire platoon of waitresses to bring him provender. A light noontime snack for him consists of an appetizer, soup, a plate of liver, bacon and onions, a Salisbury steak, three vegetables, a fruit salad, a pint of milk, a mound of ice cream that reaches to the tip of his nose and a wedge of four-inch-high lemon meringue pie.

In an effort to expand his appearance of bulk, he habitually buys his clothes a size or two too large. Beyond plenty of size and some special padding here and there, Donald has no special musts in attire, although he wears many checks and horizontal stripes on the theory that they make him look heftier.

At seventeen he has never smoked a cigaret, gnawed a segment of Granger Twist or tasted alcohol in any form. There was never any proscription in his family against tobacco or spirits; he simply never has been interested. He succeeds in working off his excess energy in dancing or annoying the piano and occasionally turns to composing. One of his prized possessions is a piece he and a pal composed between personal-appearance turns in the

basement of a theater. It never has been published and is without an acceptable name, but the pal was Judy Garland and that, to him, explains everything.

An insight into the unselfish nature of his personality is furnished by his almost psychopathic admiration of Mickey Rooney. Any suggestion, within his hearing, that he is a better entertainer than Rooney causes him to turn slightly pale and stammer alarmed objections, but he makes no effort to imitate his hero. The comedy of the two is totally divergent. Rooney's is bombastic and ebullient; Donald's is bewildered, groping, hopeful. As a dancer, Rooney obviously isn't in his class, but Donald won't admit it. When someone gets around to the matter of hoofing, he changes the subject by launching into a panegyric on Rooney's tremendous gifts as a mimic.

DONALD has been busy trouping since he was two and has never had the opportunity to become a proficient baseball player, a lacuna in his life which causes him great distress. He also has harbored a burning desire to excel at football and basketball, but again has been denied the opportunity and now says, regretfully, that it's too late to make it up.

He is greatly puzzled by people who ask him if he is in love. He hasn't the faintest idea what he'll do about marriage, beyond the assurance, to himself, that he'll remain single for at least ten more years. He is shy around girls and a great respecter of the proprietary rights of others of his sex. When an interviewer asked him



if he ever went out with Peggy Ryan, he answered, in shocked tones, which automatically eliminated him from entrance in the Wolfstown derby:

"Gosh, no . . . she's engaged to be married."

He assumes a highly paternal attitude toward Gloria Jean, who is almost a year his junior and hence in need of mature comfort. Since she is carefully chaperoned by her parents at all times, he hasn't been able to teach her to jitterbug, a fact which he regrets extremely. He feels that, at her tender age, she should have some relaxation beyond her sincere interest in her voice, which he admires beyond any other save Lily Pons'.

"When that child gets hep," he says, "she'll be Hollywood's No. 1 Glamour Girl."

**H**E has a steady girl, a nonprofessional named Gwen Carter. Asked if she lived near his home in Beverly Hills, he studied the situation for a moment and then answered, "About five minutes away when I walk." This reply is typical of his ingenuous ripostes. He has a way of responding to serious questions with a perfectly straight face and sidesplitting answers.

Asked once if he had any bad habits that handicapped him on the screen, he replied that he sometimes talked too fast. Asked then if he was doing anything to correct the defect, he said, "Yes, talking slower." Another question had to do with the age at which he had his first date with a girl and his blushing answer was, "I was too young to remember."

Again, asked about the first girl he'd ever kissed, he brought his theatrical background in with a bang. "It was in the old Howard Burlesque theater in Boston," he said. "She was a strip-teaser . . . but she was wonderful." Pressed on whether he liked small parties or large parties, he answered with the puzzled query: "Do you mean male or female?" Finally, when his interrogator wanted to know what he considered the greatest picture he'd ever seen, he replied, after some weighty reflection, "Always the last one I've seen . . . I'm a movie fan."

He expects to be drafted after he reaches his eighteenth birthday, in August, and is somewhat dubious about the sort of soldier he'll make. He has no fear of the war, but does have a tremendous dread of personal failure. He frankly admits that he stands a good chance of being a flop as a hero, taking the opportunity again to deplore his slight stature. He worries a great deal over the possibility of failing to live up to the high pattern of heroism set by the men of Bataan, Corregidor and Guadalcanal and his pleasant blue eyes become troubled in the contemplation. He feels that his life hasn't exactly fitted him for the rigors of soldiering.

"Still, I'm pretty tough," he says, hopefully flexing a steely bicep.

Donald is extremely polite and addresses his elders with an unfailing "Sir" or "Madam" or "Miss." He leaps to hold a chair for members of the opposite sex, is quick on the draw with matches for cigarettes, even carrying a lighter which he uses, when it works, although he doesn't smoke himself. He has an automobile, a modest number, but uses it sparingly now, usually reaching the studio by bus or streetcar, or astride his bicycle.

He is not wholly without dramatic ambitions and even admits that someday he might like to play Shakespeare. For the present, however, he knows that his metier is comedy and hoofing and he expects to stick to that as long as Universal feels he's a money-maker in the field.

The End.

# "To keep Love Light in his Eyes try my\*W.B.N.C."

VERONICA LAKE, CO-STARRING IN "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



## Veronica Lake confides:

"To win his heart, it takes a complexion he can't help adoring. So take my W.B.N.C. That's short for...

### \*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"This 3-minute nightly care with Woodbury Cold Cream means new beauty—to open your eyes and his."

Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream—wipe away. Pat on more—wipe again, leaving a trace overnight.

Four special ingredients make your skin softer, smoother. An exclusive ingredient helps guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers, acting constantly to purify the cream right in the jar.

Tonight start with Woodbury Cold Cream. Hear him say you're lovelier—soon. Big economy jars, \$1.25, 75¢; also 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.



## WOODBURY COLD CREAM

*Beauty Night Cap of the Stars*





## Should an unmarried girl go *alone* to an Army camp?

*It's Etiquet* to wait for an invitation—and then, take another girl with you. Don't embarrass him by arriving, bag and baggage, all alone! And remember—he'll be doubly embarrassed if he notices under-arm perspiration or its odor. Protect your daintiness with *Etiquet*—the new *antiseptic* deodorant cream. More effective!\* Works 5 ways!

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*It's Etiquet that stops under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days*

- SAFELY STOPS under-arm perspiration itself 1 to 3 days. Use twice a week or oftener.
- SAFELY STOPS under-arm perspiration odor 1 to 3 days. 24% more effective than other deodorant creams tested.\*
- SAVES CLOTHES. Prevents clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
- ANTISEPTIC. Pure. Soothing. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day.
- WORKS FAST. Disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on... dress... dash!

LOOK FOR THE BLUE PLAID JAR AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS. 10¢, 39¢

# Etiquet

THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM



## The Truth about the Stars' Home Lives

(Continued from page 70)

big servantless house. She can make a bed and vacuum like mad.

In some cases it is children who dictate the pattern of the stars' lives. But here again the way a star responds to the circumstances of her life and her maternal responsibilities gives a fine off-the-record picture of the star as a woman.

When Anne Shirley and John Payne separated Anne moved out of the Bel-Air house they had built together. But she soon moved back again. For Julie. In Bel-Air, Julie has Deanna Durbin's little nephew, who lives with Deanna across the way, and the Walter Langs' son for playmates.

All of which looks as if the happiness and closeness had drained out of the Shirley-Payne marriage before they ever moved into that house. Anne would be too smart, too sensitive to return, alone, to a place where she and John had once been happy—to torture herself with memories!

For the most part only the girls who are on their own escape complicated lives these days. Take Ann Sheridan and her ranch at Encino, out in the Valley. Annie spends half her time coaxing the grass to grow. She tells all the boys she prefers plants to flowers. Plants can be transferred from their crepe paper fluted pots to the garden. If you think Annie hasn't built up a lavish garden in the two years the boys have been saying it with flowers you underestimate her.

THE house isn't entirely furnished. It's not a large house. It only has two bedrooms. Annie's room, with a canopied bed and perfume shelves but no antiques, satins or brocades, is a room to which any working girl who likes nice things might very well aspire.

The first room to be completely furnished was the playroom. It's Tahitian and Spanish in feeling and features bamboo. If you should ever read about lavish parties being given here be sure it's pure invention. Annie practically never entertains stars in her home. The guests who usually listen to the Capehart play music are her wardrobe girl, hairdresser, secretary and their husbands.

Annie's a smart girl:

She's waiting until she owns the place, free and clear, to install a swimming pool.

The money she gets for her walnut crop pays her taxes.

She invests the money neighbors pay for her eggs in Victory Bonds.

Previously her chickens laid only twelve eggs a day. But Mr. Buick, who runs the ranch while Mrs. Buick runs the house, fed the hens a hot mash stew. Production increased to forty eggs a day.

Ann also has a Victory garden. The mother of Martha Giddings, her wardrobe girl, comes over to do the canning. Come winter Annie's cabbages will be sauerkraut and the tomatoes will be sauces and juices. Ration points? Annie doesn't need them!

This is the first home Annie has owned in Hollywood. She saved the money with which she made a down payment on the house and the four fertile acres while living in rented houses for which she never paid more than seventy-five dollars a month.

Home life in Hollywood, as you can see, very definitely is not what it used to be. But, we repeat, it's exciting—because it's so thoroughly in step with the times and because, as always, it reflects the truth about the stars as nothing else could do!

The End



## Judy—Victory Model

(Continued from page 31) She seldom goes to beauty parlors. She washes and sets her hair. She has her own beauty treatment. She removes her mascara first with a damp washcloth, then sprinkles her face with cold water. She pats soap lather all over her face and leaves it on for about three minutes, then rinses it off with cold water, applying hand lotion. She does this every night and morning.

She loves tennis and swimming. She prefers to sit in a balcony at the movies. She is a great audience.

In fact, she is like a movie fan. She gets different favorites. At present, her favorite actress is Greer Garson. Her favorite actor is Ronald Colman. She was so thrilled with Mickey Rooney's performance in "The Human Comedy" that she wrote him a fan letter, although she was working in "Girl Crazy" with him and could have told him on the set.

**S**HE likes to eat and her big meal is generally breakfast when she has pancakes, eggs and bacon. She loathes mayonnaise as a salad dressing. Her special salad is lettuce sprinkled with crushed ice. She gets a big kick out of eating the vegetables she grows in her garden.

She drinks plenty of milk and loves chocolate in any form, particularly penny chocolate kisses, which she usually eats at the movies.

She tells this story on herself: When the Government made a plea for discarded silk stockings she hounded friends, neighbors and acquaintances for old hosiery. She made it a crusade. One afternoon a friend came to her house with a bundle of hosiery for her. Taking them, she said, "Now be sure, honey, to be on the lookout for more and more stockings."

"Okay, Miss Garland," was the meek reply, "but why don't you turn in the ones you're standing on?" Her rug was made of old silk stockings.

She rarely gets angry. If she does and flares up, it is soon over.

She hates to go to sleep and she hates to get up in the morning. No matter what time she goes to sleep, if she gets too much sleep she feels terrible. If she doesn't fall asleep within the first half-hour after she goes to bed, she can't sleep the entire night. She doesn't like blankets. She sleeps in a thin nightgown.

She is not a jitterbug. "I was a jitterbug for several weeks," she says, "but I couldn't stand the pace. I must be getting old."

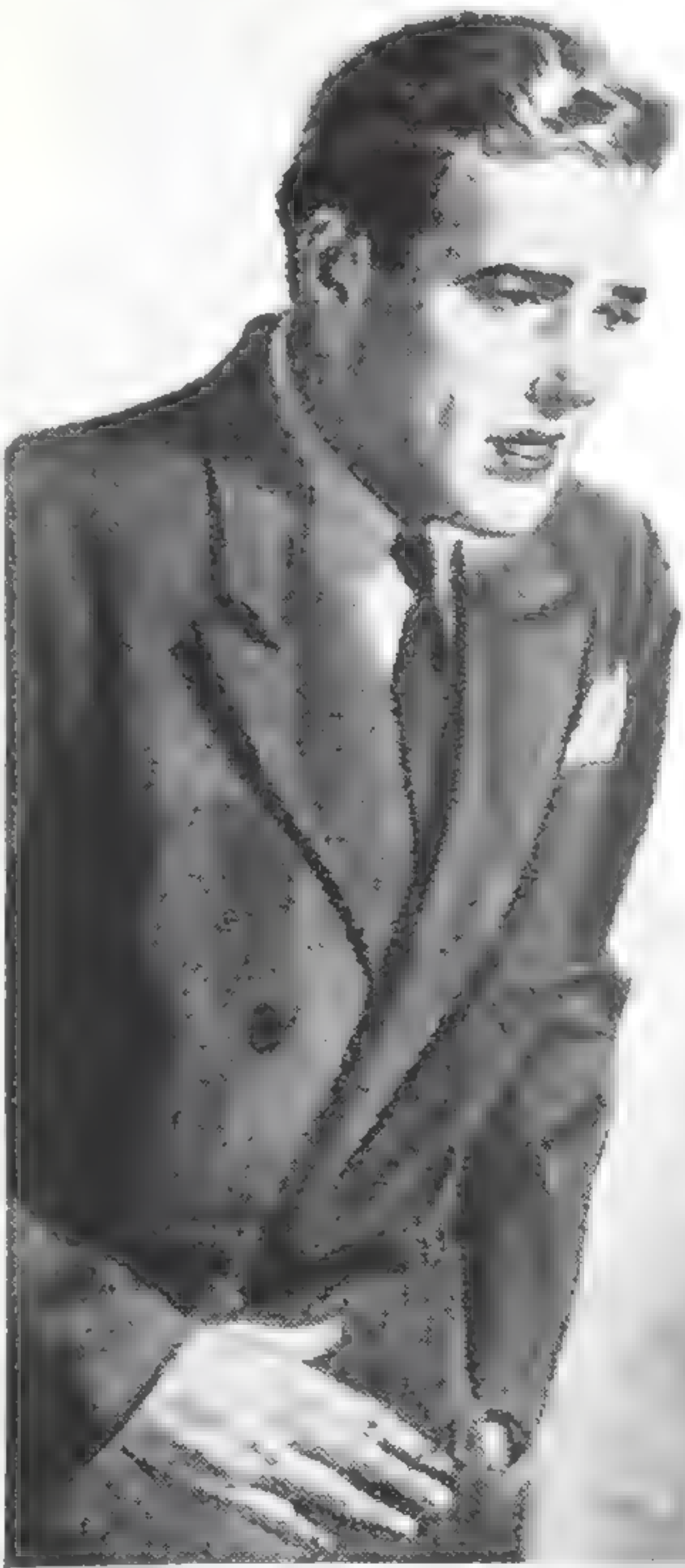
The End

✓Check July 9th!

**T**HAT'S the day your August Photoplay-Movie Mirror makes its bow on the news-stands—or as shortly thereafter as wartime transportation permits.

**S**O—as the wise man said—reserve your August copy now if you want to be sure to get it!

## "I married for love...not this"



HOW A DISTRESSED WIFE OVERCAME  
THE "ONE NEGLECT"  
THAT SO OFTEN ENDS ROMANCE



1. There never was a happier couple than Van and I—at first. But a strangeness grew up between us . . . Then bickerings . . . Day after day, I cried my eyes out.



2. One day I came to my senses. I went over to see our physician—a woman with a heart as big as all outdoors. She guessed the trouble, almost before I'd told her anything. "So often," she explained softly, "a man can't forgive this one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



3. Her recommendation was simple. Lysol disinfectant. "It's so gentle," she explained, "it won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol deodorizes, and cleanses thoroughly and daintily. It's no wonder that thousands of women use this famous germicide for feminine hygiene."



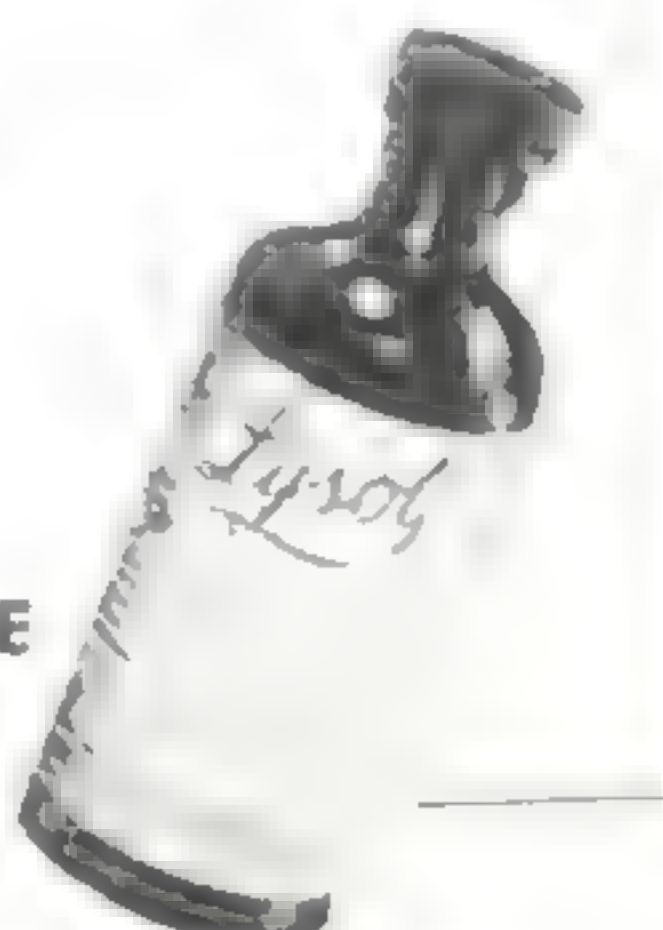
4. I did just as she told me—and was delighted to find Lysol so easy to use, so inexpensive. Today, Van and I are ideally happy. I'm everlastingly grateful to my doctor.

### Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out* germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



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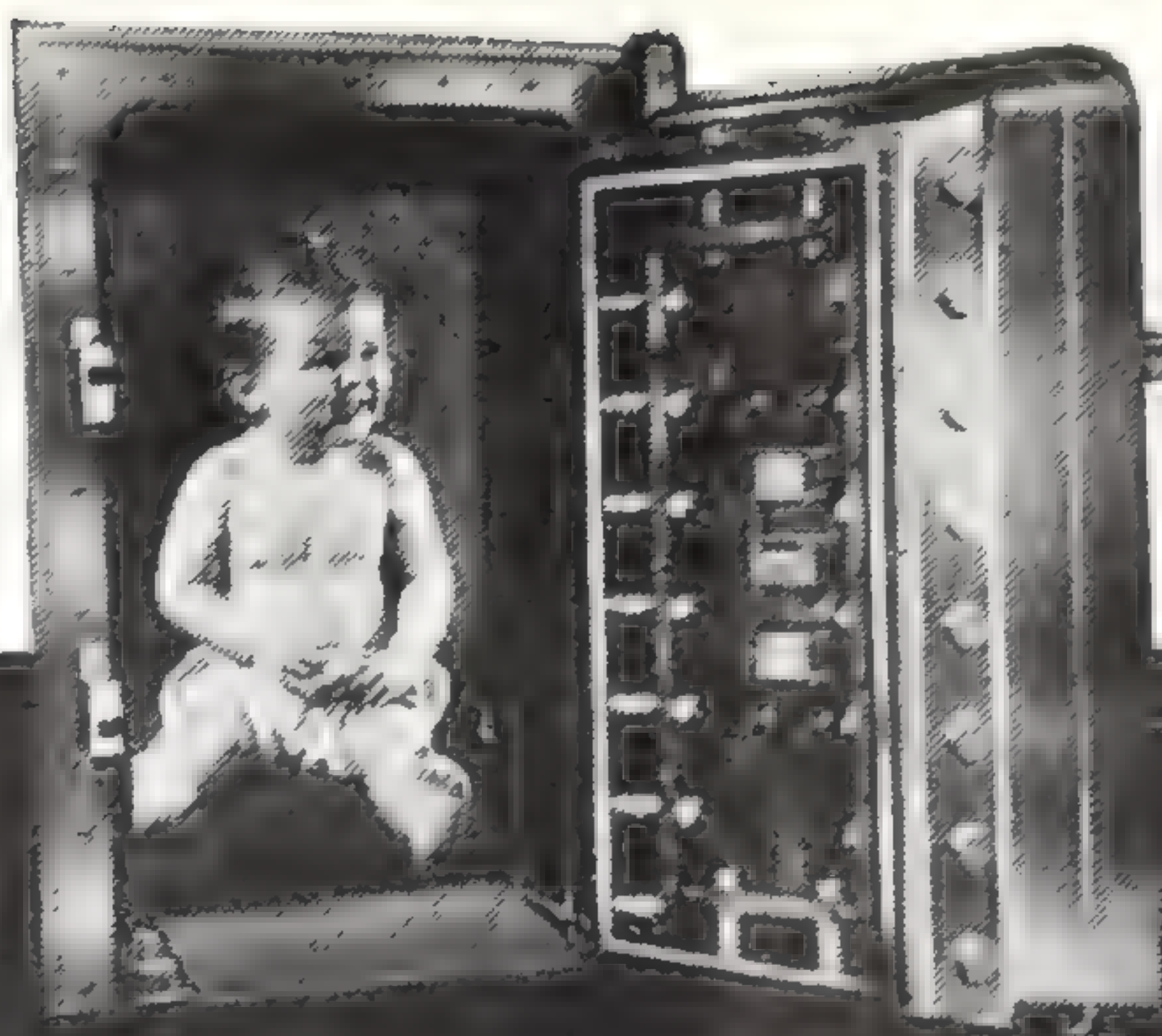
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Baby's normal motions as in creeping (shown by speed camera) cause constant friction of skin at many points. Greater protection against friction is provided by super-smooth Mennen Powder, pounded now to amazing new fineness by special "hammerizing" process.

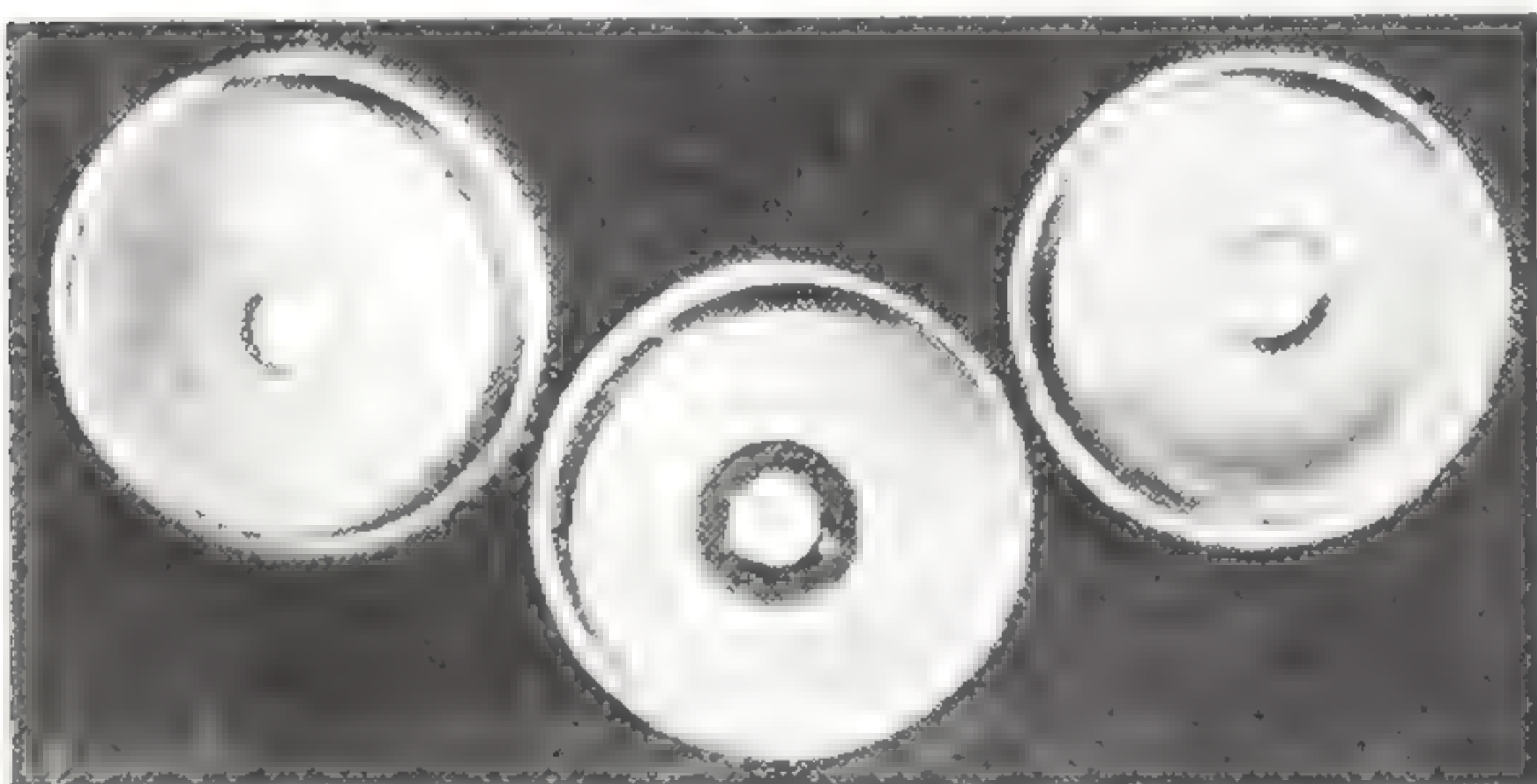


## WARTIME MOTHERS HAIL NEW BABY POWDER AS VITAL HEALTH AID



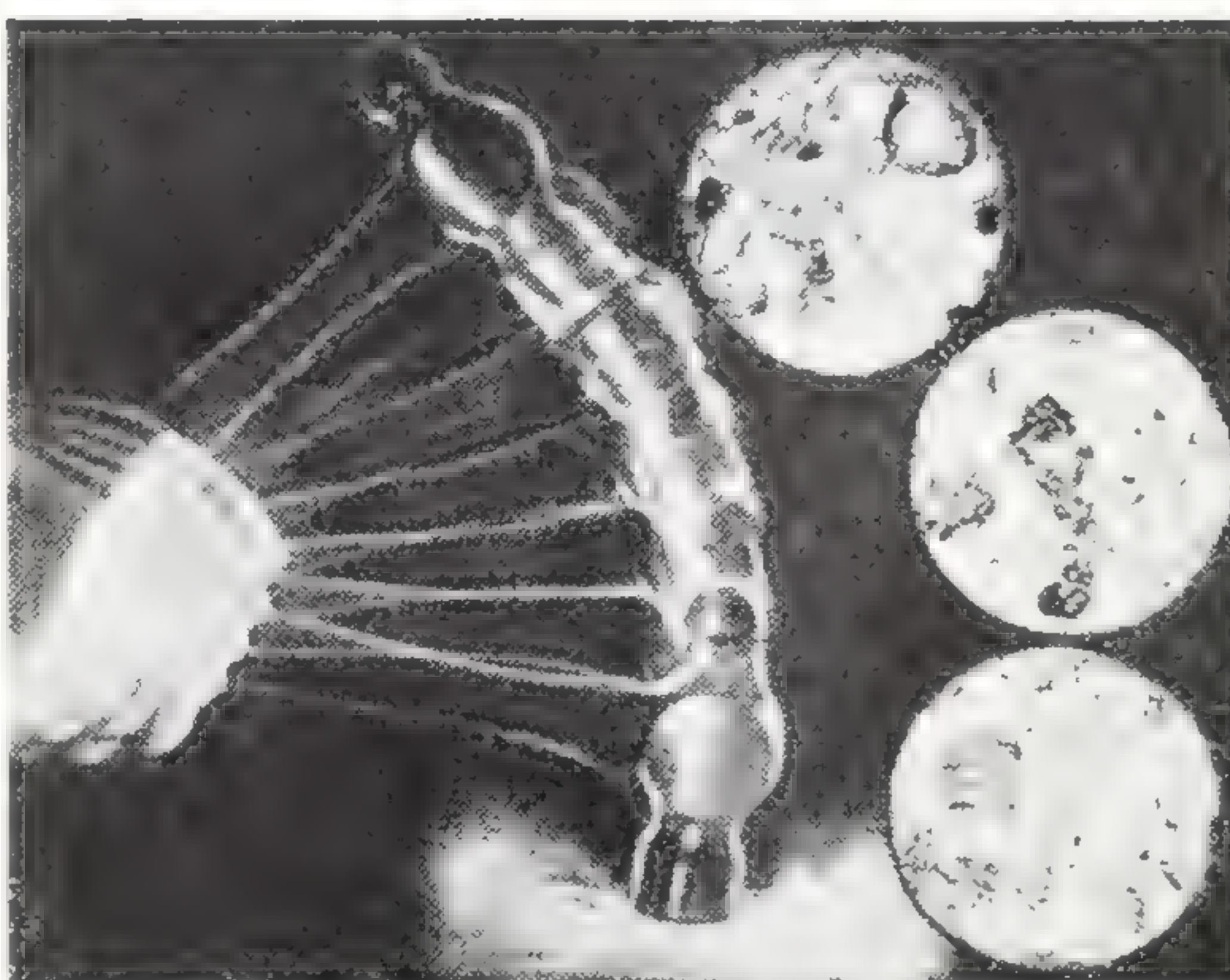
3 out of 4 doctors stated in survey that they prefer baby powder to be antiseptic.

keeps babies safer two ways: Being antiseptic, it helps keep baby's skin free of many rashes in which germs play a part . . . diaper rash, prickly heat, scalded buttocks, impetigo; every rash means discomfort for baby, is a danger signal to mother. Being smoother, Mennen Antiseptic Powder is more effective in preventing painful chafing of baby's tender skin.



Antiseptic superiority of new Mennen Baby Powder is shown in test of leading powders by U. S. Gov't method. Center of each round plate contains a different baby powder. In gray areas, germs are thriving; but in dark band around center of Mennen plate (bottom circle), germ growth has been prevented by Mennen powder.

WARTIME shortage of doctors and nurses puts an extra duty on every mother to keep her baby healthy. Now baby powder can help do this! No longer can mothers regard baby powder as a mere "cosmetic." New Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder is a real health aid,



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## China

(Continued from page 53) tragedy. He was halted by the appearance of Carolyn at the door of the temple. Instantly Jones was at her side to inquire about Tan Ying. The tears in her eloquent eyes were answer enough. With a smothered oath he turned away, almost bumping into Lin Cho who had moved in like a shadow.

"Listen," he said savagely to the Chinese leader, "I'm pulling out of here tomorrow—taking the girls to Chungtu. But before I go, how about giving me a couple of your boys tonight to find some Japs and knock 'em off?"

Lin Cho smiled tolerantly. "Easy, my friend, easy. All in good time."

"What's wrong with right now?" Jones demanded.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Jones. But in fighting the Japanese, one must first of all learn patience. Look!" Lin Cho handed his binoculars to Jones. Pointing down the road, he said softly, "What do you see?"

Jones strained his eyes for a moment. "Something moving," he said, "but a long way off."

Lin Cho nodded calmly. "That," he said, "is a division of Japanese troops headed this way. They are still about forty miles away."

Startled, Jones looked at him. "How long will it take them to get here?"

"Around dawn, tomorrow."

"Don't kid yourself. They can do forty miles quicker than that!"

Patiently Lin Cho replied, "But first they have to rebuild the wooden bridge across the river."

Jones looked at him in disgust. "There's nothing wrong with that bridge. I just crossed it myself."

Lin Cho smiled. "It will be burning very shortly. Some of my men are on their way there now. Let me explain something." He spread out a map and for some time they bent over it intently.

AT last Lin Cho folded his map and put it away. "So you see," he said to Jones, "the enemy is advancing from that direction. As is shown on the map, the road runs through the ravine—a day's march beyond the ravine is the flank of the Fifth Chinese Army!"

From his blouse he pulled out an army order and held it toward Jones. "It says here: 'The enemy must not pass through that ravine!' It also says—"

Jones interrupted him with heavy sarcasm: "I suppose thirty of you are going to stop thirteen thousand of them! That ought to be a cinch!" Suddenly, before Lin Cho could answer, Jones said excitedly, "Wait a minute! How about blowing up that ravine and blocking the road?"

"That's what we must do," agreed Lin Cho. "But we need explosives. Dynamite."

Carolyn and Johnny Sparrow joined the group. Jones, too intent to notice them, continued, "Those Japs—when they repair the bridge—wouldn't they have dynamite?"

There was a flicker of interest in Lin Cho's eyes. "Yes," he admitted.

"Then tonight let's go down and grab it." The American's eyes were shining now. "I'll drive—and," suddenly he saw Johnny standing in the group, "and my rabbit's foot there will come along for luck."

Carolyn spoke up. "I'm coming too, of course."

Jones spun around. "You are not! This is my own private little war. You keep out of it—understand?"

"Nonsense! Unless we get that dynamite, the girls are endangered and the Fifth Army will be destroyed. I'm the only one besides you and Mr. Sparrow



who can handle the truck." Suddenly her voice became softer, her eyes looked at him gently, "And if anything happens . . . someone'll have to drive it back."  
 "She's right," said Lin Cho. "And about this private war of yours—there's something you didn't give me a chance to tell you." He held the army order toward Jones. "Yesterday the Japanese attacked the Hawaiian Islands. America is now at war with Japan!"

THAT night, while thick clouds blessedly hid the moon, the truck pulled up behind a mass of foliage. Out of the truck, their faces blackened with oil and soot, poured Lin Cho and the guerrilla fighters, followed by Jones. His face, too, was blackened. As they all slipped quietly down the bank and into the river, Carolyn jumped out of the driver's seat and put her hand on Jones's arm.

"Good luck," she whispered. Jones looked at her, aware even in the darkness of the warmth and wistfulness of her smile. He reached for her hand and pressed it tenderly.

"Thanks," he whispered. "Please, don't take any chances," she begged. "And—God bless you."

With a little gesture of his hand, Jones turned and started noiselessly down the bank and into the river.

In the quiet night, from a remote distance, could be heard the faint sound of sledge hammers and the thump-thump of a pile driver. Almost imperceptibly, the men swam toward the opposite bank of the river, many with knives between their teeth. Jones and Johnny and a few others were pushing a small eight-by-ten raft on which were rifles, sub-machine guns and hand grenades. The sound of the Japanese repair crew grew nearer and nearer, until it was finally directly overhead. The men could see, crisscrossed through the planks above, fifty or so Japanese reconstructing the burned bridge.

IN the eerie blackness, lighted up occasionally by the sizzling flare of acetylene torches, the seminaked warriors, with infinite caution, emerged from the ink-black water. The raft was pushed up on the mud and, at a signal from Lin Cho, the men picked up their weapons and disappeared into the shadows of the bridge.

Lin Cho motioned to Jones and Johnny. They crept after him along the embankment, stopping every few minutes to find out whether they had been discovered. As they reached the top, Jones could see the sentries with their fixed bayonets guarding the bridgehead, a noncommissioned officer shouting and gesticulating orders and several trucks loaded with equipment.

Lin Cho leaned toward Jones and pointed. "That's the truck," he whispered.

Jones saw the truck of explosives. He saw, also, the fattish, rather middle-aged Jap guarding it. He looked at Lin Cho. The Chinese smiled and showed him a coil of wire slipped over his arm. He nodded toward the sentry. "Watch!" he said.

The Jap had just opened his mouth in a prodigious yawn when a soot-blackened hand quickly flipped the noose of wire over his head. Before he could utter a sound, he was jerked backwards by the tightened wire.

Lin Cho dragged the body back to where Jones and the others waited. Slipping a hand grenade from his belt, he said to the men, "When I throw this, take the explosives from the truck and get them across the river." He tapped the machine gun in the crook of Jones's arm. "It's your job to see that they get there."

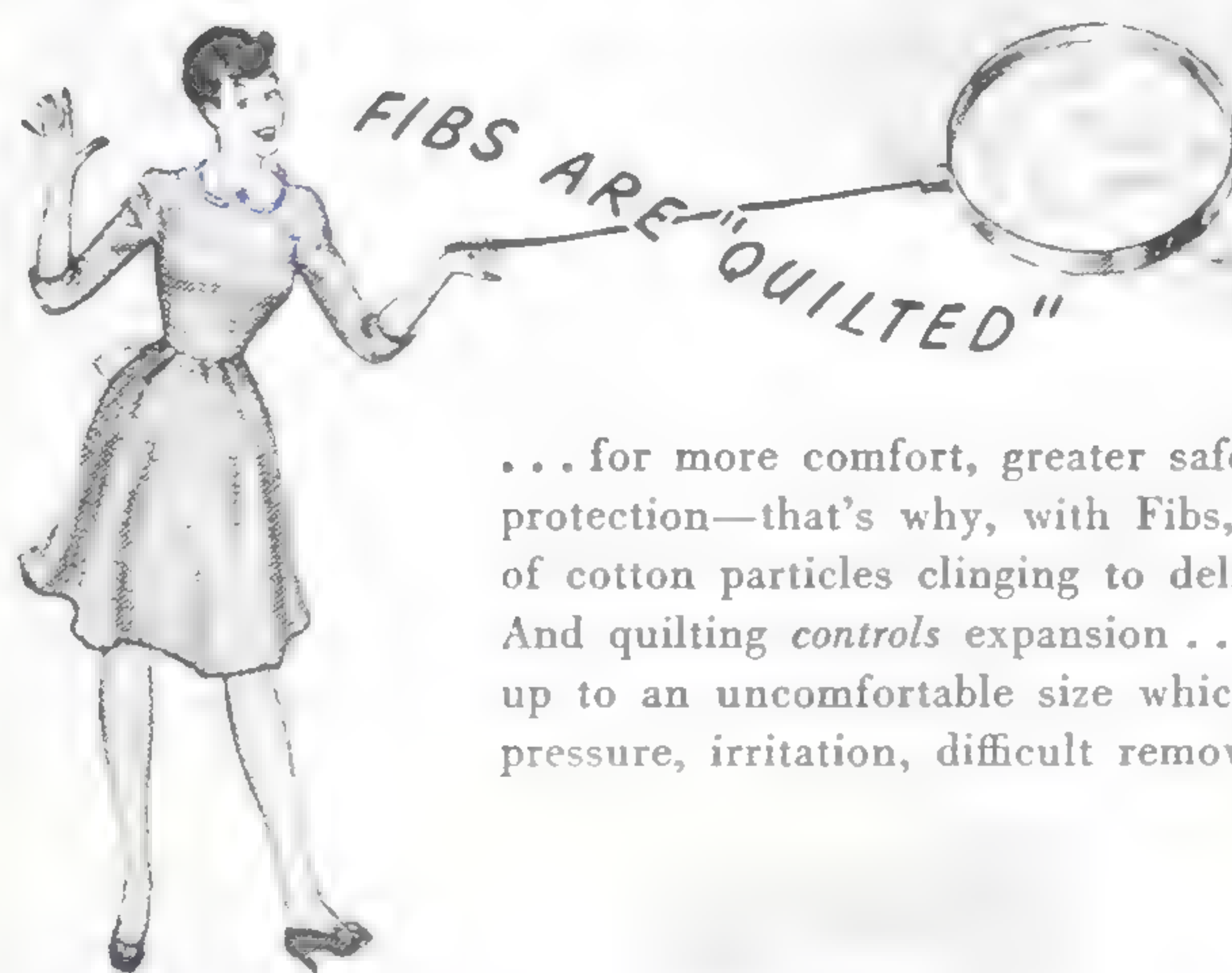
There was tense silence. Then Lin Cho jerked the pin out of the grenade

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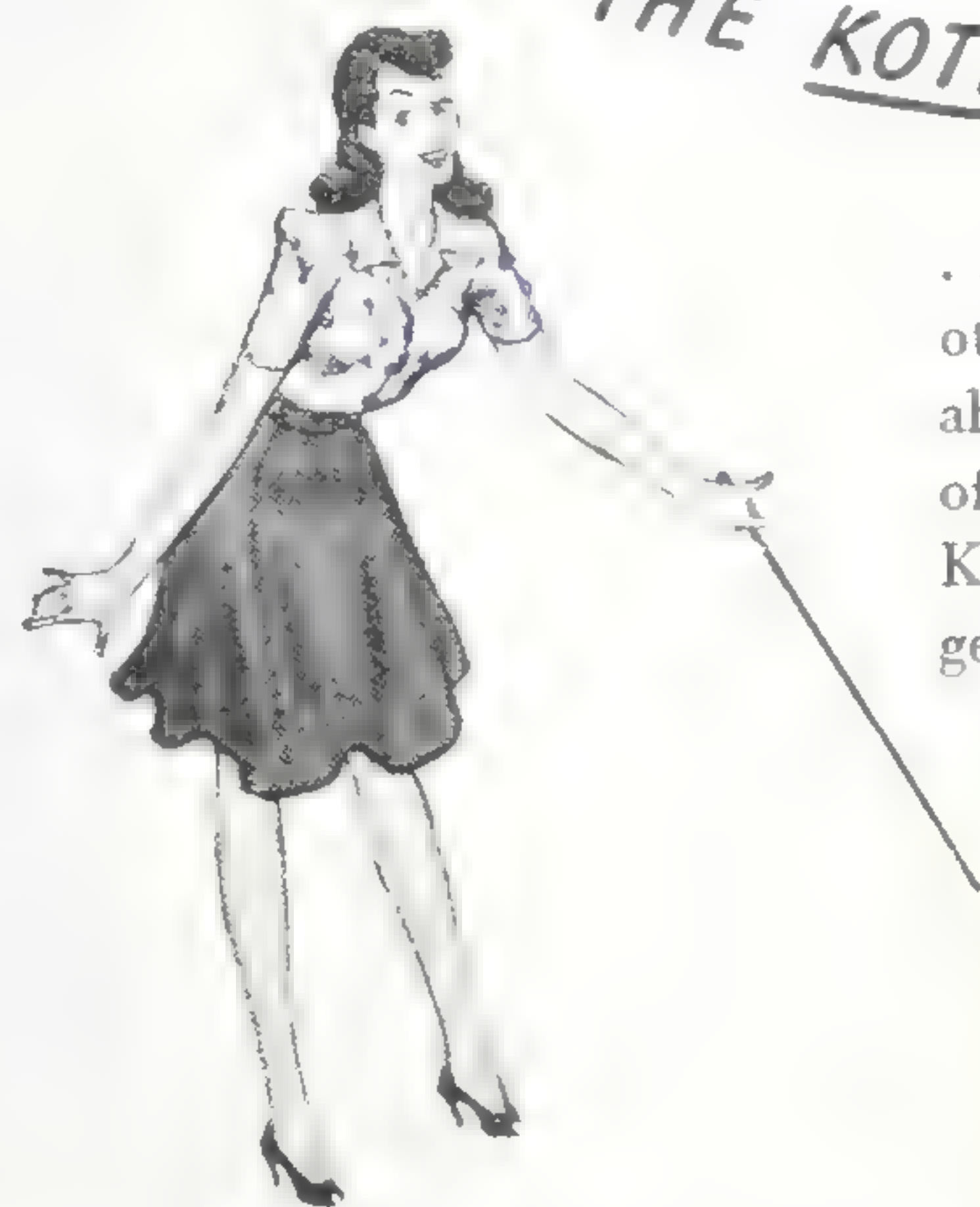
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and moved toward the truck. Leaning back, he heaved the "potato-masher" in a high arc. It exploded with a deafening crash in the center of the working party. Simultaneously, Jones, Johnny and two guerrillas dashed around to the rear of the truck. The rest of the guerrillas had spread out, throwing their hand grenades after Lin Cho's—and soon there was the roar of a direct bomb hit as thirty gasoline tanks blew up in a sheet of flames.

Johnny and the guerrillas were heaving a large square box off the truck. Eight Jap soldiers, all armed, raced toward them. Jones, from his vantage point, caught sight of them just as they reached the truck. He quickly swung the machine gun forward on his hip and started shooting. One by one the Japs pitched forward on their faces. Jones rushed to the guerrillas.

"All set?" he asked grimly.

They nodded.

"Then get going."

Lin Cho and the others were already at the river edge when Jones and his party arrived. All together they heaved the box of dynamite, the detonator and cans of gasoline onto the raft, placed their weapons alongside and started to float it out, wading knee deep in the river.

Jones looked over to Lin Cho. "Is everyone safe?" he asked.

"No. We have lost two men. That isn't so bad, considering—" he broke off suddenly, listening. The other too, listened, heard the sound of approaching trucks. Lin Cho clenched his teeth.

"The enemy," he muttered. "Hurry."

**A**T the bridgehead, two trucks bearing the insignia of the Rising Sun came to a stop at the scene of the destruction caused by Lin Cho and the men. Presently the piercing white beam of a searchlight commenced to finger the surface of the river. Suddenly it picked up the heads of the swimmers strung out in a ragged line like large bobbing corks.

An order was barked in Japanese and the heavy machine gun opened fire, slashing the surface of the water into little white spurts of foam.

Caught in the murderous hail of lead, some of the men died instantly, sinking like stones. Some tried to swim under water.

Swimming frantically and pushing the raft, Jones, Johnny and Lin Wei had not yet been discovered by the searchlight, which was busy picking up men all around them for the machine gun to finish off. Miraculously, they reached the river bank as Lin Cho and a couple of his wounded guerrillas swam up. Silently and with incredible speed, they started unloading the raft. As Lin Cho and the two men started up with the dynamite, Jones suddenly caught sight of a rubber boat paddling swiftly toward the raft. A Jap soldier was kneeling in the bow, a hand grenade poised.

Jones dropped behind the raft, cautiously fumbled for a potato-masher "bomb" and lay in the water. Suddenly the beam of the searchlight caught the raft. With a muttered oath, Jones let the bomb go. At the same instant, the Japanese soldier threw his. Jones was just in time to see the rubber boat disintegrate in a column of flame and water as the Jap's bomb exploded in the water behind the raft. After a few seconds, Jones made his way unsteadily to the river bank. He stood there, trying to recover from the shock when Carolyn ran down the bank and to his side. She grabbed his arms in ecstasy.

"You're safe! Oh, you're safe! Come on—hurry!"

Jones looked at her, saw with amaze-



ment the tears in her eyes—the tremulous smile on her lips. Without a word they walked toward the truck, Carolyn's arm about him, steadying him, warming him.

As they joined the rest of the survivors in the truck, the searchlight spotted them. Johnny Sparrow gave the truck a quick lurch as the machine-gun fire futilely ripped away at the foliage.

**B**ACK at the temple Carolyn was binding up Johnny Sparrow's wounded hand with an improvised bandage of clean woven straw. His eyes were on her with doglike devotion.

"Miss Carolyn," he began with some difficulty, "once when I was on a hayride back in Oregon I learned not to let the grass grow under my feet. There was a blonde on that hayride that I kinda liked. But there was a piccolo player on the hayride too, and by the time I got around to telling Mary Lou—that was the blonde—how much I liked her, why—"

"The piccolo player had told her first." Carolyn bent her head over the bandage to hide her amusement.

"Yeah—that's right," said Johnny in mild surprise. "Ever since then I don't believe in wasting any time. Miss Carolyn," he suddenly blurted, "I'm crazy about you!"

Deeply touched by his complete sincerity, the girl rested her hands lightly on the man's big powerful shoulders. "Johnny," she said softly, "you're so sweet."

Johnny scrambled eagerly to his feet. "Is it okay, then?"

Carolyn shook her head. "I'm afraid it isn't," she answered as gently as she could.

"Yeah—I was afraid so." The light had gone out of Johnny's voice.

At this point Jones broke in on them. With a casual "How's the hand?" to Johnny he addressed Carolyn. "I've got to go over to the truck. Will you come? I want to talk to you."

As Carolyn hesitated, Johnny picked up her coat. "Here," he said quietly, "better take this."

"We'll be leaving for Chungtu in a couple of hours," Jones said, as they walked away. "We've figured the Japs won't be here till dawn. Come on, hop in."

**H**E helped Carolyn into the back of the truck and placed her on a pile of tarpaulins. Carolyn watched him as he wired sticks of dynamite into neat square little bundles.

"How do they work?" she asked.

"Simple. Just plant 'em high up on the side of the ravine—hook 'em to this electric plunger, kick it off—and bingo! Little Hirohito's boys'll have more dirt on 'em than they can dig out in a week."

"Who's going to do it?" asked Carolyn soberly.

"I am, I guess—with someone to string the wire."

"Oh!" There was a little catch in Carolyn's voice. "Couldn't anyone else do it?"

"There's only four of us left and Johnny's hurt his hand."

"Yes—of course," Carolyn said, low-voiced. "When is it going to be?"

"Just before sunup." Jones looked at her steadfastly. "Not much time, is there?"

There was no reply. After a few moments Jones said, very quietly, "You want to know something?"

Carolyn nodded.

"Well—down there at the river, all I could think of was you. And when things got real hot, I made a vow to myself—like some men swear to burn candles at the shrine of their patron saint."

Carolyn looked up at him, her eyes wide. "Would you like me to tell you the

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vow I made?" he said, his voice low.

"Yes."

"Well, I swore that if I ever got out of it alive, I'd come back and tell you that I love you."

Carolyn's eyes were moist. She had no words to speak.

Suddenly Jones put his arms about her. With a little sigh, she relaxed against his shoulder. In the faint, almost ethereal light of the waning moon, their lips met in a kiss in which there was passion mingled with desperation.

LATER Carolyn asked softly, "What is it like to feel a little drunk?"

Jones sighed deeply. "Wonderful!"

"Then," said Carolyn, "I think I feel a little drunk."

"Good."

There was a long pause. Carolyn looked at him, studying him minutely. Then: "There's a lump on your nose. Did you know?"

"Yes. It was broken once."

Carolyn leaned over and kissed the tip of it. "Poor nose. How did it happen?"

Jones smiled down at her. "It's too sordid a story—and you're too young."

"Please tell me."

"Well," said Jones languidly, "it had to do with a young lady."

"Was she—beautiful?"

"Sensational! And she had a twin sister."

"Were you in love with her?"

"Madly," sighed Jones. "With both of them."

"It must have been a little confusing."

"It was. The only way I could tell them apart was that one drank beer and the other drank scotch. One night I had one of them out in the country. It was a warm, summer night and—well, you know how it is. I guess I sort of got carried away. Well, anyway, on the way home we stopped by for a drink—and that's where I got my wires crossed."

"How?"

"Without thinking, I ordered her a beer. When it came she threw it in my face."

"But how could that break your nose?"

"She forgot to take it out of the bottle," he finished.

Carolyn looked at him seriously, studied his eyes and said, "I think you made that all up."

Jones grinned owlishly, nodded, then screwed up his nose.

"Yeah . . . it was really an operation for adenoids."

As he chuckled, she leaned over and kissed him tenderly, then gave a little gasp. "Why, it's almost morning!"

Quickly, Jones looked out, glanced at his wrist watch and whistled. He jumped

down and reached for her. She was there, warm and tender—and eager. Again they kissed.

The early grayness of the dawn found the truck, with Jones at the wheel, rolling across the courtyard of the temple. Johnny and Carolyn were crowded in beside him. In back, huddled together, were the Chinese girls, Lin Cho and the remaining survivors. The knowledge of the task they faced silenced them all.

As the sun began to rise, Jones pointed straight ahead.

"There's the ravine," he said. He picked up speed.

They entered the steep, narrow gorge and, brakes screeching, they came to a stop in the middle of the road.

Jones, Carolyn and Johnny hopped out of the cab of the truck. The others all climbed out of the rear. Working very fast, Jones, Lin Cho and a guerrilla lifted the packages of dynamite, the coiled wire and the detonator from the truck. The others all watched tensely.

Carolyn came to him. "Where do you have to go?"

"Up there." He pointed: "On the edge of the ravine."

Carolyn looked up. About a thousand feet above the road, she saw the jagged precipitous ridge of rock forming the crest of one side of the ravine. She shuddered.

JONES put his arm around her. "Don't worry. Look," he said, softly. "The sun is rising."

Carolyn turned and faced him. Her eyes were misty and filled with love.

"If the day ever comes," she said, in a hushed voice, "when it should never rise for us again, I want you to know that I love you."

Jones stooped quickly to cover his emotion, picked up the detonator and crowbar.

"Well," he said, with a wry smile, "keep your fingers crossed."

Carolyn looked at him, held up her crossed fingers. Abruptly her arms went around his neck. "Godspeed," she whispered.

Lin Cho made a little movement toward them. Jones turned quickly.

"Okay," he said. "Let's go." He turned abruptly, followed by Lin Yun and a Chinese girl. Suddenly he stopped.

"Johnny," he called. Johnny came running up. "Get this carefully. After you hear the explosion, wait twenty minutes. If we don't show up, get going fast. Take the girls to Chungtu—and I mean fast!"

"Yes, sir, boss," Johnny said with emotion. As Jones turned away Johnny's eyes followed him. His heart sank. He knew

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Jones was worried, plenty worried. . . .

Jones, the Chinese girl and Lin Yun, stained with dust, sweating and breathing heavily, reached the rock. Allowing no time for rest, Jones and Lin Yun, with a crowbar and pick, made an excavation, buried the dynamite. Then they started back in the direction from which they came, the girl paying out the wire as she went. Jones stopped shortly and indicated a spot near his feet.

"We'll put the second one here."

Suddenly Lin Yun checked him. "Do you hear that?"

Jones listened. From a distance he could hear a faint but continuous rumble. The sound was ominous. It was the distant roar of countless army trucks. Jones and Lin Yun stared at each other.

"It is the enemy," said Lin Yun.

"Yes. And sooner than we figured on."

LIN YUN turned quickly and ran to the edge of the plateau. Jones followed. They stared down. Far below, in the direction of the temple they could see a mile-long, snakelike cloud of dust. Peering intently they could just make out the shadow of tanks, trucks, artillery and troops.

"They'll be in the ravine and through it before we have time to plant the rest of the charges," said Jones grimly.

Lin Yun's face was grave. "That's how it looks," he replied.

Jones thought a moment. Suddenly: "You two know how to set it. "How quickly do you think you can do it?"

"With any luck, in fifteen minutes."

"Good," said Jones. "I'm going down and stall 'em."

The girl and Lin Yun gave him a startled look.

"One thing, though," Jones added. "In fifteen minutes, you've got to kick 'er

off—and there can't be any ifs or buts!"

"But how is it possible for you, one man, to—"

"Don't worry," said Jones, grimly. "I'll think of something."

THE Japanese general in the first staff car could hardly believe his eyes. There, walking in the middle of the road toward them, apparently oblivious of their approach, was a white man. Immediately the officer stood up, signaled the cars in back of him to stop and waited for Jones to reach his car.

Jones sauntered over casually. With an amiable little gesture, he smiled and said: "Good morning, General."

"Never mind the amenities. Be good enough to explain why you are delaying an entire mechanized division of His Imperial Majesty, Hirohito's Army?"

"I'm outa gas," explained Jones calmly. He jerked his thumb toward the ravine. "A couple miles back, I got a truck."

An officer leaned over and whispered something in the General's ear. The General nodded. "Let me see your credentials."

Jones pulled out his wallet and some documents, handed them to the General. As the wary officer started to open them, Jones glanced furtively at his wrist watch, his expression completely hiding his anxiety.

"I see you are an American citizen," said the General.

"That's right."

"I have spent many years in your country. You must believe me when I say that, contrary to popular belief, the Japanese people have great esteem for your country."

"That's fine," nodded Jones. He pulled out some cigarettes.

"Have one?"

"Ah! American cigarettes. Yes, indeed. I am very fond of them." He took one, lighted it. Then, beaming: "Yes, we like your country so much we have finally decided to take it away from you. In fact we have already moved toward that objective."

Jones pretended not to understand. Trying hard to stall for time, he let his face go blank. "I don't get you. Maybe you can explain what you mean."

"It will be a pleasure to enlighten you." The General smiled, leaned forward and started with great gusto to relate the story of Pearl Harbor. "Your warships are at the bottom of the harbor," he said. "Your planes were destroyed before they were able to take to the air. Your defenses are a shambles and your dead by the thousands litter the beaches and the streets."

Jones said nothing. The General obviously was gloating over this, unable to check his enthusiasm or volubility. Jones again glanced at his watch. There was still two and a half minutes. The General was saying: "And the fate of Pearl Harbor will be the fate of any so-called democracies who dare to oppose the Imperial Japanese Government. Because we and our allies have determined to establish a new world order." He paused, mopped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

Jones smiled. "It will never work out," he said. He glanced again at his watch. "And if you give me exactly two minutes, I'll tell you why."

The General laughed. "To find out why is surely worth two minutes!"

LIN YUN, standing beside the Chinese girl, looked at his watch. "There is still a minute and a half," he said nervously.

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WHY IS AMERICA  
SMOKING MORE—  
as shown by Govt. figures?



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**TEETHING LOTION**  
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Gravely, the girl replied, "Let it be the will of Heaven that all goes well with our friend."

They stared down in the direction of the Japanese Army.

Jones was talking very fast, very earnestly, imbued with Carolyn's spirit: "And the pattern of our life is freedom. It's in our blood—giving us the kind of courage that you and your sort have never dreamed of. And in the end, it's this pattern of freedom that's going to make you guys wish you'd never been born."

Jones straightened up, looked at his watch.

"That's all, brother!" he finished. He took a deep drag of his cigarette and flipped it straight into the astounded General's face.

The General's aide ripped a gun out of his holster, pointed it directly at Jones and fired. At that moment, with a roar that shook the ground, the dynamite high up on the ravine exploded. Momentarily stunned by the appalling force of the detonation, the General and his aides looked up—just as the entire side of the ravine, with a terrifying, prolonged roar, fell over on them in a titanic avalanche, obliterating and destroying everything and everyone in the vicinity.

The thunder of the explosion echoed and re-echoed in the mountains and the gorges like summer thunder. Lin Cho, the girls and Carolyn were staring off in the direction of the cataclysm. Carolyn was stunned and dazed by the shock. Abruptly she started running toward the blocked ravine. Then she encountered Johnny coming from the other direction. His face was white and strained. He grabbed Carolyn. "No, no . . ." he said, hoarsely, "there's nothin' you can do. . . ."

For the first time Carolyn saw his face, saw that there were tears in his eyes. The full impact of his meaning sank in. Suddenly she leaned forward, lay her forehead against him. She started sobbing quietly, brokenly. . . .

CAROLYN, somehow, was driving the truck. The tears had stopped, leaving in their place eyes that were heavy with grief and pain. Deep inside her a voice kept trying to persuade her that this was only some hideous nightmare, that she would soon awaken to find Jones beside her, the war and its horror a figment of feverish imagination. Then the truth flooded back into her consciousness. She caught her breath in a sob.

From a distance, softly at first, then louder and louder, came the sound of men's voices. And as they grew nearer, Carolyn realized they were singing—their voices firm with resolution—the marching song of the Chinese guerrillas.

Lin Cho looked at her compassionately, put his hand on her shoulder. "The voice of China," he whispered gravely.

As the song penetrated further and further into Carolyn's tortured mind, she thought: "Is it possible truly to lose oneself and one's personal emotions in a cause?" Here was the truth she had taught Jones—the truth which he had proven with his life. She must not mock with grief the grandeur of his dying! She lifted her chin with new resolution and touched Lin Cho's hand with gratitude for his understanding. Then, looking straight ahead into the future, they joined their voices in the chorus of marching men:

"Dig ditches, build the roads! Blood and sweat we'd gladly give. . . ."

THE END

## Life of an Autograph Hound

(Continued from page 41) was the slightest bit chi-chi.

She had a remarkable gift for mimicry and Paramount had engaged her to be a "second Shirley Temple," at which she was a dismal flop. Virginia will never be a second anything.

One day, several months after our first meeting, Virginia and Mrs. Weidler and I were lunching in the commissary. Virginia was working and wore a pale blue Romeo doublet and hose and a plumed tam. She looked quite pretty in her make-up, and a little taller, I thought.

"Oh dear," I said, "I'm afraid you're growing."

"That's the trouble with us juveniles," she said with a twinkle in her dark eyes, "you never can depend on us."

"Families will grow up," said Mrs. Weidler. "My Sylvia is married and has a baby."

THERE is another sister, Renée, whose sweet disposition Virginia said she wished she had, and three brothers who had organized a band and played in it—clarinet, trumpet and saxophone respectively. Virginia obviously adored them and it was a special treat to be allowed to go to the dance hall where they played.

These older brothers are Virginia's severest critics and she has always been far more concerned with their opinions of her work than with those of her directors or the press. At one time, when she was beginning to be recognized by fans, they refused to be seen with her on the main boulevards, as it embarrassed them to have her asked for her autograph.

Virginia was born in Eagle Rock, near Pasadena. A few years later the family bought a ranch in San Fernando Valley.

It was there that Virginia learned to skate, to play football and baseball, and the rudiments of tomboyism. She had surprisingly few mishaps for a girl brought up in the rough. The first time she tried out an English saddle, however, she was thrown. No international complications resulted therefrom.

When the family moved to the beach the kids all pooled their savings and hired some old machinery to have a swimming pool dug in the back yard. That has been the Weidler family's only concession to local custom. For the most part, they live their lives as they would in any other community. Mama, however, has some European ideas on how young ladies should be brought up. Virginia wields a mean dish towel when necessity demands and she doesn't talk out of turn.

They now live in a charming but unpretentious house in Westwood and the menagerie has been reduced to three dogs, Rex, a great Dane; Mousse, an Irish setter, and Butch, the Mutt Who Came to Dinner. Virginia and her mother give all the time they can spare to war work. They spend many evenings at home writing to the two boys who have now enlisted. The family has always been, and still is, a close one.

BEFORE going to press, I wrote Virginia to find out what she is doing and received an answer almost by return mail. I shall let her letter speak for itself:

"Dear Miss Day:

"I don't know how to start this letter except to say thank you for doing a story about me, and I'll try to answer your questions. I'm in 11A in school and take music appreciation, civics, English and physiology and public speaking. I hate public



speaking and am very bad at it. It's quite hard. I have ideas about what I want to speak on, but I have trouble getting the words out when I stand up in front of the other kids. The other kids in school are good at public speaking.

"Somebody once asked me what I liked best at school and I said 'Recess.' But that's not true any more. I used to just get by without studying, but lately I've been much more interested in my school work and I'm studying very hard now. I'd like to go to public school because I like being with a lot of kids, but I never have been to public school. Our school on the lot is very nice, but there just aren't enough kids.

"I like to read, but I don't have much time because of the home work. My favorite book, I guess, was 'Gone With The Wind.'

"I DON'T like to talk about my war work because I do what I can, but everybody is doing so much and I don't want to sound as if I'm trying to take credit for anything. I hate people who boast. But I want to answer your letter right, so I'll tell you what you want to know. I have done a lot of Army camp shows around here and one at San Diego Naval Base. I sing and talk and I've appeared many times at Victory House in Pershing Square and have been on some Bond tours around California. It's funny when I'm so shy about public speaking that I don't mind the Bond tours. I never know what I'm going to say until I stand up and then I say whatever pops into my head. So far, I haven't said anything wrong. Maybe I should knock wood.

"My future plans are just to keep on acting. I want to work in pictures and also on the stage. Then I want to sing with an orchestra. My brother had an orchestra and always promised to let me sing with it when I was old enough. I'm old enough now, but my brothers are in the service and the band has disbanded. My brother Warner is in the Coast Guard and Walt is with the Army Air Force and George is at home because he's just seventeen. But that's getting away from the plans for my future. This isn't exactly a plan, it's a wish. I wish someday I can win the Academy Award.

"I still try to keep on speaking French. I learned it from my grandmother, who was French. I had two years of French in school, too. Of course I am interested in everything that is going on in Africa. The whole thing is like a movie—how they went in there, I mean.

"Anne Rooney, Dorothy Babbs and Jean Porter and Beverly Tyler are just about my best friends. They are all in pictures and when I have dates it is usually with boys who are not in pictures. We travel in a sort of a crowd. We all like to jitterbug. Then we like to go bowling and see pictures. I love to see pictures and do whenever home work permits.

"Oh yes, it might interest you to know that I collect autographs of all the stars I work with and I also want to tell you how much I enjoyed working in 'The Youngest Profession.' (I am very glad you wrote the book and I'd like to hear about your new one.)

"Sincerely,  
"VIRGINIA WEIDLER."

Now, it isn't important what Virginia eats or wears or calls her dogs. It is important that she has a great talent and the brains to make the most of it.

I hope she never loses that quick, intelligent smile, that earnest identification of herself with her roles. For, as Director Taurog said, "Virginia's case is hopeless. All she can do is act!"

The End.

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## What Loneliness Has Taught Me

(Continued from page 45) lonely than when I was by myself.

This was when I learned an important lesson. Others may help and encourage, but we must meet our own troubles by ourselves. It is a very personal process and nobody can do it for us, *nobody*. The first step is to face facts truthfully, then learn to make the best of them.

Another thing I learned, and perhaps the most important of all, was that I had become too dependent upon Bill. I leaned on his strength and wisdom, I expanded under his gaiety. I realize now that it is a mistake to become too completely absorbed in anyone, even your best beloved. Each must find his own balance. Because I was timid, it was heavenly to cling to Bill's arm when we were among strangers. Today I'm trying to cultivate his ease with strangers, digging into my own mind for happy comments. I'm afraid if Bill had not gone away I should never have seen people as they really are.

ANOTHER wonderful lesson is gaining emotional poise. There's a temptation to give in to every surge of feeling, to justify an indulgence in self-pity. Emotional upheavals react upon the health and I'm determined that Bill shall find me well and strong when he returns. I owe him this for all he is doing.

Another thing I've had to battle with is a lack of interest in clothes. When Bill was here I had a powerful incentive, for he was sweetly observant. Now I keep thinking—what's the use, who cares how I look? But this is all wrong. And I remind all women that our boys are remembering us as we looked when they went away and when they return we don't want to spoil that picture.

My little Virginia adores Bill, there's a joyous bond between them, and I'd often wondered just how much she understood about his being away. Then one evening, the Beals came over to show us how impressive John looked in his new uniform. Virginia took one look and began to cry. Throwing her arms around Helen Beal, she wailed, "You'll be lonesome now just as my Mommy is lonesome." This broke up the party, for with three weeping females, poor John had his hands full. Men have marvelous emotional control, haven't they? Surely there are times when they want to break down and cry just as we do. Yet they never do!

ANOTHER discovery I've made is that our letters give me a remarkable insight into both Bill's and my own emotions. I doubt if I would ever have known some things about us without them. We recall incidents that at the moment were not significant and we didn't dream they were being etched into our memory.

At first, we tried to write gay, impersonal letters, we bent backward being sweetly casual. But we're too honest with each other for this phony routine. Now we write from the heart and keep in touch with the other's thoughts. To us, this seems the better way.

Perhaps if we war wives who are tempted to give in to loneliness and feel sorry for ourselves would occasionally take an inventory of what we can do to help, it might give us a new incentive, a new courage. Our men are out there fighting to preserve their homes and an important point for us is to keep these homes worth fighting for. That should be our part in this tragic struggle. A struggle, please God, that will soon have a happy ending!

The End



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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

Red has his big chance and, discounting the weird make-up, scores a solid hit. Gene Kelly's dancing is something to shout about. Lucille's performance is a-1 and Tommy Dorsey's band is the cherry that tops off the luscious fruit cocktail. Cole Porter's music is, of course, unbeatable.

Your Reviewer Says: Comedy and music get married in technicolor.

### ✓ Lady of Burlesque (U. A.)

It's About: Murder behind stage in a burlesque theater.

**C**YPSY ROSE LEE'S murder mystery "The G String Murders" comes to the screen under producer Hunt Stromberg's guiding hand, which could have been turned toward better things in our opinion. There's an air of vulgarity about the film that is bound to offend some and bore others. Who cares about trampish, vixenish, blackmailing, husband-stealing femmes who give their all via a burlesque stage?

Barbara Stanwyck is the one outstanding and redeeming feature of the picture, but somehow we wished she hadn't done it. She puts over her song "Take It Off The E String and Play It On The G String" in great style while doing a modified strip tease and partially photographed bumps. Michael O'Shea's plain Irish face lends credence to his role of the "burlesque" comic. It's a new, different and pleasing face. Pinky Lee debuts on the screen in a role he's made famous on the stage. J. Edward Bromberg, as the theater manager, Marion Martin, as the lisping cutie, Gloria Dickson, Iris Adrian and Victoria Faust, as performers, are outstanding. Charles Dingle, as the police inspector, is good. In fact, we bestow our one-check blessing on the film for the splendid work of the cast as a whole.

Your Reviewer Says: Good work, gals!

### ✓ Mr. Lucky (Columbia)

It's About: A tough lad who gets the double cross from Cupid.

**S**OMEONE slammed the door while this cookie was in the oven, for, lawdy me, how it sags in the middle. And what a waste, with Cary Grant sadly miscast and the story written way off key. The direction by Mr. Potter leaves one with the feeling his mind was on something else while this was going on.

Grant is a bad-boy owner of a gambling ship who needs money badly. Attempting to horn in on the War Relief Committee as a means to fulfilling his needs, Grant meets Laraine Day, who falls madly in love with the gambler. Love for her, slow to awaken in his heart, finally regenerates Grant who aids the Relief Committee in earning the money it needs.

Renouncing his love, Grant sails his ship away with medical supplies to the Greeks, joins the Merchant Marine and comes back to—guess who?

Charles Bickford, as his faithful friend, is very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to the Grant standard.

### ✓✓ Presenting Lily Mars (M-G-M)

It's About: The attempts of a stage-struck girl to crash Broadway.

**B**OOOTH TARKINGTON'S famous story has been altered to suit the talents of



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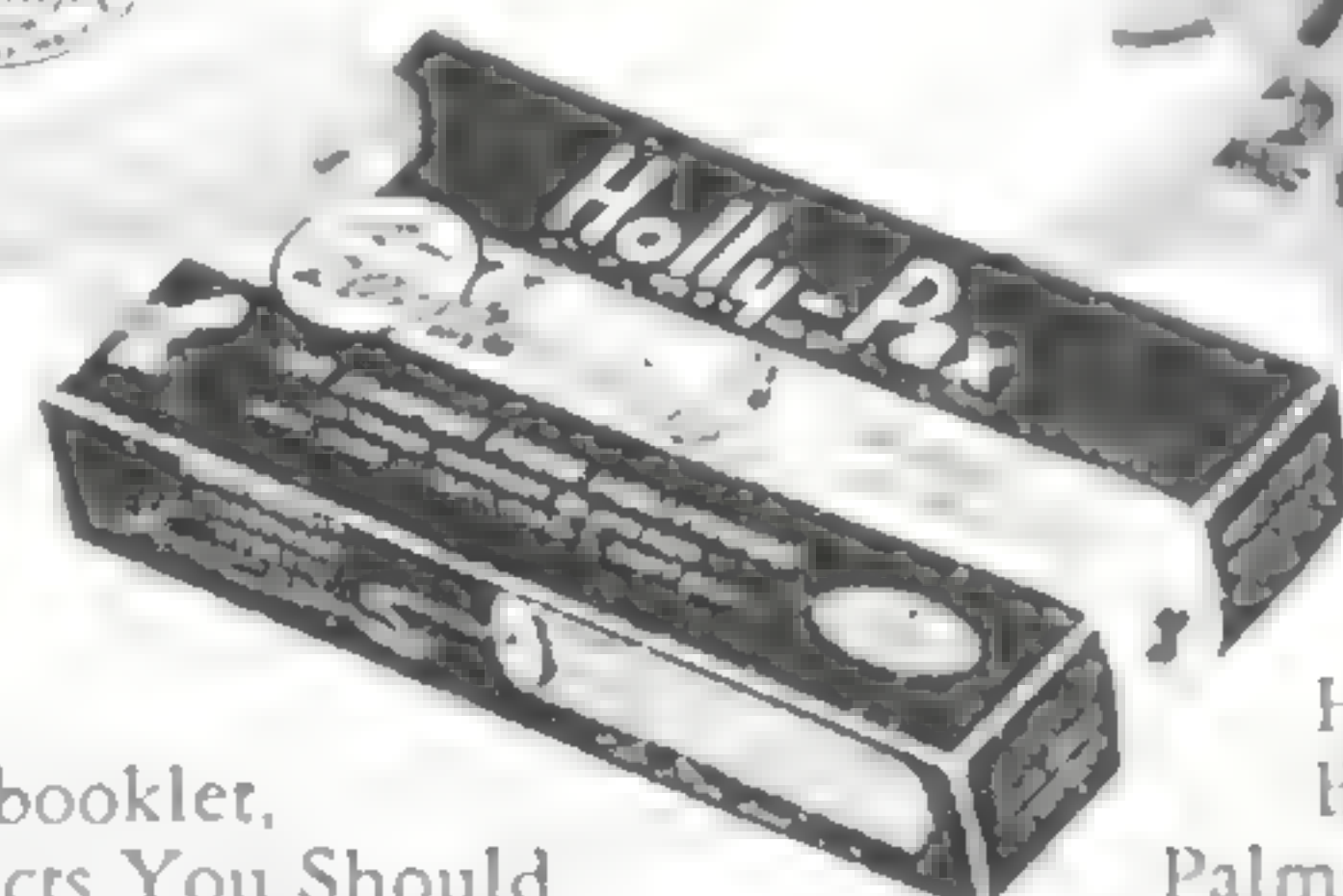
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REMOVER

Judy Garland who sings, dances, loves and acts delightfully. If ever there was a shining example of "young lady stampedes to fame" it's Judy, who proves herself capable of the heavy assignment given her.

Not to be overlooked, of course, is the terrific support given her by Van Heflin, an actor, to our notion, much too important to be playing a musical lead. And yet there's no denying his presence is the cream in the coffee of this delightful movie, the kind customers have been crying for.

Judy is a stage-struck miss from Indiana, who tortures stage producer Heflin out of his mind when he visits his mother's home in Indiana. When Judy refuses to be discouraged and follows the producer to New York, there's nothing for Heflin to do but give her a job. In fact, she almost gets the lead. Her "good trouper" behavior wins her eventual stardom and Van.

Spring Byington, widowed mother of Judy and four other offspring, Richard Carlson and Marta Eggerth, as director and star, Fay Bainter, as Van's mother, are all outstanding.

Two orchestras, Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's, peep in for a bit of swingeroo. The dancing finale is a lulu, the strawberries and whipped cream of rhythm. And, oh yes, Ray McDonald has a bit that's so good.

Your Reviewer Says: A honey of a musical.

✓My Friend Flicka  
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A boy's devotion to a horse.

A NATURAL! Give a boy an animal to love and you've got a story in which everyone is in complete accord and sympathy.

And so it is with this story of Roddy McDowall, a daydreaming average kind of kid who roams his father's Wyoming ranch with little sense of responsibility until he is given a choice of a horse for his own. Over his father's protests, he chooses Flicka and proves, despite all warnings, she can be halter-broken. And then an old wound lays Flicka low and, through the boy's utter loyalty to his horse, is born a new understanding be-

tween father and son. Roddy, of course, is wonderful. Preston Foster is just right as the father and Rita Johnson acceptable as the mother.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll love it all.

✓Pilot 5 (M-G-M)

It's About: Events that motivate a hero's action.

THE construction and craftsmanship of this well-done tale are original and arresting. It presents four pilots on the island of Java, revealing, to their Major, the life story of the man who has just taken aloft the only available plane in a suicidal attack against the Japs.

One man tells of the pilot's college days, of the girl he loved. Another tells of his days as a politician serving a crooked governor that led to disgrace for the man up there in the skies, who, of course, gives his life in his attempts to block the enemy.

Franchot Tone is the pilot who is so believable, giving a top-notch performance. Gene Kelly, as his political partner, now disillusioned and chastened, proves he's here to stay in Hollywood. Van Johnson, Marsha Hunt, who delivers a heart-throbbing speech, and Steve Geray are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Well worth seeing.

Shantytown (Republic)

It's About: A big-hearted kid who aids a refugee from a racketeer.

REMEMBER Mary Lee in the Gene Autry films? Well, here's little Mary on her own, in a cute story about a poor kid who arranges for a garage mechanic to room with her folks in Shantytown. Mary's heart is badly dented when she learns the handsome roomer is married and her chivalry is aroused when she learns a racketeer has him in a bad spot, so bad he flees, leaving his wife heart-broken.

Hoping to help, Mary manages to get on an amateur radio show to relay word to the fleeing man. Result—all's well that ends well and Mary gets a permanent radio job. John Archer and Marjorie Lord



Excitement plus in an A-plus picture: Burgess Meredith and Ronald Reagan watch an attacking Jap Zero blast their defenseless plane in the current Warners' film for Uncle Sam, "The Rear Gunner"



are a handsome couple. Harry Davenport, as the kindly old doctor, Billy Gilbert, the baker who riots the customers with a cake-baking scene, and Matty Malneck and his orchestra lend a lot of class to the show.

Your Reviewer Says: Appealing and tuneful.

### The Leather Burners (U. A.)

It's About: *Hopalong Cassidy* breaks up a gang of rustlers.

**N**OT quite up to the standard of former *Hopalong* stories, this tale has *Hoppy* and his pal, Andy Clyde, joining a bunch of cattle rustlers in order to learn the identity of the boss culprit. A free-for-all in a mine, where stolen cattle are hidden, adds zip to the tale. Victor Jory and George Givot are bad and mad respectively. Bill Boyd as *Hopalong* is one of the handsomest men on the screen, or hadn't you noticed?

Your Reviewer Says: He'll be better, next time.

### White Savage (Universal)

It's About: A South Sea princess and a white fisherman.

**L**OOK, she's got it on again! Montez and that sarong! And with her once more (remember "Arabian Nights?") are Jon Hall and Sabu in such a melee of murder, fabulous jewels, greedy men and earthquakes as you ever sat through.

Technicolor lends a lot of lush to the doings, both amorous and clamorous. The clamor results from the efforts of bad man Paul Guilfoyle to steal the jewels of the princess (Maria) that lie at the bottom of a pool. The amorous doings follow the efforts of Jon Hall, a fisherman, to convince the princess he did not kill her brother and would like very much to become Mr. Prince. An earthquake, that rocks the screen in a tumultuous lullaby, brings the two together. Sabu, sly and comical, is most amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: "Beeg and booful."

### I Escaped From The Gestapo (Monogram)

It's About: A jail break planned by the Gestapo.

**D**EAN JAGGER is an American forger in prison. The Gestapo want him free to aid in their counterfeiting scheme. They manage to extricate the forger and set him to work for them behind a beach concession. The concession is a front to trap service men into sending recorded phonograph messages home which the Nazis use as a source of information. Finally Jagger, his patriotism aroused, gets a message through to the F.B.I. on a phony bill and the gang is captured.

John Carradine, as a Nazi head, is swell. So is Bill Henry as the juvenile hero. Mary Brian has too little to do.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of interest in this little number.

### Cowboy From Manhattan (Universal)

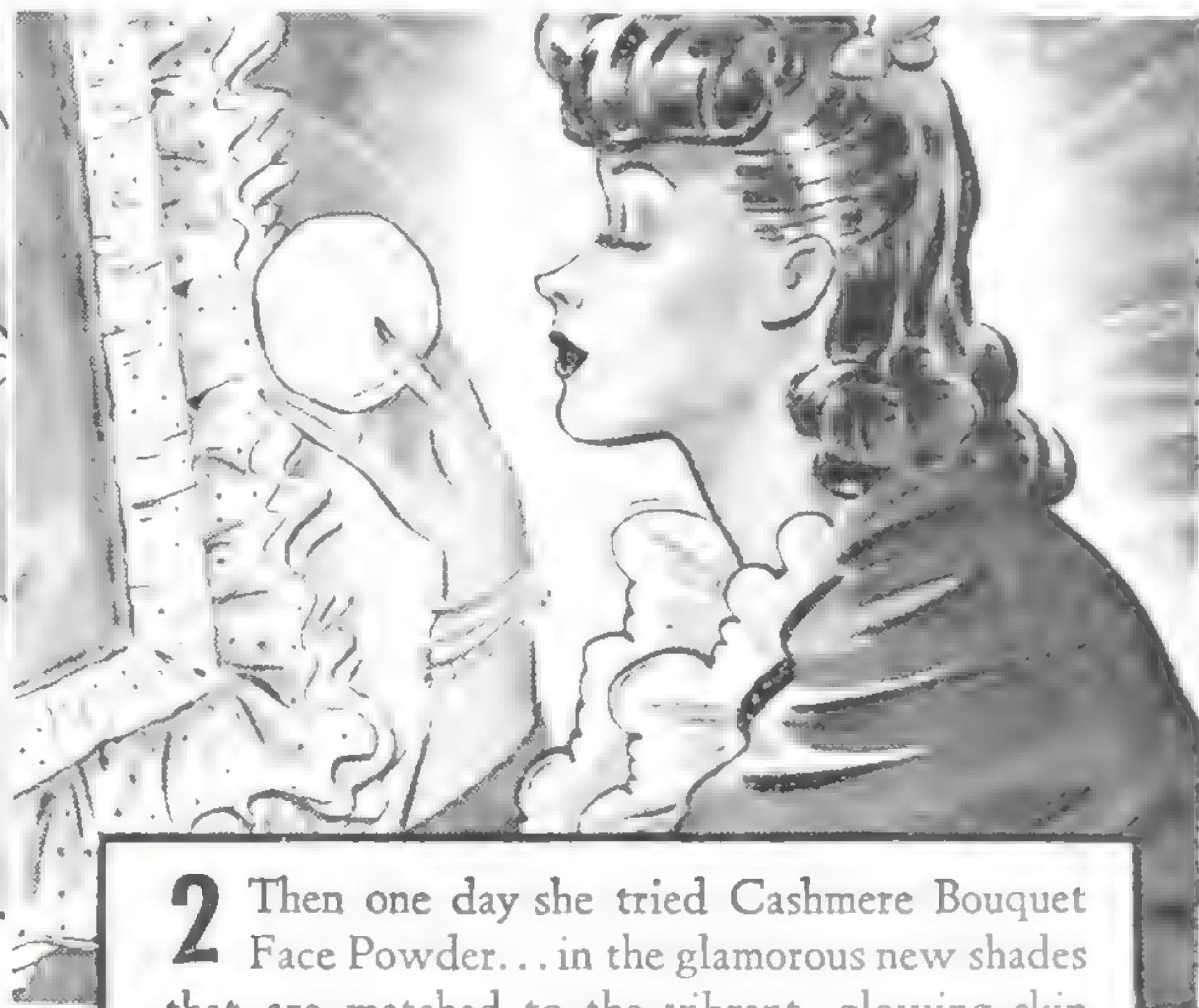
It's About: The usual inside and backstage doings of a New York show.

**W**ALTER CATLETT intrigues a group of Texas hotel men into angeling a Broadway musical glorifying the Lone Star State with Frances Langford as the singing star. Along comes Robert Paige

# She looked a Shade over 40



**1** Actually, she wasn't so very old...quite young, in fact. But she didn't look young and glamorous...and men weren't attracted. The simple truth was...her face powder didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance...for its shade was dead and lifeless...so her skin looked old! T'was indeed sad!

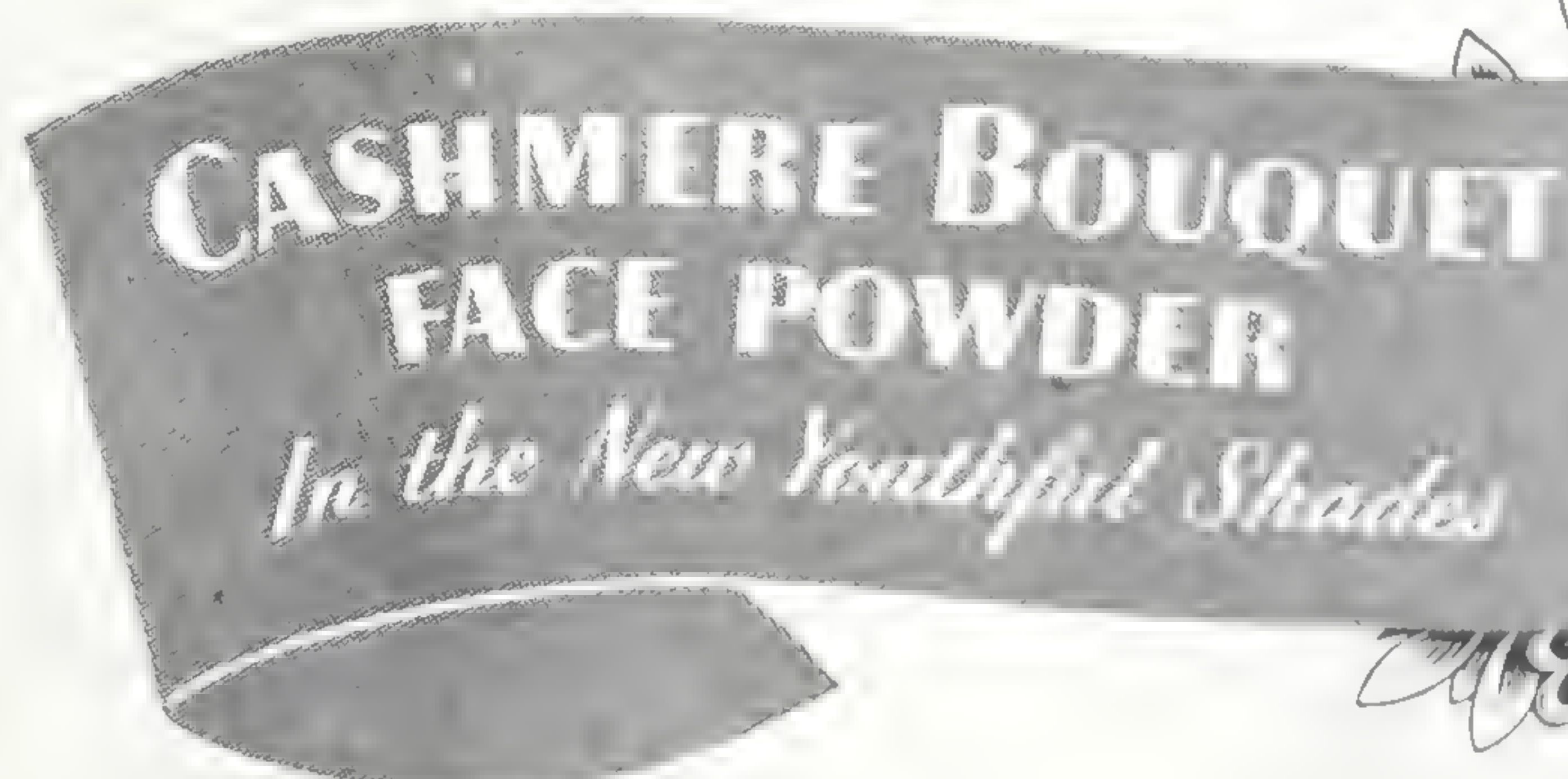


**2** Then one day she tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder...in the glamorous new shades that are matched to the vibrant, glowing skin tones of youth. What a revelation! She looked young and lovely again...and you can, too...because there's an alluring new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance the natural, youthful beauty of your complexion, no matter what your age!

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**4** A new, glamorous complexion awaits you, too...with one of these new, youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet! See for yourself how alluringly youthful they can make you look. There's a shade to suit you perfectly...in 10¢ size or larger, at all cosmetic counters!







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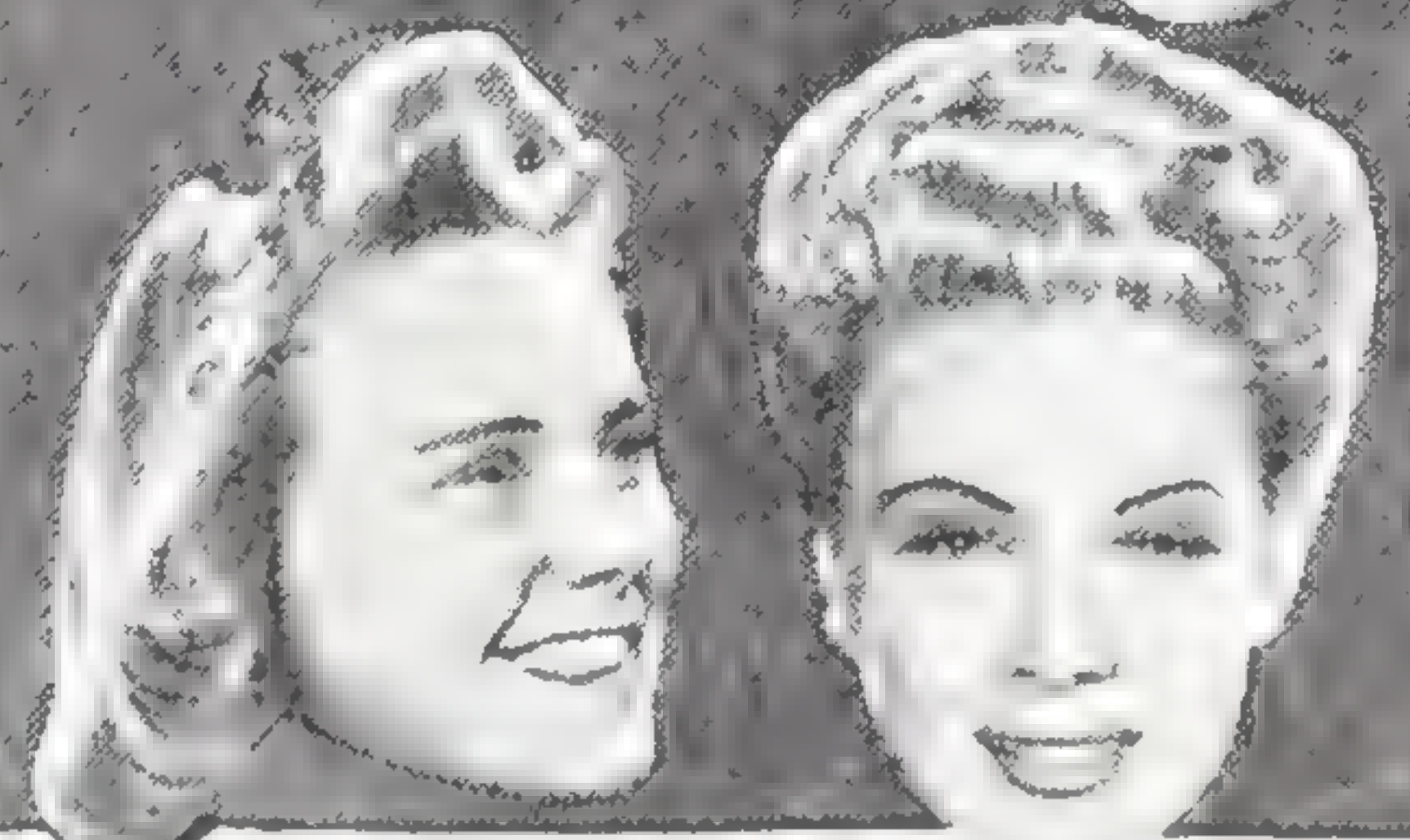


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attempting to sell cowboy songs and is immediately grabbed up by Catlett on a wild exploitation stunt.

Frances sings delightfully and Leon Errol provides some comical moments.

Your Reviewer Says: Get back to your ranch, cowboy.

### ✓ They Came To Blow Up America (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The German training of saboteurs to be sent to America.

GEORGE SANDERS, an American-born German, goes to Germany to study at the Nazi school for saboteurs at the instigation of our own F.B.I. What follows made recent headlines. The saboteurs are landed on our shores by a Nazi submarine just as real saboteurs were recently landed.

The routine of the sabotage school is highly interesting and the plot suspense is maintained when the wife of the man Sanders is impersonating shows up. Poldy Dur, the Austrian whom Sanders helps escape, endangering his own life, is so good. Anna Sten, as the wife, is outstanding and Sanders, as ever, smooth and clever. Ward Bond is memorable.

Your Reviewer Says: Informative story packed with suspense.

### Chatterbox (Republic)

It's About: A phony cowboy star.

CERTAINLY Joe E. Brown deserves better than this trumped-up tale of a radio cowboy who fails to make good, masquerades as a woman in order to lure Judy Canova into films and finally plays hero in a teeter-totter mountain cabin.

Rosemary Lane, Gus Schilling, John Hubbard and the Mills Brothers get tangled up in the mess.

Your Reviewer Says: Hollywood was never like this.

### Good Morning, Judge (Universal)

It's About: Love mixed up with plagiarism.

NOT very funny, folks, but it tries hard and has lovely Louise Allbritton to combat the corniness. The story tries to say that music publisher Dennis O'Keefe is being sued for plagiarism with Louise Allbritton as the plaintiff's attorney. When O'Keefe discovers who she is he has her slipped a nifty Mickey Finn, which puts Mr. O'Keefe in bad and in a Turkish bath on Ladies' Day.

Mary Beth Hughes, a fizz bomb that fails to explode, is contender for Mr. O'Keefe's affections.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know how those things happen.

### ✓✓ Crash Dive (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The use of submarines in warfare.

WHAT "Air Force" was to aviation, "Crash Dive" is to the Navy and that, my friends, is about the ultimate.

What a fitting salute to Tyrone Power whose last picture this is before joining the Marines; what a fitting tribute to Dana Andrews who rates stardom with his work as the commanding officer of a submarine! There's a quiet authoritative quality about Andrews's work while Tyrone gives one of the best performances of his career.

Of course there's the usual rivalry between the boys, with Anne Baxter the girl of their twin dreams, but the real thrill of the picture is revealed in the climax which pictures the work of the submarine in warfare.

The climax, in which the sub steals into a secret Nazi base and the crew, including Jimmy Gleason and Ben Carter, wreck the base, is magnificent.

Miss Baxter is very charming. Dame May Whitty is excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: A medal winner.

### Aerial Gunner (Paramount)

It's About: A grudge between two men.

RICHARD ARLEN and Chester Morris are unfriendly men who find themselves in the same gunnery school; Arlen as a student, Morris an instructor. Enmity continues when both court the same girl. But when both men find themselves on the same plane, while in action, their heroism heals all hatred.

Your Reviewer Says: An active little B.

### The Rear Gunner (Warners)

It's About: How the U. S. Army trains aerial gunners.

THE fans of Ronny Reagan will cheer the chance to see their favorite again, this time as an actor for Uncle Sam, but they may be disappointed at the length of his role. For the picture belongs to Burgess Meredith, playing the part of the Kansas farm lad who joins up just "to be around" a Flying Fortress. When Reagan asks him if he's ever done any shooting, Meredith replies, "Mostly crows." He's given a chance to go through the gunnery school and winds up bagging a few Jap "crows."

The sequences showing the training of aerial gunners are particularly interesting and will hold the attention of the girls as well as the boys.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll want to stop at the next shooting gallery!



The guy who's getting audience cheers across the countryside: Universal's "Don Winslow Of The Coast Guard" played by Don Terry. The pretty-girl interest in this famous serial is Elyse Knox



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## King Of The Cowboys (Republic)

It's About: A rodeo performer who traps bank robbers.

**ROY ROGERS** leaps from his rodeo show to join a carnival in order to get first-hand information on thieves who operate through a mind-reading act. Peggy Moran is cute and Smiley Burnette is as funnable as ever.

Your Reviewer Says: Pretty good.

✓✓ Above Suspicion (M-G-M)

It's About: Honeymooners who become involved with Nazis.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** and **Fred MacMurray** are a pair of honeymooners who land in Germany seeking the one man who can reveal to them a secret code of vital importance to the British.

There are elements of excitement and suspense (not too pronounced, we'll admit) that give the story a certain swing and a heave-ho along the entertainment path. Crawford is a handsome woman, perfectly at ease in her role. MacMurray, the groom, is natural and easy, but not quite our idea of an American Oxford professor any more than Crawford is an Oxford student. But why quibble about that?

The late **Conrad Veidt**, **Bruce Lester** and **Basil Rathbone** make up a dove-tailed cast that fits into every niche of the plot.

It's good, absorbing movie stuff.

Your Reviewer Says: A well-rounded, well-constructed movie.

## Captive Wild Woman (Universal)

It's About: An ape who becomes a girl.

A **MAD** scientist transforms a mug-ugly ape into a gorgeous gal. The transformed being arrives with a carload of lions and tigers for circus use and her strange powers to subdue the animals into submission renders her useful to **Milburn Stone**, their trainer. But the old gorilla habits return to possess the girl.

**Acquanetta** is stunning as the ape girl. **Evelyn Ankers** is a so-so heroine, and **John Carradine** plays the cracked scientist.

Your Reviewer Says: More chiller than diller.

## Best Pictures of the Month

Above Suspicion  
Crash Dive  
The More The Merrier  
Presenting Lily Mars  
Coney Island  
Du Barry Was A Lady

## Best Performances

**Tyrone Power** in "Crash Dive"  
**Dana Andrews** in "Crash Dive"  
**Jean Arthur** in "The More The Merrier"  
**Joel McCrea** in "The More The Merrier"  
**Charles Coburn** in "The More The Merrier"  
**Van Heflin** in "Presenting Lily Mars"  
**Judy Garland** in "Presenting Lily Mars"

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(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company

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# DO YOU KNOW POISON IVY

...WHEN YOU SEE IT?

Here's how to spot this "snake in the grass"! Poison Ivy has 3 leaves. The leaves are *oily*—have a waxy appearance. And, as seen above, they are *pointed* like spearheads.

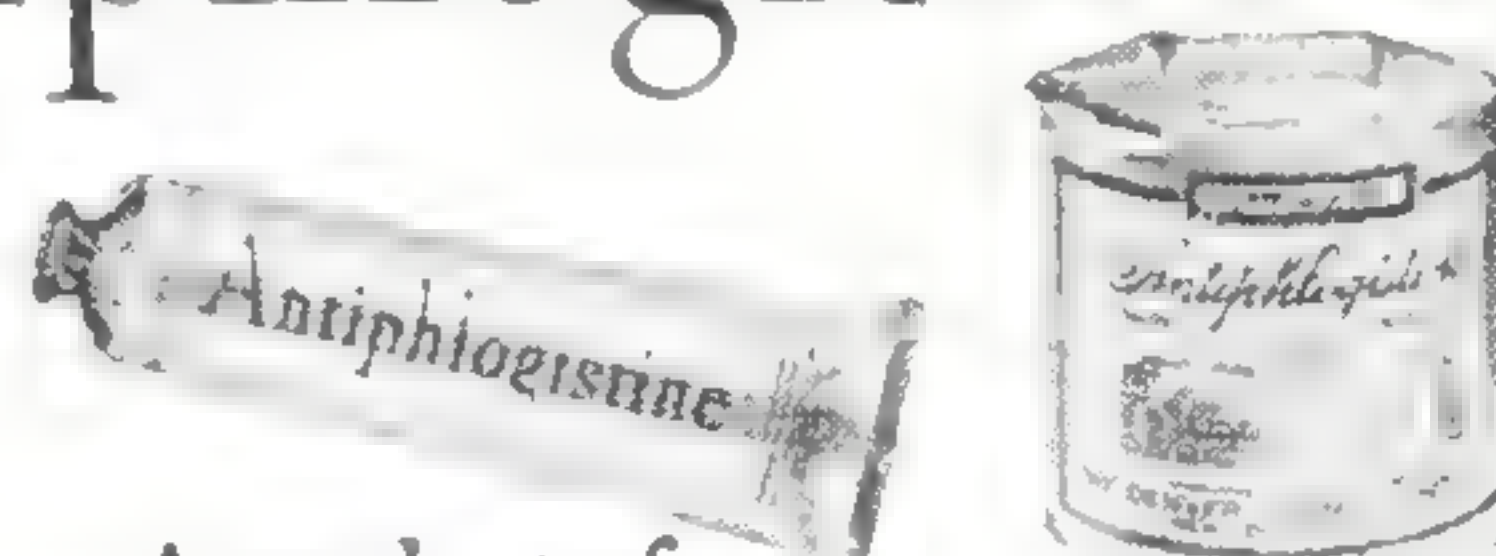
Beware! Poison Ivy grows everywhere—from backyard to backwoods. **KNOW IT when you see it! And know what to do if you get it!**

Don't scratch those Poison Ivy blisters. That spreads it. Instead use **ANTIPHLOGISTINE!** Apply **ANTIPHLOGISTINE**, at room temperature, 1/4 inch thick on gauze or cotton cloth. Change the dressing every 8 to 12 hours. **ANTIPHLOGISTINE** eases the itching. It helps to promote healing.

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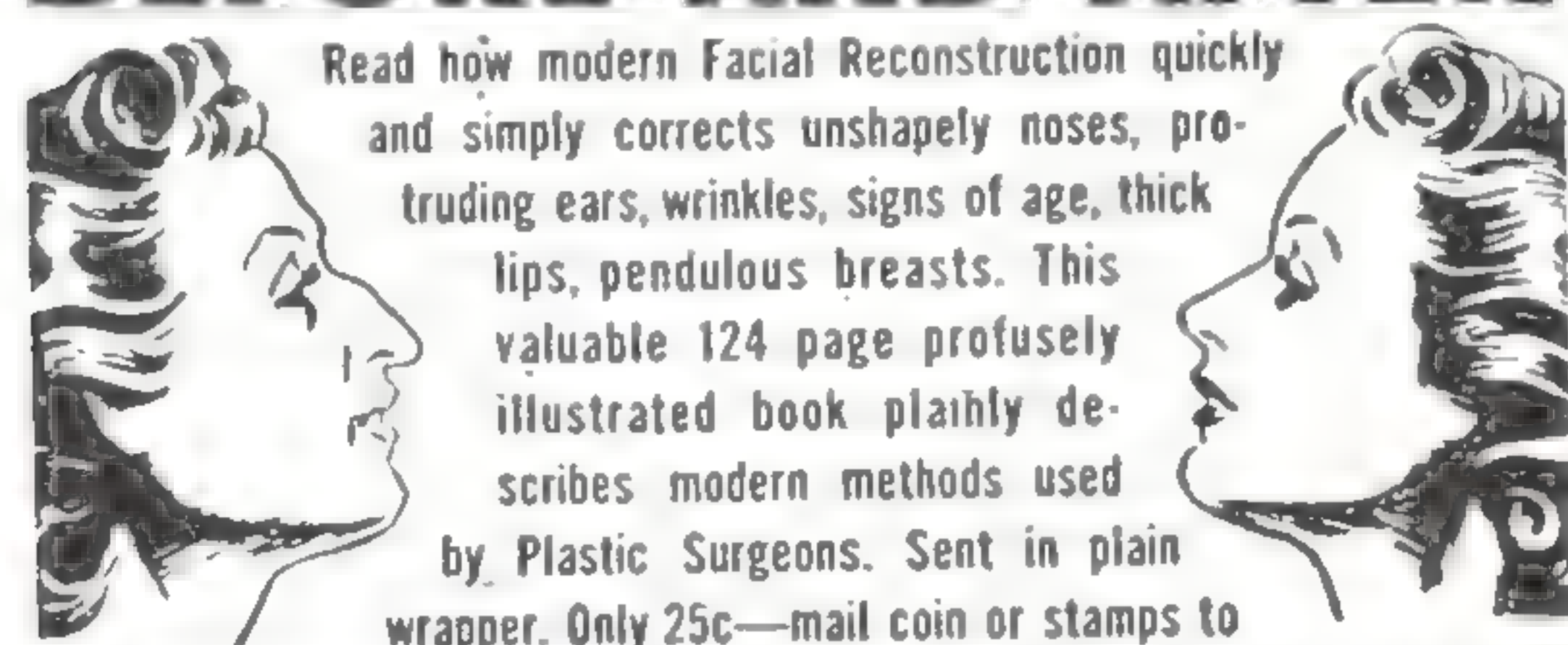
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\*Save this picture to help you identify Poison Ivy

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National Outfitters, Joliet, Illinois  
The John Bressmer Company, Springfield, Illinois  
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Leon Godchaux, New Orleans, Louisiana  
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Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota  
Famous Barr, St. Louis, Missouri  
Saks-34th Street, New York City, New York  
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Titche-Goettinger Company, Dallas, Texas  
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Joske Brothers, San Antonio, Texas  
Bon Marche, Seattle, Washington  
Frederick Nelson, Seattle, Washington

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Ames & Harris, Santa Maria, California  
Rubin Brothers, Fort Pierce, Florida  
Alan Frocks, Chicago, Illinois  
Norman Cassiday, Des Moines, Iowa  
Louisville Rubber, Louisville, Kentucky  
T. W. Rogers, Lynn, Massachusetts  
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R. H. Muir, East Orange, New Jersey  
H. G. Munber, Herkimer, New York  
Doyle Knower, Utica, New York  
Lota Kelly, Shaker Heights, Ohio  
Bowman Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania  
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
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Vogue, Chattanooga, Tennessee  
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G. Taylor, Wheeling, West Virginia  
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Dunnings, Pasadena, California  
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Peck and Peck, South Hampton, L. I., New York  
Peck and Peck, White Plains, New York  
L. Harvey & Sons, Kingston, North Carolina  
Peck and Peck, Cleveland, Ohio  
Peck and Peck, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
Peck and Peck, Providence, Rhode Island  
Peck and Peck, Newport, Rhode Island  
Weiss Brothers, The Fashion Shop, Beaumont, Texas  
Byrd's, Houston, Texas

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Campus Shop, Ann Arbor, Michigan  
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New York City, New York

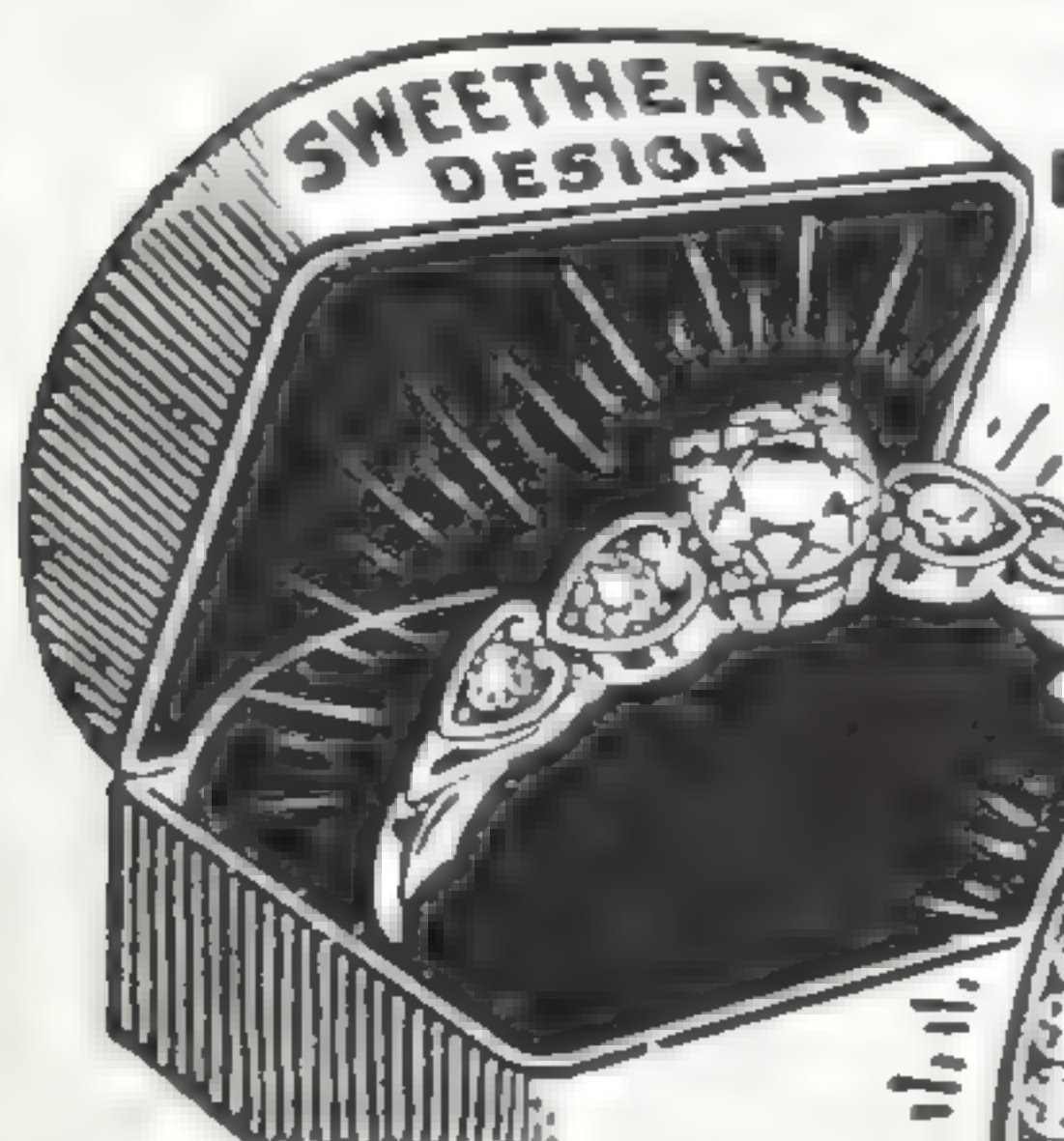
It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you. Lack of space makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold.

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## What You Don't Know about Alan Ladd's Marriage

(Continued from page 29) long after she  
has gone.

Presents are a passion with Alan Ladd  
now. Little amusing presents for small  
occasions. Big presents to mark big events.  
He shops for them himself, weeks ahead  
of time, wandering in and out of big  
and little stores, seeking just the thing  
he wants, just the thing that will fit the  
day and its celebration and commemora-  
tion.

His first present to his agent Sue Carol  
was a piece of costume jewelry. Then after  
he had asked her shyly, fiercely, to marry  
him—an engagement ring. A topaz sur-  
rounded by rubies.

THAT ring, you see, symbolizes Alan  
Ladd. Who else ever gave his girl a topaz  
engagement ring surrounded by rubies?  
"I want it to be different," he said, "just  
ours, just for us. I don't want it to be a  
diamond, like everyone else has." Rubies  
he loves best of any stone, the most primi-  
tive and violent of all colors. He picked  
out the wedding ring, too. A band of rubies.  
The colors entranced him and they be-  
longed with Sue's dark beauty and the  
way he felt about her. Not the cold, clear  
white of diamonds for Alan Ladd but the  
hot, rich colors of ruby red and topaz  
golden yellow.

You see, everything he does reveals—  
against his will, I think—the volcanic emo-  
tion under that icy exterior, the strong  
lust for life which makes him so vivid as  
a dealer of death.

About his excitement in giving presents,  
his creative thought around them, there  
is something infinitely touching. Sue Ladd  
wears a charm bracelet showing their life  
together—and the very detail of it shows  
it as Alan Ladd's first real happiness and  
assurance. The tiny golden hearts en-  
twined, the little gold engagement and  
wedding rings locked together, a miniature  
train of cars commemorating their first  
New York trip together, a golden camera,  
the Signal Corps insignia and now at last  
a pair of baby shoes.

"He does so love to give things," Sue  
said when I was talking with her the other  
night as she was waiting, breathless, suit-  
cases all packed, ready to go to the hospi-  
tal. "He really gets much more fun out  
of giving things than getting them—to me  
or anyone he is fond of."

Of course. There was a little boy, fier-  
cely masculine, terribly proud, who so  
wanted to give things, a defiantly gener-  
ous little boy who wanted to buy nice  
things for his mother and couldn't.

THE young years were tough, that's all.  
And the years of knocking around  
Hollywood, as a carpenter and grip—  
standing outside the lights and watching  
other men play parts, maybe thinking he  
could do them better—years of a few bit  
parts and then little juveniles and the  
brief, poignant death scene of the young  
aviator in "Joan Of Paris."

Alan Ladd is still wary as a result of  
the lessons he learned in those years. He  
meets life even yet as an antagonist. His  
left is always up, his right is always  
cocked. Perhaps that's why he fits so well  
into the public mind and heart today—  
because all of us right now know life as  
an antagonist, all of us are in a fighting  
mood, we have come out of the dreams  
that life is a soft and easy thing. I don't  
think Alan ever had any of those easy  
dreams.

"Friends?" His eyes when he says the  
word are contemplative, only a small light

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flickering in them. "Friends? A man wants real friends more than anything in life. Maybe they aren't so easy to find. Nobody ought to toss that word around carelessly. Just people you meet and know socially aren't friends, any more than the women a man kisses are always sweethearts. It takes a lot to make a friend and be a friend and it takes a good mechanic to keep friendship in repair."

His best friends are Frank Tuttle, the director who had most to do with his big success, and big, funny Bill Bendix. They kid together, he and Bill, horse around, and Alan Ladd has a deep gaiety when it lets go. You'll see it vividly displayed in one of the screen's best love scenes—with Loretta Young in "China." But it is a sort of fevered, defiant gaiety as though he wasn't sure it would last long. And he is easily hurt, quick to resent, impatient of careless words and deeds that can wound. He wipes people off his list instantaneously for offenses of that kind. Yet wherever he is known in Hollywood, at his studio, you always hear, "One thing about Ladd—he's the first man up when a pal's in trouble." He's still a mysterious figure in Hollywood—very little known—night clubs bore him—but then I find that anything synthetic bores young Mr. Ladd.

A PASSIONATE idealist but he doesn't kid himself. He walks warily and until he found Sue Carol he walked alone, trying to square life itself with his ideals, refusing to relinquish those ideals but also refusing to escape from reality as he saw it.

A way you can judge that is by his reading, perhaps my favorite way of judging a man because books mean more to me than anything else.

Two kinds of reading only engage Alan Ladd's real attention. The daily newspapers and biography or autobiography, tales of real men and real adventurers. From cover to cover he reads the newspapers—front page, sports page, editorials, comic strips, ads, features and columns, in about that order. You see, that is life—real life. That's the world as it exists today, reality in the news, men on rafts, battles all around the globe, murders and politics and people—always real people.

Then for books he takes to biography past and present—reality again, you see. Lawrence of Arabia is his favorite, as I have found Lawrence the favorite today of most of the men in our Armed Forces.

But he will not read novels, and detective stories bore him. He shies away from the imitation, the attempt to escape into a world created nearer to the heart's desire. "I've never seen him try to escape anything," Sue told me. "He faces everything head on. That was why he was so unhappy when he wasn't in uniform. I couldn't get him to go anywhere. But it wasn't because of what people thought. He respects what other people think if he respects the people but he wouldn't let it influence his own sense of what was right for him to do. He wanted to get in it. He was afraid of missing the biggest experience a man can have. He said a man who didn't get into service in times like these was like a ship that never got to sea."

In music, too, young Alan Ladd goes for

reality. The very hot modern music—Harry James and what, I believe, is called boogie-woogie. Then Ladd likes the big things—Wagner first, Beethoven, Bach, Sibelius, Shostakovich.

There are a good many ways to judge of the truth about men like Alan Ladd. I've given you a few and here's another one. The way he takes his skyrocket success. Over the years, I've seen a lot of them take it. Valentino took it as another part to play, as he had to take everything. Gable took it with his robust and lovable humor and gusto—and stayed Gable, the greatest guy who ever was in pictures. Mickey Rooney took it big and—with a sort of nervous, high-strung, grateful feeling that it was his due.

ALAN LADD, as far as I can see, takes it as a thing apart. He walks around it the way you see a fighter walk around his opponent in the first round, figuring out what it is, what it has, what it can do to him, how best to handle it. Warily—as always. Doesn't quite believe it yet, doesn't want to take it too deeply into himself so that it would hurt if he lost it. "I probably won't ever believe it," Alan Ladd says, with that amazing smile which is so devastating because it comes so rarely.

This is the crucial moment in Alan Ladd's career. I think he might become one of the really great stars—of whom as I count them there have been only eighteen up to this moment.

The thing you don't know about Alan Ladd's marriage is that he is and always has been boss—grateful as he is to Sue, who started him on his way to fame by taking him to a brilliant but unknown photographer and having pictures taken of him without a smile—the pictures that got him "This Gun For Hire." But it is amazing to stand before this great potentiality and realize the hazards facing this marriage, realize that in this particular case it will probably be up to Sue whether he gets into that small and select company of real stars.

BECAUSE a movie star takes an awful beating. Stardom of that kind demands almost incredible physical stamina—and there Alan Ladd is going to need help. He's strong, graceful and young, but he is apt to burn himself up nervously. Stardom demands all the things. Stardom requires judgment—Alan Ladd can be so easily ruined by bad pictures, silly and stupid casting, the fact that right now the public will go to see him in anything. It requires the ability to stand and withstand fame and overwork and criticism and praise.

Nobody can help Alan Ladd—who is still a lone wolf, still walks by himself—but the one person he has admitted to his heart and his complete trust: His wife.

I think today it's a fifty-fifty chance whether Alan Ladd becomes the nineteenth real movie star or not. He's in the Army now. But when he comes back, we'll see whether the fine things that are true of his marriage can back up his extraordinary ability and personality so that he'll climb into that nineteenth niche—which we'll certainly keep waiting for him while he's gone.

THE END

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## Casts of Current Pictures

**ABOVE SUSPICION**—M-G-M: Frances Myles, Joan Crawford; Richard Myles, Fred MacMurray; Hassert Seidel, Conrad Veidt; Sig von Aschenhausen, Basil Rathbone; Dr. Mespelbrunn, Reginald Owen; Peter Galt, Richard Ainley; Countess, Cecil Cunningham; Aunt Ellen, Ann Shoemaker; Aunt Hattie, Sara Haden; Mr. A. Werner, Felix Bressart; Thornley, Bruce Lester; Frau Kleist, Johanna Hofer; Ottilie, Lotta Palfi.

**AERIAL GUNNER**—Paramount: Foxy Pattis, Chester Morris; Ben Davis, Richard Arlen; Peggy Lunt, Lita Ward; Sandy Lunt, Jimmy Lydon; Gadget Blaine, Dick Purcell; Sgt. Jones, Keith Richards; Private Laswell, Billy Benedict; Barclay, Ralph Sandford.

**CAPTIVE WILD WOMAN**—Universal: Beth Colman, Evelyn Ankers; Paula Dupree, Acquafredda; Dr. Sigmund Walters, John Carradine; Dorothy Colman, Martha MacVicar; Fred Mason, Milburn Stone; John Whipple, Lloyd Corrigan; Curley Barret, Vince Barnett; Miss Strand, Fay Helm.

**CHATTERBOX**—Republic: Rex Vane, Joe E. Brown; Judy Boggs, Judy Canova; Carol Forrest, Rosemary Lane; Sebastian Smart, John Hubbard; Gillie, Gus Schilling; Wilfred Peckinpah, Chester Clute; Vivian Gale, Anne Jeffreys; Roger Grant, Emmett Vogan; Joe, George Byron; Black Jake, Billy Bletcher; the Mills brothers; and Spade Cooley and his boys.

**CONEY ISLAND**—20th Century-Fox: Kate Farley, Betty Grable; Eddie Johnson, George Montgomery; Joe Rocco, Cesar Romero; Finnigan, Charles Winninger; Frankie, Phil Silvers; William Hammerstein, Matt Briggs; Louie, Paul Hurst; Bartender, Frank Orth; Dolly, Phyllis Kennedy; Dancer, Carmen D'Antonio; Cashier, Hal K. Dawson; Carter, Andrew Tombes; Piano Player, Harry Seymour; Organist, Byron Foulger.

**COWBOY FROM MANHATTAN**—Universal: Barbara Lee, Frances Langford; Bob Allen, Robert Paige; Hank, Leon Errol; Ace Robbins, Walter Catlett; Tommy Walters, Dorothy Granger; Wild Bill, George Cleveland; Mr. Potter, Lorin Raker.

**CRASH DIVE**—20th Century-Fox: Lieutenant Ward Stewart, Tyrone Power; Jean Hewlitt, Anne Baxter; Lieutenant Commander Dewey Conners, Dana Andrews; McDonnell, James Gleason; Grandmother, Dame May Whitty; Brownie, Henry Morgan; Oliver Cromwell Jones, Ben Carter; Hammond, Charles Tannen; Captain Bryson, Frank Conroy; Doris, Florence Lake; Curly, John Archer; Crew Member, George Holmes; Butler, Minor Watson; Miss Bromley, Kathleen Howard; Lieutenant, David Bacon; Captain, Stanley Andrews; Clerk, Paul Burns; Sailor, Gene Rizzi.

**DU BARRY WAS A LADY**—M-G-M: Louis Blome, King Louis, Red Skelton; May Daly, Mme. Du Barry, Lucille Ball; Alec Howe, Black Arrow, Gene Kelly; Ginny, Virginia O'Brien; Charlie, Dauphin, "Rags" Ragland; Rami, the Swami, Taliostra, Zero Mostel; Mr. Jones, Duc de Choiseul, Donald Meek; Willie, Duc de Rigor, Douglass Dumbrille; Cheezy, Count de Roquefort, George Givot; Niagara, Louise Beavers; Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

**GOOD MORNING, JUDGE**—Universal: David Burton, Dennis O'Keefe; Elizabeth Christine Smith, Louise Allbritton; Mira Bryon, Mary Beth Hughes; Andre, J. Carroll Naish; Cleo, Louise Beavers; J. G. Gordon, Samuel S. Hinds; The Judge, Oscar O'Shea; Nicky Clark, Marie Blake; Biscuit Face, Don Barclay; Charlie Martin, Murray Alper; Ben Pollard, Frank Faylen; Harry Pollard, Ralph Peters.

**I ESCAPED FROM THE GESTAPO**—Monogram: Helen, Mary Brian; Lane, Dean Jagger; Martin, John Carradine; Gordon, Bill Henry; Bergen, Sidney Blackmer; Lokin, Anthony Ward; One-Arm Sailor, William Vine; Haft, Charles Wagenheim; Lunt, Billy Marshall; Rodt, Norman Willis; Gerard, Ian Keith; Olin, Peter Dunne; Billy, Spanky McFarland; Domack, Edward Keane.

**KING OF THE COWBOYS**—Republic: Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers; Frog, Smiley Burnette; Judy, Peggy Moran; Kraly, Lloyd Corrigan; Ruby Smith, Dorothy Kent; Maurice, Gerald Mohr; Dave, James Bush; The Governor, Russell Hicks; Alf Chickas, Irving Bacon; Burton, Norman Willis; Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

**LADY OF BURLESQUE**—Stromberg-U. A.: Dixie Daisy, Barbara Stanwyck; Biff Brannigan, Michael O'Shea; S. B. Foss, J. Edward Bromberg; Gee Gee Graham, Iris Adrian; Dolly Baxter, Gloria Dickson; Lolita La Verne, Victoria Faust; Princess Nirvana, Stephanie Bachelor; Inspector Harrigan, Charles Dingle; Alice Angel, Marion Martin; Officer Pat Kelly, Eddie Gordon; Russell Rogers, Frank Fenton; Mandy, Pinky Lee; Stacchi, Frank Conroy; The Hermit, Lew Kelly; Sandra, Claire Carleton; Janine, Janis Carter; Louie Grindero, Gerald Mohr; Sammy, Bert Hanlon; Joey, Sid Marion; Moey, Lou Lubin; Lee, Lee Trent; Don, Don Lynn; Wong, Beal Wong; Messenger Boy, Freddie Walburn; Teletype Operator, Isabel Withers.

**LEATHER BURNERS, THE**—Sherman-U. A.: Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; California Carlson, Andy Clyde; Johnny, Jay Kirby; Dan Slack, Victor Jory; Sam Bucktoe, George Givot; Sharon Longstreet, Shelley Spencer; Bobby Longstreet, Bobby Larson;



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Write at once if you want this fine made-to-measure suit! I send it FREE as a bonus for you to show friends and earn up to \$10.00, \$12.00 in a day taking orders for latest style made-to-measure guaranteed suits at amazingly low prices. Also complete line of Ladies' Tailored Suits. No experience, no money needed. Write for FREE SAMPLES—telling about yourself—age, etc. No obligation—act now!

**PIONEER TAILORING COMPANY**  
Congress and Throop Sts., Dept. U-1235, Chicago, Ill.



I'm not following an old feminine custom

Thanks to the improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pills—and the girls at the plant who told me about them—I no longer suffer on "difficult days". Chi-Ches-Ters are so effective for simple periodic distress because they're more than just a pain-killer. One of their ingredients is intended to help relax cramps and tensions that cause pain. And there's an added iron factor tending to help build up your blood. Be sure to try them for "those days". Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 50¢ size, and follow directions on the package.

### CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS

For relief from "periodic functional distress"



**MAIDEN FORM urges you to**

**"USE IT UP,**

**WEAR IT OUT,**

**MAKE IT DO!"**

We urge you to apply these rules to everything you own but particularly to brassieres by Maiden Form. Otherwise—under present conditions—we can't make enough for all the thousands of women who depend on Maiden Form for brassiere style and service.

But if you will buy only what you really need, launder carefully according to instructions and make minor repairs promptly, we hope to be able to keep you and all our other good friends supplied.

Send for free Style and Conservation Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.

**DO YOUR SHARE—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS**

**Maiden Form**  
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON  
BRASSIERES

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

**FREE**

This ad entitles you to a Beautiful Enlargement mounted in a De Luxe Studio Folder—both free. Just send this ad with photo. Enclose only 10c for mailing. Canada also. One Oil Tinted sent C.O.D. for only 35c plus postage. Negs. 39c. New York Art Service, 200 West 72nd St., N.Y. C.

**NOW! Beautiful NAILS**  
AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

**NEW!** Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Will not harm nor soften natural nails. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten. 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

**NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS**  
5251 W. Harrison St., Dept. 16-H, Chicago



**HAS YOUR SKIN EYE-APPEAL?**

If your skin can't stand a close-up, better watch out! Never neglect the redness and irritation from pimples and minor surface blotches. Coat each pimple with Poslam before applying make-up, or leave it on overnight. Its quieting, soothing MEDICATION brings relief. Poslam is a CONCENTRATED ointment. Many doctors recommend it. Only 50¢ at druggists.

Free: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. 7-W, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. C.

**POS LAM**

Harrison Brooke, George Reeves; Lafe, Hal Taliaferro; Bart, Forbes Murray.

**MORE THE MERRIER, THE—Columbia:** Connie Milligan, Jean Arthur; Joe Carter, Joel McCrea; Benjamin Dingle, Charles Coburn; Charles J. Pendergast, Richard Gaines; Evans, Bruce Bennett; Pike, Frank Sully; Senator Noonan, Clyde Fillmore; Morton Rodakiewicz Stanley Clements; Harding, Don Douglas.

**MR. LUCKY—Columbia:** Joe, the Greek, Cary Grant; Dorothy Bryant, Laraine Day; The Crunk, Alan Carney; Zepp, Paul Stewart; The Hard Swede, Charles Bickford; The Gaffer, Erford Gage; Capt. Steadman, Gladys Cooper; Mr. Bryant, Henry Stephenson; Mrs. Ostrander, Kay Johnson; Mrs. Van Avery, Florence Bates.

**MY FRIEND FLICKA—20th Century-Fox:** Ken McLaughlin, Roddy McDowall; Rob McLaughlin, Preston Foster; Nell, Rita Johnson; Gus, James Bell; Hildy, Diana Hale; Tim Murphy, Jeff Corey; Charley Sargent, Arthur Loft.

**PILOT #5—M-G-M:** George Braynor Collins, Franchot Tone; Freddie, Marsha Hunt; Vito S. Alessandro, Gene Kelly; Everett Arnold, Van Johnson; Winston Davis, Alan Baxter; Henry Willoughby Claven, Dick Simmons; Major Eichel, Steve Geray; Hank Durban, Howard Freeman; Nikola, Frank Puglia; American Soldier, William Tannen.

**PRESENTING LILY MARS—M-G-M:** Lily Mars, Judy Garland; John Thornway, Van Heflin; Mrs. Thornway, Fay Bainter; Owen Vail, Richard

Carlson; Mrs. Mars, Spring Byington; Isobel ReKay, Marta Eggerth; Frankie, Connie Gilchrist; Leo, Leonid Kinskey; Poppy, Patricia Barker; Violet, Janet Chapman; Rosie, Annabelle Logan; Davey, Douglas Croft; Charlie Potter, Ray McDonald.

**SHANTYTOWN—Republic:** Liz Gorty, Mary Lee; Bill Allen, John Archer; Virginia Allen, Margorie Lord; Doc Herndon, Harry Davenport; Papa Ferrelli, Billy Gilbert; Mrs. Gorty, Anne Revere; Mr. Gorty, J. Frank Hamilton; Whitey, Frank Jenks; Shortcake, Cliff Nazarro; Bindy, Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer; Dugan, Robert Homans; Ace Landers, Noel Madison, and Matty Malneck and his orchestra.

**WHITE SAVAGE—Universal:** Kaloe, Jon Hall; Princess Tahia, Maria Montez; Orano, Sabu; Chris, Don Terry; Tamara, Turhan Bey; Miller, Thomas Gomez; Wong, Sidney Toler; Erik, Paul Guilfoyle; Blosson, Constance Purdy.

**THEY CAME TO BLOW UP AMERICA—20th Century-Fox:** Carl Steelman, George Sanders; Frau Reiker, Anna Sten; Craig, Ward Bond; Colonel Tae-gar, Dennis Hoey; Dr. Herman Baumer, Sig Ruman; Julius Steelman, Ludwig Stossel; Captain Kranz, Robert Barrat; Helga Lorenz, Poldy Dur; Heinrich Burkhardt, Ralph Byrd; Mrs. Henrietta Steelman, Elsa Janssen; Eichner, Rex Williams; Zellerbach, Charles McGraw; Commander Houser, Sven Hugo Borg; Schonzeit, Kurt Katch; Fritz, Otto Reichow; Zugholtz, Andre Charlot; Kranz' Aide, Arno Frey; Jones, Sam Wren; Theresa, Etta McDaniel; Gertzer, Peter Michael; Coast Guardsman, Dick Hogan; Sales-lady, Lisa Golm; Schlegel, Wolfgang Zilzer.

## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 17) Must we endure this as pastime and amusement just so movies can be up to date?

Come on—give us smiles; stories of happiness and laughter. We need them now.

Audrey Blair,  
Oak Park, Ill.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Seeing Red**

I'm wondering if Red Skelton puts such a strain on everyone else's sense of humor as he does on mine. Surely he can't be the lame-brain he portrays on the radio and screen.

As far as I'm concerned, Red Skelton didn't "dood" it; he "overdood" it!

And I'm no sourpuss, either. I enjoy a joke as well as the next person.

La Vance Davis,  
Dallas, Tex.

## HONORABLE MENTION

SHE is more beautiful than Hedy Lamarr, her figure is trimmer than Betty Grable's and she has more personality than Betty Hutton. Her name is Mary Ann and she does a magnificent job as a beautiful flying fortress in "Air Force."

I'd love to know where Warners has been hiding John Ridgley and James Brown. Right now I'd like to make a suggestion for a future picture—the story of the Flying Tiger hero Jack Newkirk with John Ridgley in the title role.

Sue D. Anna,  
Lexington, Ky.

I WOULD like to bring people's attention to the subject of babies at the movies. Please let's be more tolerant of them. There are many young mothers whose husbands are in the service, and where can they go for entertainment on their limited budget and with less criticism than to the movies. Too, let's not forget the war worker's wife who must spend many lonely hours while her husband works unless she can bundle the baby to the movies.

Mrs. Lois Simpson,  
Los Angeles Cal.

TO MISS HUTTON in "Star Spangled Rhythm": If you did not think you had "landed" before you truly know that you

have now—and with a big bang! Congratulations.

To the earnest workers of the picture—all deserve congratulations. What a difference and how refreshing to leave a picture show with a lilt in the heart!

Mrs. M. Roberts,  
Farmville N. C.

SINCE the death of Joe E. Brown's son in an airplane crash, Mr. Brown has brought smiles to our American soldiers all over the world.

Just recently I received a letter from a friend stationed in Alaska. He stated, "If ever there's a guy that can make you laugh and still think of home, that's Joe E. Brown, a great American."

June Baker,  
St. Paul Minn.

I'VE just seen "You Were Never Lovelier." Cugat and his orchestra were enchanting; Astaire's dancing was super; Hayworth and her glamour were disgusting. Her waistline and legs both detract from her beauty because they're so darn thin. If she'd turn sideways I'd bet that teacher would mark her absent!

Jolyn Levy,  
Chicago, Ill.

I DON'T often speak out of school, but this time I think I really have something to say. It's about that fellow called Jack Carson. That guy is going places, or I should have said he's done went in "The Hard Way."

Myrtle Key Mason,  
Jacksonville, Fla.

AS a rule, I never get enthusiastic enough over a star to put forth the effort to write a letter. However I feel I must write this to the new Dutch actor, Philip Dorn, because he is so completely unique and because he is the most interesting actor I have ever seen.

I feel sure that if he were given the right kind of roles his talent and versatility would win him the popularity he deserves. There may be plenty of Robert Taylors and Tyrone Powers, but there is just one Philip Dorn!

Betty Aldrich,  
Austin, Tex.





DAYDREAMS COME TRUE  
WITH

*Beautiful Eyes*

Do you long for the captivating loveliness that goes with feminine frills... with dates and dancing... with flowers and phone-calls and fun? Wishful thinking won't help—but Maybelline Eye Make-up will! Whether your eyes are dark or pale, large or small, they can highlight your face with new thrilling beauty, *easily*. Maybelline Mascara, in either solid or cream form, gives the magic illusion of long, dark, luxuriant lashes. Safe... non-smarting... goes on divinely and doesn't smudge off. Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil tapers the brows gracefully, making them far more expressive. Maybelline Eye Shadow adds a subtle touch of alluring mystery. All Maybelline shades harmonize with natural coloring, giving a soft realistic effect. So don't fail to get genuine MAYBELLINE... the glorifying eye make-up... the Eye Make-up in Good Taste! At Drug and Department Stores, or attractive purse sizes at all 10 cent counters.



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WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS



***They Keep on Scoring—Right on to Victory***

Each stenciled flag means another enemy plane destroyed. So hats off to the daring and skill of our Navy fliers and to the superb performance of their fighter planes.



*They keep on Scoring for* **MILDER BETTER TASTE**

**The proof is that where a cigarette counts most, Chesterfields are winning more smokers every day.**

The world's best cigarette tobaccos, plus an important manufacturing secret give to Chesterfield that special Mildness and Better Taste. This secret is Chesterfield's Right Combination of these tobaccos . . . just the right amount of each kind blended with all the others makes Chesterfield the cigarette that really satisfies.



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WHAT THEY WANT *They Satisfy*